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THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

TRINITY PARK, DURHAM, OCTOBER, 1895.

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THE TELEGRAPH IN GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

BY HON. WALTER CLARK. C

As taxes upon the diffusion of intelligence among men and deficiencies in the postal service affect everyone, I condense the following from the official report on the workings of the Government telegraph in Great Britain and Ireland, which was made to our Government by the United States consul at Southampton, Eng., and printed in the April number, 1895, of the "Consular Reports." He says:

On January 29, 1870, all the telegraphs in the United Kingdom were acquired by the government from the corporations which had previously operated them, and thenceforward became an integral part of the postoffice. The English people owed this great measure in their interest, like so many others, to Mr. Gladstone, who bore down all opposition from the companies, who were making big profits. Till then the districts paying best had ample service, though at high rates (as is still the case with us), while whole sections off the lines of railway were destitute of telegraphic facilities. The government at once extended the telegraph to all sections and reduced the rate to one cent a word. The following is the result: In 1870, under private ownership, seven million individual messages and

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twenty-two million words of press dispatches were annually sent. Now that the telegraph is operated by the postoffice the annual number of individual messages sent is seventy millions (ten times as many), and over six hundred million words of press dispatches (thirty times as many) are used. This at a glance demonstrates the overwhelming benefit to the public of the change and their appreciation of it.

The press rates have been reduced so low that every weekly country paper can afford to print the latest telegraphic dispatches as it goes to press, and a telegraph or telephone is at every country postoffice. In London the telegraph has largely superseded the mail for all the small and necessary details of life—to announce that you are going to dine at a certain house, or to inform your wife that you are detained on business and not to keep dinner waiting and the like—over thirty thousand telegrams being sent daily in that city alone.

The following is quoted from the consul verbatim: “The service is performed with the most perfect punctuality. It is calculated that the average time employed to-day in the transmission of a telegram between two commercial cities in England varies from seven to nine minutes, while in 1870 (under private ownership) two or three hours were necessary.

“The rate of one cent a word includes delivery within the postal limits of any town or within one mile of the postoffice in the country. Beyond that limit the charge is twelve cents per mile for delivery of a message. The telegraph being operated as a constituent part of the postal service it is not possible to state how much profit the government receives from it, but the English government does not consider that it should be treated as a source of revenue. It regards it as a means of information and education for the masses and gives facilities of all kinds for its extension in all directions.”

This unbiased and impartial report, officially made to

our government, is worthy of thought and consideration. It may be added that in every civilized country, except this, the telegraph has long since been adopted as one of the indispensable agencies of an up-to-date postoffice department. Even in half-civilized Paraguay (as we deem it) they have better postal facilities than we, for the post-office there transmits telegrams at one cent a word and rents out telephones at one dollar a month. In Sweden, the government rate for a telephone connection with every city in the kingdom is six dollars per annum.

At present, owing to high rates, forty-six per cent of all telegrams in this country are sent by speculators (who thus get an advantage over producers) and only eight per cent are social or ordinary business messages. In Belgium, where the government rate is less than one cent per word, the social and ordinary business messages between man and man are sixty-three per cent of the whole. Figures could not be more eloquent as to the vast benefit this confers upon the great mass of the people who bear the bulk of the burdens of any government and receive so few of its benefits. With the telegraphs and telephones operated by our postoffice department at moderate rates, say five or even ten cents per message, a similar change would take place here. Individual and news messages would increase tenfold to thirtyfold as elsewhere—probably more—and the monopoly now held by speculators would cease.

The average telegraph rate now charged in this country, by the reports to Congress, is thirty-one cents per message—three times the average rate in all other countries under postoffice telegraph service, and experts say that our government could probably afford, with the vast increase of business, a uniform rate of five cents, as the average cost of a message is about three cents. Indeed, in Italy the government is on the point of reducing the rate for telegrams to five cents per message. According to experts the telegraph plants now in use could be superseded by the

government with a superior plant at \$15,000,000, while the present corporations are strangling commerce to earn large dividends on a watered stock of over \$150,000,000.

According to English experience the transfer of the telegraph to the postoffice department would result in (1) a uniform rate of ten cents for ten words, between all points, or possibly less; (2) an increase of individual messages of at least ten for every one now sent; (3) an increase in press dispatches of thirty words or more for every one now sent; (4) a popularization of the telegraph for all uses, social or business; (5) an increase in the promptness of delivery, the average there being now seven to nine minutes as against two or three hours formerly; (6) no section would be destitute, but at each one of our seventy thousand post-offices there would be a telephone or a telegraph. By adopting the telephone at most postoffices, instead of the telegraph, the increase in the number of postoffice employes would be inconsiderable.

The vast influence of the great telegraph monopoly can be used for political purposes by coloring news and in other more direct ways. When the telegraph service is made a part of the postoffice and placed under civil service rules and subject to the direct force of public opinion, the experience in other countries has been that it exerts no more power on party politics than the army or judiciary. Originally the telegraph (in 1844-'47) belonged to the post-office. When it was abandoned to private corporations on account of its supposed expense, Henry Clay, Cave Johnson and other leaders of both parties had the foresight to foretell the mischief done in abandoning an essential governmental function to private monopoly.

To prevent this great benefit being given to the masses and to preserve to consolidated capital the control of the most efficient avenues of intelligence with the great advantages thereby given that element, in addition to the enormous tolls it can thus levy on the rest of the nation, there

is practically only the inexorable will of one powerful and exacting corporation which has fastened itself on the body politic. It is the oldest trust in this country. It is the pioneer on which so many others have been patterned. It is the most burdensome because its oppressive tolls restrict communications between men and levy a tax on knowledge. It is illegal, since the constitution requires Congress to establish the postoffice, to leave this most essential function of a modern, up-to-date postal service in the hands of private corporations.

The Supreme Court of the United States in an unanimous decision, delivered by Chief Justice Waite (*Pensacola Tel. Co. vs. Western Union Telegraph Co.*, 96 U. S. 1) say: "Postoffices and postroads are established to facilitate the transmission of intelligence. The powers thus granted are not confined to the instrumentalities of commerce, or the postal service known or in use when the Constitution was adopted, but they keep pace with the progress of the country and adapt themselves to the new developments of time and circumstances. They extend from the horse with its rider to the stage coach, from the sailing vessel to the steamboat, from the coach and steamboat to the railroad, and from the railroad to the telegraph, as these new agencies are successively brought into use to meet the demands of increasing population and wealth."

It will be noted that whatever arguments can be advanced for or against the government ownership of railroads, that subject has no connection whatever with the use of the telegraph and telephone as an essential element of an efficient postal service. The transmission of intelligence is already a postal service and all agencies to make it quicker and more efficient belong to the postoffice service and should not be in private hands. To the extent that railroads carry mails for the public they have always been exclusively in public service. The telephone and telegraph can be used for no other purpose. The United States is

the only nation that persists in carrying the mails by a slow conveyance in preference to a fast one. No good reason can be given why a letter should be delayed thirty hours between New York and Chicago when it can be telegraphed and delivered by a postman within an hour. In postal matters the most progressive nation in the world is hypnotized by the power of corporate wealth and greed into being a veritable Rip Van Winkle.

It will be remembered that in 1866 when the government, profiting by the experience of other nations, proposed to return to the postoffice ownership of the telegraph, which it had abandoned in 1847, the telegraph companies asked only for a delay of five years in which to wind up. When the five years expired, the telegraph companies had formed their present gigantic trust, had organized their lobby, and were prepared to maintain their enjoyment of the best paying part of the postal service. Their profits have been enormous, and each year sees the trust more unwilling to relinquish to the people the right to operate this part of the postal service which is steadily growing in importance and profitableness.

The telegraph is a source of gigantic emoluments to these corporations, while the government restricts its postal services to antiquated and more dilatory processes. It is no wonder that such a postal service is not self-sustaining and shows an annual deficit while the telegraph companies pay enormous dividends. In other countries, where the telegraph is a part of the postoffice, that department shows annual profits, but the monopoly fastened on us is entrenched in the sympathy of all other trusts. It has the support of the large city dailies (all owned by large capitalists) who fear the competition of dailies in small towns and of the weeklies if news should become free, and its transmission cheaper, over a government postal telegraph. It is backed by the powerful lobby which it constantly maintains at Washington, paid out of the excessive tele-

graphic rates still exacted in this country alone out of a long-suffering and too patient people. And not least, it is said that it distributes franks to every Senator and every member of Congress. How many accept these favors and how many are influenced by them no one knows except the corporation officials, but that they do know may be seen from the fact that tenders of such favors have not ceased.

SOME LEAVES FROM A TRAVELER'S NOTE-BOOK.

I have been convinced for several years that the great majority of people never appreciate what wealth there is for them in the world of nature. One cannot read modern English poetry without realizing that some of the greatest lessons of beauty and truth have come from the flowers and the birds, the clouds and the mountains, the sun and the stars. "There is not a moment of any day of our lives when nature is not producing scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory; almost human in its passions, almost spiritual in its tenderness, almost divine in its infinity, its appeal to what is immortal in us is as distinct as its ministry of chastisement or of blessing to what is mental, is essential." The parables of Christ, the rapturous lyrics of Wordsworth and Shelley, Tennyson and Browning are expressions of this spiritual life that animates the material universe. During the past summer it was my privilege to see some of the most noted natural phenomena in the world; my attention was called to the varied world of nature more than ever before. These scenes have often been described by others more gifted than I; they were places that I had read about in the words of enraptured admirers. My only excuse for attempting to write of them is that the readers of the ARCHIVE may have their minds called anew to these places, and may be induced to go and do likewise.

JULY 7.—After a rather tedious journey through Arkan-

sas, Kentucky, Ohio and part of Michigan, I reached Detroit at 10 o'clock on the night of July 6; at 11 the great train of the Michigan Central railroad moved out of Detroit, was ferried across Detroit river, and was soon in Canada hastening on to Niagara Falls. It was a beautiful moonlight night: from the car window could be seen the towns, the meadows and hills of Canada, all bathed in the transcendent light of a summer night. Traveling always affords ample opportunity for dreaming and building air-castles: the people on the train representing so many types of character and so many vocations in life, the scenes of nature always changing yet always beautiful, are intertwined with the fancies of one's own mind, until an imaginary world is built up. Especially was this true of that night; the words of Lorenzo and Jessica at Belmont came to me, and the moonlight nights of history and legend and fairyland were all blended so as to make this July night in Canada a memorable one in the mind of one traveler, at least. Night moves on with the swift motion of the locomotive; one by one the stars lose their lustre, the light of the moon wanes before the glory of the dawn, and the world is awakened by the magic touch of Apollo's wand. To one who had not seen the sun rise in a long time, there came feelings akin to those that stirred in the bosom of the first inhabitants of the earth, who fell down and worshipped the god of day. "Magnificent the morning rose, in memorable pomp, as glorious as e'er I had beheld." I could understand the raptures of Wordsworth in the Fourth Book of the "Prelude."

These hours of attention to the various aspects of nature were not without their effect; the mind had been put in harmony with nature's soul, it was the prelude to the mighty chorus of the Falls. At 5 o'clock the passengers wore a look of eager expectancy; no longer satisfied with the car windows, they rushed to the platform to catch the first sound of the great cataract and the first sight of that

rolling flood of water. Finally we are at the Falls! A rapid survey of five minutes from the platform and the crossing of Suspension Bridge have given us the general impression of the Falls and made us realize that a day of great pleasure is ahead of us. What shall I say of the Falls? How can my pen describe that before which others have faltered? As I write these words, the experience of that day seems like a dream, a noise of wondrous power and harmony seems to break upon my ears, and a view of incomparable magnificence is before my eyes.

Now we are at Prospect Point, just a few feet from the American Falls. We look up the river and see the water rushing swiftly down an inclined plane, the waves dashing here and there against the rocks, making white caps as far as the eye can see. Just before reaching the precipice the body of water seems to grow more quiet, only to leap from the cataract with renewed force. The mass of green water as it rolls over the cataract becomes like molten glass, which in turn becomes spray as it is dashed against the huge boulders below. In that world of confusion and turmoil is seen a rainbow that is as a harbinger of peace in the midst of warring elements, for suddenly all becomes calm and the great mass of water moves on in its deep bed as gently as a mountain brook. From this point can be seen the Canadian or Horse-Shoe Falls; its great deep chorus and majestic presence invite us there, and we are soon across Suspension Bridge again, standing on Table Rock, near the Canadian Falls. However patriotic an American one may be, he must acknowledge that Her Majesty has the best of this Wonder of the World. This branch of the river is much wider and deeper, and so bends over the precipice without breaking up so soon—"a continuous layer of the most vivid green." "The plunge of the water is not wild, but deliberate, vast and fascinating." By-and-by the water begins to break up, spray is formed, and from a depth of 158 feet come the mists that shut in that world

of mystery. So great has been the fall, so mighty the volume of water, that the water is "white as milk" for 1,000 feet, when it joins the mass of water from the other Falls, and moves calmly on for two miles in that almost unfathomable bed of water. Here the river again becomes angry, as it is forced through a narrow gorge; moving at the rate of forty miles an hour, the waves dash themselves against each other like wild beasts in fierce slaughter. How can the banks stand such furious onslaughts! These whirlpool rapids pass on into the whirlpool and finding an outlet, the river moves on towards Lake Ontario.

A great deal has been written about the Falls; we know its history, the causes that have produced it; we know how many cubic feet of water pass over it per minute, and man is learning how to make use of this tremendous water power. The time may come when science will take all the poetry out of this, as it tends to do out of so many natural objects. Let us rather have that open-eyed wonder that must have characterized those who first saw it. "To the wild, deep-hearted man all was yet new, not veiled under names or formulas; it stood naked, flashing in on him there, beautiful, awful, unspeakable. Nature was to this man what to the thinker and the prophet it ever is, *preternatural*. This world, after all our science and sciences, is still a miracle; wonderful, inscrutable, magical and more, to whosoever will think of it."

We are impressed first with the magnificence of the Falls; a feeling of awe is generated in one's soul, but the longer one stays, the more he is impressed by the beauty, and there is a harmony in that ceaseless roar like the harmony of a great organ. What would Milton not have done with this wonder? He, of all English poets, should have seen and heard; he alone could have caught all that was there and married it to immortal verse.

In the afternoon I went upon Goat Island, whence one can get the most varied views of the Falls; now the Amer-

ican, now the Horse-Shoe, and now the Bridal Veil appears to better advantage. Seated on a rock out from the Island a little, I reviewed for an hour or more all that my eyes had feasted upon during the day. With a sad heart I left this place and started for the train; I had learned to love the place and must have experienced feelings akin to Adam and Eve when Michael led them forth from Paradise. "Some natural tears they dropped, but wiped them soon."

JULY 8.—On the morning of July 8, we entered the campus of Cornell University. The prominent idea in the development of Cornell has been the practical; science has predominated over the humanities, but in the campus there is all that the most æsthetic nature could demand. With its long stretches of lawn, with here and there a cluster of fine old trees, with the varied architecture of the buildings that make a quadrangular court, a magnificent view is presented to the traveler. It is the view that one gets from the high hill on which the campus is situated that gives this campus pre-eminence over that of any other university in the country. As one comes from the library after reading for several hours, or from a confining lecture-room, what restoration and invigoration of the soul comes from that panorama—the city of Ithaca in the valley below, its buildings almost obscured by the growth of beautiful trees; on the other side of the city the sloping hills that look like nature's terraces: off to the left other commanding heights, and to the right Lake Cayuga, winding its way among the far away hills. This scene is always presenting new phases of natural beauty as it is seen under different conditions: sometimes in the clear bright sunlight when the mists have rolled away; again at night when the lights of the city are seen glittering thro' the trees, and the moon sheds her light over hill and dale and lake.

The scenery of the lake country of western New York is said to be as fine as that of England and Scotland; there is not the glory of romance shed about it by great poets—

some poet of America may yet arise to make it the background of stories of life and passion. On and around Lake Cayuga and Lake Chatauqua were spent many hours in the intensest pleasure and profit.

AUGUST 23.—I had long dreamed of a ride down the Hudson. At 8 o'clock on Friday morning we boarded the Day Line steamer that runs from Albany to New York. We had had a disagreeable ride from Chatauqua to Albany, and were in a mood to enjoy the breeze that greeted us as we secured comfortable seats on the upper deck, whence we had a commanding view of the river and surrounding country. The most noted part of the Hudson scenery we knew to be the last fifty miles of the trip, but to one accustomed to the muddy streams and low-lying lands of one of our Southern States, there was abundant opportunity for enjoyment all along the way, and we found that our supply of adjectives had been exhausted long before we reached the last part of our journey. Islands now and then adorned the bosom of the river; the banks, with their beautiful terraces and magnificent mansions, moved swiftly by on either side. Presently in the distance could be seen the dim outlines of the Catskills wrapped in a mantle of azure. Our guide-book soon lets us know that we are on historic water. Hendrick Hudson's spirit seems to animate everything; his history and adventures come to mind as we pass the places so intimately associated with his name. Towns all along the Hudson remind us that we are in the land of the Dutch, while the name of an island may suggest that Indians once lived here. We pass the bay where Robert Fulton experimented with his first steamboat, and are reminded by our own great boat of the progress that man has made in navigation since that day.

Finally, tired nature demanded refreshment of another kind. This time body and soul could sit down at the same board, for from the window we still had a view of the scenery on the banks. When man and God are the cater-

ers, dinner is somewhat beyond the average. I thought of a passage from Lowell's "Fireside Travels," where he is describing a dinner that he partook of in the midst of some Italian scenery. "Imagination and fancy play the parts of unseen waiters in the fairy story and serve us with course after course of their ethereal dishes. Many a glutton has eaten up farms and woodland and pasture, and so did we æsthetically, saucing our *frittata* and flavoring our *aleatico* with landscape."

Much refreshed, we went back to the upper deck just as we had passed Poughkeepsie, where the great scenery begins. Wider and wider the river grows; right through the mountains it plunges. On a high eminence we see West Point. We pass Newburgh and see where Washington's headquarters were at one time. We are in the country of Benedict Arnold's treachery and mark the places associated with his name. Here we see on a lofty peak the home of Hamilton Fish or some other noted man.

The lover of American literature is interested, however, in the country which we now approach, that portion of the Hudson which Washington Irving has consecrated to literature. I have already referred to the Catskills mountains, around which the legends of Hendrick Hudson have gathered, and which have always been a region full of fable. Irving caught the spirit of the mountains when he made those strange Dutchmen play nine-pins and gave Rip Van Winkle a drink that made him sleep twenty years. To our left is Tarry Town, just "at that broad expansion of the river denominated by the ancient Dutch navigators the Tappan Zee," and two miles farther on is a little valley known as Sleepy Hollow, "one of the quietest places in the world." I climbed up just as far as possible so as to get a glimpse of the valley, and could almost fancy that I see where Ichabod Crane ran his matchless race with the Headless Horseman. And now we catch through the trees a glimpse of "Sunnyside," the home of America's first

man of letters. Near it are the palatial residences of Rockefeller and Gould, adorned with all the treasures of art, but to the traveler the simple home of Irving is more replete with interest. I cannot express the feelings that came over me as I realized the sacredness of this home and these haunts of a beloved author. What would be the pleasure if one could pass through Stratford or Grasmere or Farringford!

We are now rapidly approaching the great Metropolis; on the right are the Palisades that have stood as sentinels to watch over the "lordly Hudson," on the left the country homes of New York's wealthy citizens. The river now teems with life, other boats pass us, the suburbs of New York City are in sight, and almost before we know it we look across a great sea of houses and catch a glimpse of the spire of St. Patrick's Cathedral as it pierces the evening sky. Who can express his feelings when he first comes into contact with that great busy world of commerce and industry, where the business of this country is regulated, or better still, that city that is fast becoming the centre of the intellectual life of the United States.

AUGUST 24.—After seeing all that could be seen in a day, late in the afternoon we took the steamer "James-town" for Norfolk. I had never seen the ocean before, much less been rocked upon its waves. The exit from New York harbor at this time of day was especially fine: out into the great deep we moved, steamers all about us, some bound for Europe, some for the southern coasts. Behind us was the great city gradually disappearing in the distance, the Brooklyn bridge connecting the two cities, the Statue of Liberty all wrapped in the mists of the evening. The muddy water of the harbor gave way to the blue waves of the ocean, and for the first time I could realize the full force of Coleridge's "Water, water everywhere," but unlike the old mariner, we had some good ice water on board. The lines of Byron and Tennyson on the sea came

to my mind as I looked upon the varying phases of sky and water. That night we sat upon the deck with nothing but the heavens above us and the waters beneath; the moon had a veil over her face and the light of the stars seemed muffled. New experiences come to one under such circumstances, "thoughts that wake to perish never," as he finds himself surrounded by the immensities of space. There was the very delightful sensation of not being seasick; that night the waves rocked us to sleep. The next morning I read the words that Jehovah spoke to Job out of the whirlwind: "Or who shut up the sea with doors, when it brake forth, as if it had issued out of the womb? When I made the cloud the garment thereof, and thick darkness a swaddling-band for it, and broke up for it my decreed place, and set bars and doors, and said, Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed. Hast thou entered into the springs of the sea? or hast thou walked in the search of the depth?" Never before did these words sound so grand; there was the very movement of the deep in them.

GOVERNMENT PATRONAGE.

Government is an organism; a vast machine. All progress towards a freer and better system of government is due to the action and reaction of conservative forces. In its growth and development old forms become ill adjusted to the changes in the times and conditions of men, and it is necessary to reorganize and readjust its parts to meet the demands of a growing population, new ideas and new relations.

There is an element to-day that is un-American and has no place in a true democracy. That element is government patronage. Silently and almost unobserved it crept into our government, and on the accession of Andrew Jackson to the presidency, the pernicious doctrine, "To

the victors belongs the spoils," became the fountain head of political corruption. It is the Judas who carries the bag and the Judas who takes the silver. For more than half a century the spoils system has almost complete control of our civil service. It has produced professional politicians, political machines, and party bosses who have supported and defended it because it furnished them with means to reward their followers for party service.

Patronage has placed a heavy burden on executive and legislative officers which was not designed for them and for which they are not prepared. It has kept them from the performance of their proper duties as servants of the people. "One third of the working hours of senators and representatives" said President Garfield, "is scarcely sufficient to meet the demands in reference to appointments to office." Offices have been held out as prizes to tricksters to encourage them to stuff ballot boxes and bribe voters. The result is Washington City has been filled with a rabble of office-seekers howling and begging for government positions. The politics of our large cities from Chicago to New Orleans, and from Philadelphia to San Francisco, is a wild scramble for office—a rough and tumble game of foot-ball where slugging and foul play are not only tolerated but received with wild shouts of applause. No wonder we have bank defaulters and strikes in every department of industry, when the government presents to the people the spectacle of unprincipled men in high office getting something for nothing. These things give rise to your Coxy's armies and create the wide-spread dissatisfaction of the people. Men are lead to ask the question seriously "Does it pay to be honest?" The government answers "it does not." Be a dirty, scheming politician and the highest offices of profit and honor are at your disposal. Young men of character and ability have attempted to enter the political field and make their way to the front by honest means, but they have signally failed. They had to turn

their backs on the principles of truth and morality, which fond mothers had instilled into their youthful minds, and sell themselves to the party boss.

Patronage is driving our best citizens out of politics in despair and disgust. Many people have come to believe that it is useless to try to have decent politics. When public offices are no longer sought by men of character, and demagogues get a stronger hold on the spoils system, then, indeed, will the last prop in our system fall and our faith in popular government perish. This is no empty bubble or fire alarm of rhetoric. These are facts. That two hundred thousand offices are practically in the hands of one man to be dealt out to the political rabble as a savage chief would bestow gifts on his favorites, is an evil that is corrupting our people and disgracing our nation. It makes men desperate and ready to do desperate things. Under the specious plea of campaign fund partisan zeal lays heavy assessments and collects large sums of money to be used in elections. It is bribery. "To bribe the voter is to sell the office. And if the highest offices are to be exposed for sale at auction the argument is exhausted and money rules. We shall count dollars instead of votes, slaves instead of freemen."

Is there no remedy for this evil? The civil service reform answers yes. It says take the non-political offices out of politics and put them under the civil service commission and let them be filled with men whose fitness has been tested by the merit system. The heads of departments and chief officers must be charged with every change of policy, for the principles to be carried into effect are those which have been decided in the elections. What has the postmaster of Durham to do with political issues? Let the thousands of postmasters, clerks, and revenue collectors be made to stand competitive examinations and prove their capacity for public service, and let them hold their offices during good behavior. Then will they be made to feel that

public office is a public trust, and that they are responsible to the public and not to the party boss. The greatest task of the age is the purification of politics. Are you ready to meet it? You may boast that you have nothing to do with politics, but if you do it is your own shame. It demands the co-operation of every true citizen.

Civil service reform is fighting for purity, for free play of political ideas, and for the recovery of the political field for the untrameled expression of public energy. It must commend itself to every loyal citizen who desires a clean government. The character of its enemies is its highest recommendation. They are professional politicians, political newspapers, and party orators. They have told the people that the whole movement is a sham, and caused them to lose confidence in it. But at last, thanks to Curtis, Roosevelt and Parkhurst, who have thrown their lives into the movement, and plead its cause, till the civic conscience has been aroused to action, to-day there are fifty thousand offices under the protection of the civil service commission, and every year is adding to the number. The voice of the people declares that hereafter appointments to office shall not be left to the fiat of the dominant party. Public opinion has made its demands for reform and repeated them with such determined emphasis that congress has been forced to yield. The party that fails to satisfy the demands of public opinion must go down. The cry for municipal reform in our large cities is the herald of purity and justice that shall permeate the entire government. Dr. Parkhurst's triumph in New York City, in the overthrow of Tammany Hall, has covered him in glory and raised the cry for reform all over the country. The crowning triumph of the nineteenth century is coming. Let it come. Let the wretch who would dare to obtain an office by any other means than honest demonstrated worth, feel the avenging bond of outraged justice. In a word, let men of character, capacity and merit rule this country.

"What constitutes a state?
 Not high raised battlement or labored mound,
 Thick wall or mooted gate;
 Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned;
 Not bays and broad armed ports,
 Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
 Not starred and spangled courts,
 Where low-borned baseness wofe perfume to pride.
 No: Men, highminded men,
 With powers as far above dull brutes endued
 In forest, brake or den,
 As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude
 Men who their duties know,
 But know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain.

E. K. McLARTY.

RELATION OF THE STUDENT BODY TO THE SUCCESS OF THE COLLEGE.

[Paper read in the Student Conference, June 1, 1895.]

This is truly an age of democracy. One after another the iron bands of monarchical governments are being loosed, and the other responsibility, the control, and the destiny of those governments are being taken out of the hands of pampered kings and emperors and vested in the hands of the people. That government is of, for, and by the people, is now a familiar proverb, but it has taken the blood of the *tiers etat* of France, the Commons of England, and the patriots of America to prove it. The proof however has been sufficient, and the blessed truth stands out before the nations of the world, growing more beautiful in its significance, as one by one they shape themselves to it.

And with this advance of democracy in national governments, this broadening from the few crowned heads to the millions of uncrowned ones, has come another truth equally as important and blessed to the educational world, that the government of educational institutions is of, for, and to a great extent, by the students of those institutions.

There have been and perhaps are, still, colleges in which

the students are regarded as mere puppets, plaster of paris casts, so to speak, to be chiselled over and shaped according to the fancies of the men at the head of those institutions; where it is thought that everything relating to the success of the college rests entirely in the hands of the president, the faculty, and the trustees. These of course have great importance and should be men of large capacity, fully equal to their tasks and responsibility; but the institution that neglects that other element, the students and their portion of the responsibility and their influence upon the welfare of the college will surely fall short of the object it should attain.

And I will endeavor to show briefly a few important relations of the student body to the success of an institution. I shall first notice the relation of the students to the internal success of the college with reference to the management, discipline and character of the work done; and secondly, their relation to the external success, namely, the reputation and influence of the institution abroad.

The relation of the students to the internal success of the college can hardly be too strongly stressed. It is the same as the relation of a people to the success of a republic. Good and wise rulers are, of course, necessary, but the prosperity, the harmony and peace, the success of the government rests in the hands of its individuals. If they are disposed to be disobedient, all the laws and standing armies of the realm could not prevent them. But happily laws are only for the lawless. And were there none of these, there would be no necessity for courts and penalties. The success of any government depends upon the fact that there is a public conscience, and some men are always found who do the right, not because forced by law, but because it is the right. And where this spirit does not predominate anarchy and mis-rule run rampant.

The application of these principles to college life is easily seen. No college government that is founded upon the

force policy will succeed. This policy has been practiced by colleges in the past with the worst of results. Cast iron codes of rules for conduct have been formulated and presented to the students with terrorizing threats as to the consequence if they were disobeyed. And rest assured they were disobeyed with a vengeance. The faculty regarded the students as enemies to the best interests of the college, and the students regarded the faculty as unreasonable task-masters, deserving to be thwarted in as many of their schemes as possible.

There is a kind of pugnacious spirit in a boy that causes him to have a hatred for anything like force, and the more you try to compel him to go one way the more he tries to go the opposite. And the faculty that attempts to suppress an evil by threats of punishment, etc., generally finds that evil to be increased. It seems that a boy is so constituted that he usually does what is expected of him. If you show him that you expect him to cheat on examination, and that you are going to endeavor to prevent it, the cheating will be done for pure spite. And so in respect to other evils. On the other hand, I am glad to say, that if you repose confidence in him, and show that you look for good and not bad, there is that love of honor and gentlemanly spirit in nearly every boy that will cause him not to abuse your confidence. And right here lies the secret of success in the discipline of a college. It consists in cultivating in the students a spirit of honor and manly independence; in making them to feel that they have a part in the management of the college and that it does not all rest upon a foreign force called a faculty. The force policy will do for children and ignorant persons, but a boy who comes to college should certainly be mature enough for self control, and should have the same voice in the affairs of the college that a citizen has in a republic. Not that he should be in any sense a dictator, but that he is in every sense a neces-

sary member. The college that trusts the most to its students is the best governed.

There have been wonderful reforms throughout the educational institutions of the country in the past few years. Old semi-barbarous customs that have been in vogue for years and that have made college life miserable to some men, have been broken up. And should you ask how, I would tell you not by the president and faculty, for the abuses were kept up partly for the purpose of worrying them, and would exist to day had the faculty kept trying to force a cessation. No, not by the faculties, but by the noble young men of those institutions, who, when confidence was reposed in them, showed themselves most worthy to bear it. "That is always the best government which is governed the least," and the college in which the officers have the least to do in this line will certainly succeed the best, other things remaining equal.

Freedom brings responsibility, and the students of a college should feel the weight of it. The character of the institution will be the character they stamp upon it; the standards of conduct will be their standards; the moral and religious spirit existing in the institution will depend upon the moral and religious force exhibited in their lives. And it should always be their aim to set the standards upon a high moral plane. They should cultivate and practice all that is manly, true and noble, and should discountenance all that is low and ungentlemanly in their fellows, making them to feel both by precept and example that any departures from the principles of honesty and uprightness in college life would meet with condemnation and disapproval. In such an atmosphere mischief could not thrive, and a college graduate would be synonymous with a gentleman of honor and worth.

Of course, the character of work done in the college depends upon the student of a very great degree. Unless they co-operate with the professors in the college work,

but little of value can be gained. If sport and indolence are made the highest ideals of the student, the educational work must suffer. There should be a spirit of study, a kind of educational sentiment prevailing among the students, that makes education and proficiency in educational work the highest object of desire, rather than a spirit that makes the best boxer or the beefiest man on the foot-ball team, the most admired hero. Of course, athletics should be heartily encouraged, but not made the chief work of any college. The work of arousing this educational spirit of course depends largely upon the professors as well as the students. The professors must be of such a type as to command the respect of those who are under them; men who are themselves thoroughly alive to the work they undertake to teach; and above all, if they wish to enlist the co-operation of the students; men who fully realize the needs and the trials of college men and can sympathize with them. A professor can do much towards winning the love and respect, and therefore the energy of a student-body by taking an interest in the students in class room and out. An interest shown by him in the athletic sport and the manly endeavors of the pupils will not only inspire them in their attempts but will draw them to him. A professor should not be an iceberg. Upon the student-body also rests the success or failure of such matters as the college magazine, contests with other colleges, etc., all of which have great influence upon the standing of the institution.

The relations of the students to the external success of the college can be briefly told. Any institution is judged by the men it sends out, and the influence abroad rests in their hands. They exhibit its history and character by their lives and characters. If they are loose in morals, reckless, profane, intemperate, having no higher purpose in life than the common or rather uncommon humanity, their college must suffer for it. On the other hand, if they

are men of integrity and nobleness, filled with a love for their institution and a desire to use the privileges they have enjoyed to elevate and refine the lives of their fellow men, they speak eulogies for their *alma mater* more eloquent than those of orator or poet. A college boy's testimony is generally received before that of any other man in the institution, hence the importance of making it a true one. And the man at the head of the college should endeavor to enable him to give not only a true but a good report. Give him a Faculty, every man of which is worthy of his respect; arouse his patriotism by allowing him to bear his part of the responsibility, showing him he is a member not a victim, and wherever he goes you will find him sounding the praises of his *alma mater* in such unmistakable tones that it is sure to be received.

And it gives me pleasure to say that Trinity has caught the secret of success. She has recognized the place of the student-body, and honored it as shown by this conference to-day where all are allowed to express their opinion without fear of molestation. Her Faculty has reposed confidence in her students and has awakened within them a spirit of love and patriotism, and this year one hundred and fifty Trinity men will go to their homes in this and other states filled with just pride for their grand old institution, and will tell her merits to fathers and mothers, sisters, brothers and friends, in the most glowing and yet the most truthful terms. And with such a force at work for her, Trinity must succeed.

J. F. BIVINS.

THE MOONSHINER OF CHESTNUT RIDGE.

It was in the latter part of October. Snow was falling fast. The wind that swept along the summit of Chestnut Ridge hurled the flakes before it into the glens and coves, where it was fast piling up into huge drifts. In one of

these coves, overlooked by the tallest of the mountain peaks, and a few yards back from the road that led from the summit of the ridge along the mountain side, stood a small hut of hewn logs, half buried in drifted snow. Before the fire of blazing hickory logs sat two women, a girl and her mother. The girl seemed to be about 18 years of age, stout and healthy looking, with the ruddy cheeks of a mountain lass. Her face wore a troubled expression. For half an hour she had scarcely spoken, but sat gazing thoughtfully into the fire, watching the myriads of sparks that shot up the wide-mouthed chimney, and scarcely heeding the voice of the old woman, who talked incessantly.

'Pears ter me like the men be mortal long time comin' ter-night, Lize. It's ben nigh on ter a haff 'n hour now sense I put the vittles on the table. Law, how that wind blows! Throw on er nuther log, Lize. 'Pears like wood burns faster'n common ter-night. I wish't they 'ud come on. I see'd some strange fellers pass hyar ter-day, an' Pete Watson sez ez when he wuz over ter town t'other day he hearn thar wuz some revenuers prowlin' 'roun'. I hain't skeered er the ole man gittin' in ter no trouble sense he quit lick'er an' sold the still, an' he hain't likely ter go 'roun' Jim Riddle, kase thar hain't ben much love lost a'tween em sense the ole man made Jim quit comin' hyar. But Bill he 'lowed this mornin' ez how he wuz goin' ter Jim Riddle an' make 'im pay 'im fur that steer he got frum 'im las' fall. An' ye know how Bill is when he gits crossed. I hope he'll keep outen trouble. But Bill he's got er mortal quick temper, an' then he's ben tuk ter lick'er more'n common hyar uv late, an' he hain't ben like hisself fur nigh on ter two weeks now. Lord, I hope he won't git in ter no scrape.'

And sighing heavily, the old woman moved her splint-bottomed chair farther up into the chimney corner, and lighting her pipe with a coal from the blazing hearth, for

some moments sat watching the smoke curling and wreathing itself into fantastic shapes as it floated upward among the strings of dried apples, red peppers and "punkin" that hung from the whitewashed walls. Suddenly she turned and looked sharply at the girl beside her:

"Lize, what ails yer? Ye seem mighty quiet like ter-night. Hain't sick, air ye?"

Naw, but them fellers what passed hyar this mornin'—D'ye reckon them wuz—?"

"Ha, skeered uv the revenuers, air ye? 'Fraid they'll git Jim Riddle, I reckon, the sneakin' critter. Don't keer much ef they do."

At this allusion to the moonshiner all the blood in the girl's body seemed to rush to her face. But the blush lingered only for a moment, giving place to a death-like paleness. Glancing quickly at her mother and seeing that her discomfiture was unobserved, she answered in a slightly tremulous tone:

"Naw, but Bill—ye 'lowed ez he wuz down thar som'er's, an' ye know thar hain't no tellin' what'll happ'n. An' maw," she added, "I hearn er whipper-will las' night a hollerin' right on the top uv the house, an' ye know ez well ez I do what that's er sign uv. But thar they come. I hearn Tige at the door."

And going to the door she opened it. A huge bull-dog bounded in, followed by two men, stamping the snow from their great cow-hide boots and scattering the flakes in all directions, as they shook it from their broad shoulders. The older of the two was a man of sixty, although he appeared no more than forty, weather-beaten and features browned by the wintry winds that swept down from the neighboring peaks and crags. The other was a young man of twenty or more, of large frame like his father. His face was red, as of a man somewhat accustomed to drink, and wore a sullen expression. The two sat down in silence to their meal of cornbread and bacon.

“Whut’s the matter with ye, Bill?” asked the old woman after a time.

“Nuthin’, ’ceptin’ I wuz jest er thinkin’ uv that thar rascal, Jim Riddle. Wouldn’t pay me that money. Said he didn’t hev it. Had half er mind ter choke it outen ’im, but promised ter give ’im one more chanst.”

“Whut made ye so long comin’ home?” asked the girl.

“Waal, I come on up ter the mill, an’ pap an’ t’others wuz so tuk with talkin’ ’bout revenueers, we didn’t start tell late.”

“An’ whut ’bout’n the revenueers?” asked the girl, eagerly.

“Waal, they’re prowlin’ roun’ in this neighborhood som’er’s. Joe Watkins saw ’em down the mounting this mornin’. I *despise* the pesky varmint same ez snakes, an’ I’d help ennybody agin ’em, ’ceptin’ Jim Riddle, an’ I’ll be durned ef I’d turn er han’ ef they wuz ter cut his ole still all ter flinders, an’ him ter boot. Plague on ’im enny how. Lize, what ails yer, stan’in’ thar that er way? Don’t ye see my cup’s empty?”

“Thought I hearn horses,” said she, quietly pouring the coffee. Listen, thar they air now. I b’leeve they’ve stopped.”

A moment afterward three men, each with a Winchester rifle, entered the cabin and asked shelter for the night. The two men at the table looked at each other in silence for some time, each knowing the other’s thoughts and knowing not what to reply, for it was a terrible thing to give food and shelter to revenue officers. At length the old man spoke:

“Strangers, ef we hed more room ye mought hev it, I guess, but ye see we hain’t no pow’ful big house. Ef ye’d keep on down the road ’bout two mile—”

“Two miles! and such a night as this, and it snowing like fury, and the rocks in this cursed mountain road as slick as glass! No, not if I know myself! We’ll stay

here. I prefer crowding to risking my neck down this mountain.

“Waal, friends, ef you’re sot on stayin’, reck’n we’ll hev ter make the best uv a bad job. Set down, strangers, an’ hev a bite, an’ then Bill ’ll show ye ter yer lodgin’s.”

The officers having finished their meal, the girl, who had not spoken a word since their entrance, slipped quietly up the ladder that led into the “loft,” and going into her own room and throwing herself, half dressed, upon the low bed, soon fell into a troubled slumber.

* * * * *

What was that ! The girl awoke with a start and sat up on the edge of the bed. She was sure she had heard something, but all was now quiet. The storm had ceased and there now reigned that peculiar silence so marked when all sound is muffled by the mantle of snow that covers the earth. She listened, but heard nothing, and had almost come to the belief that she had dreamed when there was a sound as of something falling in the next room. Putting her ear to the thin board partition she distinctly heard low whisperings in the adjoining room.

“Confound the chair ! Thought sure I had waked the old lion down there. Wake that fellow there, who is snoring at such a rate, and see if he remembers the agreement he made with us yesterday.”

Soon she heard the putting on of boots and the clicking of fire arms.

“Be quiet with those guns there. We’ll have the whole gang awake presently.”

“Better have yer guns in good order ; ye may need ’em. He knows ye’re in the neighborhood, an’ he’ll be lookin’ out fur ye. He mought be sleepin’ thar ter-night.”

’Twas Bill’s voice.

————— guns ——— he’ll be sleeping there ! I know now what it is. Ah, Lord, what kin I do ! They’ll kill im ! But they sha’n’t. I’ll stop ’em or die tryin’.”

And, throwing a shawl around her shoulders, she quietly raised the window and leaped out into the soft snow that had drifted against the house, half-way to the window. She scrambled out and darted around the corner of the house into and down the road. Up, down, slipping, stumbling, falling; it seemed an hour since she had started! Would she never get there? Yes, there just ahead, half-covered in snow, stood the huge boulder that marked the place where the narrow path led along the edge of the precipice to the mouth of the moonshiner's cave. Scarcely a foot wide, the way was dangerous enough to any, except the sure-footed mountaineer, but covered with snow as it now was the danger was ten fold greater. But scarcely slackening her speed she passed in safety over the dangerous pass, where a single mis-step would have hurled her to instant death upon the rocks hundreds of feet below. Reaching the mouth of the cave, she called to the moonshiner.

“Jim! Jim! for God's sake, wake up.”

“Who in the name of creation 's that?” exclaimed a voice from the depths of the cave. “God A'mighty, is it you, Lize?” as a bushy red head was thrust forth. “What in the thunder air ye doin' hyar this time o' night?”

“Oh, Jim! They're comin'——. The revenuers——. I hearn 'em talkin' 'bout'n it, an' I run all the way. They're right behin' me. Oh! I hear 'em now t'other eend er the path.”

“Let 'em come. I've got five good doses in hyar,” said he, pulling out a long pistol. “An' my old squirrel rifle haint fur frum me. I knowed they wuz 'round hyar, an' I'm ready for 'em. Can't but one at er time come 'long that narrow path. How many air they?”

“Three—No! Oh Lordy, Jim, don't shoot 'less'n yer jest hev ter!” pleaded the poor girl as she remembered her brother.

“Hush gal, come in hyar quick.”

There was only just time to draw the girl into the cave

and place her behind him when four figures issued from behind the boulder, and stopping, began to talk in low tones.

“Go back then, ye sneakin’ cowards. Guess my neck’s ez good ez yourn. Did’nt I tell yer how ’twuz? What did ye start fur ef ye warn’t goin’ ter finish the job? The rest uv ye kin do ez ye please. I’ve got er private account with this hyar varmint, an’ I’m er goin’ ter settle it while I’m in the notion,” exclaimed one in a louder and angrier tone, which, as he recognized it, caused the moonshiner to gnash his teeth in silent rage. He had now almost reached the mouth of the cave, when the sound of the moonshiner’s voice caused him to halt.

“Stop thar, Bill, I haint no grudge agin yer. I don’t want to do yer no harm, an’ I haint a goin’ ter ’less’n ye push it on me. But, Bill, ye know what ye’ve done ter-night by bringin’ them fellers hyar an’ ye know thar haint er nuther feller in the mountings ez wouldn’t put er bullet squar thro’ that cymlin’ uv yourn ef ye wuz ter do em sech er turn. Stay back, fer ef ye come er nuther step I’ll swar I’ll——.”

“Take that fur yer swarin’, Jim Riddle, an’ tell the Devil who sont yer when ye git thar.”

There was a quick, sharp report and, with a groan, the moonshiner fell heavily backward as a bullet crashed into his brain. With a low cry the girl threw herself on the ground beside the dying man. She seized the head in her arms, raised it to her lips, kissed the blood from the pale forehead, stroked the rough cheek, smoothed the shaggy beard, and ran her slender fingers through the thick ~~course~~^{oa} hair, muttering in tender, loving tones, fond words of endearment, till it seemed that even those dull ears must hear.

“I done all I could fer yer, Jim; I run all the way ter tell yer; ye wuz aluz good ter me, Jim; ye wuz pow’ful good ter me; yer never done no harm ter them ez didn’t do

yer none; ye would er paid Bill if he'd er give yer time; I told him so; I liked yer purty well, Jim, an' it warn't my fault ez I did't go with yer ter the dancin' party over to Stag Mounting t'other night; pap wouldn't let me; I wanted ter tell yer 'bout'n it, Jim; but its too late now, too late; ye're dead, dead, Jim, and I didn't git ter tell yer.''

Her voice became harsh, and there was a wild expression in her eyes. Her gaze began to wander. Mere mutterings and untelligible sounds came from her lips. As she sat crouching beside the dead man, like the wild beast beside the body of her fallen mate, her eyes flashing and her body swaying slowly from side to side, her wandering gaze fell upon the motionless figure of her brother, standing with folded arms in the entrance of the cave. She gave a wild yell, seized the pistol that had fallen from the dead man's grasp, and fired. The figure reeled, stumbled, and fell backward over the cliff. She ran to the edge of the cliff and gazed down where the body had disappeared. For a moment she stood there gazing into the depths. Then, tossing her arms wildly into the air, she leaped far into the abyss, with a shriek which, as it bounded from crag to crag and was hurled from cliff to cliff, was echoed and re-echoed until the mountains rang as with the yells of a thousand demons.

They watched her as she descended, the flying hair and fluttering garments, the falling body whirling faster and faster and growing fainter and fainter in the thickening gloom of the awful gulf until the dull thud that arose to their ears told them that sister was with brother in a common grave, a grave formed by no hand of man, but even by the Almighty Creator himself.

L. N. M. S.

JOSEPH HALSTEAD GILLESPIE.

North Carolina has had few literary men of any kind, but of those few little has been known by her own citizens. This has been largely because of the second-rate literature

our writers have produced. Although this condition has arisen naturally, the result has been bad. If we ever build up any literature of our own we must do it by conserving the germs that we have. Young men and women can be influenced to literary efforts with little trouble if they see how others who were conditioned as they themselves are conditioned have lived and written. It is a desire to bring about this result, as much as a hope of rescuing from oblivion a rich sacrifice to the love of song that has induced me to write this sketch.

Joseph Halstead Gillespie was born near Warsaw, Duplin county, North Carolina, April 5, 1861. His father was a small farmer and seems to have been in no way distinguished from his class in that part of the State. He was a man of integrity and had the respect of his neighbors. He was, however, a consumptive. When Joseph was eleven years of age disease overcame the father and left the boy the oldest of a family of six children. The subject of our sketch was then taken by his grandfather with whom he remained for five years. When 16 years old he returned to the farm and took upon himself the care of his mother and the other children; and here he remained with short interruptions the rest of his life.

His opportunity for getting an education was very meagre. During all his life he went to school less than four years, and for most of this time he attended the inferior and uncertain schools of the neighborhood. He had learned to read when seven years old and so was able to supplement his lack of school opportunities with private reading. Throughout his early manhood he was accustomed to rise at 3 o'clock and study until, with the other farm laborers, he went to field-work.

When he was twenty years old the disease that had killed the father developed itself in the boy. From then till the end of his life he had one long struggle against fate. At the age of twenty-three he was licensed to preach by the

Baptist church. He secured two country charges and in addition taught a country school. This he continued for a year, and then his failing health warned him that he must desist. He went to Florida and spent the winter at Ocala, where he supported himself by writing in the office of county clerk. While here he came into contact with some skeptical books. They were a new filld to him, and his strong but untrained spirit and undeveloped mind were captured by this appeal to reason. He felt constrained to give up all idea of preaching.

The effect was advantageous. He would never have attained eminence as a preacher. Some of his sermons are before me, and while they show a smooth and sensitive style they have no marks of more than ordinary talent. His whole attention was now turned to verse. Since he was twenty he had been writing occasional pieces; but he now rushed into a flood of song. From this time, 1886, till 1888 was his period of greatest literary activity. The fires that were burning the vitals seem to have kindled the spirit to a white heat. Piece after piece came with far too great facility. Had he worked more carefully it would have been better for the work. This he realized when he ventured to publish some verses in the neighboring newspapers. The criticism that he received showed him that he must study poetics.

He had returned to North Carolina in 1886, and taken up his former work on the farm and in the neighborhood schools. In the spring of 1888 he was able to get a glimpse of the training he so badly needed. Through the kindness of Rev. A. J. Thompson, of Lynchburg, Va., then a student of Wake Forest College, he borrowed enough money to defray the expenses of a ten day's visit to that institution. Every cent of this money he afterwards repaid. He entered no classes, but took private lessons in versifications under Drs. Taylor and Royal. This was enough to show him in what respect his poetry was lack-

ing. Could he have had the opportunity of a full college course who can say what richness might not have come out of his life!

Returning to his home he spent the summer re-writing his poems. The disease that had attacked him was fast chasing him down. It was his greatest hope to see his works printed in book form. Collecting his best poems he set out to publish them himself under the title of "Elsinore and Other Poems." By teaching school for a few weeks he obtained the money for an advanced payment on a little volume. A part of the book reached him in December, 1888. The amount necessary to complete it was raised partly by friends and partly by a mortgage on his mother's farm. The volume was not off the press before his nature gave way and the long combat was over. He died in February, 1889. It was the end of a struggle which has no parallel in the history of our State's weak attempts at literature.

When he arrived at Wake Forest he was still under the influence of the skepticism he had encountered in Florida. The wholesome atmosphere of a Christian college soon corrected this. He got while there a point of view which enabled him to see the crudeness of what his untrained mind had before that accepted as infallible reasoning. When he died it was, as one present said, a bright and triumphant christian. It was here that he also felt for the first time a considerable appreciation of culture. His former isolation is painful to contemplate. It is illustrated in the method by which he acquired a copy of Shakspeare's writings. He came across a negro who had drawn such a book as a prize in some negro contest. The negro had no use for it and Gillespie secured it for a trifle. It was a plain copy, without notes, and in most miserable type, but the boy worked over it till he had interpreted it into his life. Of his short stay at Wake Forest he said to a friend :

“I never before had the faintest conception of the possibilities of a higher intellectual life to be had in college.”

He was in appearance a man of medium stature with light hair and a fair complexion. His face bore deeply the marks of disease, but it was capable of kindling with great joy when he was engaged in conversation. His eyes were blue and glowed with intelligence. He was easily approached and his genial nature was strong in its friendships. To his friends he gave his whole soul, holding nothing too sacred for one whom he felt he could trust. A friend of the brief college period writes thus of him: “When I have looked on the man, worn out with consumption as he is, and have seen the spark of genius burning in his eye; as I have witnessed its cheerfulness in spite of disease and discouragement, I have known that there was a beautiful grand spirit there, though only the shadow of a man.”

Gillespie will never rank as a poet of even ordinary ability, as poets of the great world of literature are ranked. He had no opportunity to acquire the technique of the art. Even in his revised poems he had the unfortunate habit of inserting words or lines whose only service is that they make out the metre or the rhyme. When his spirit kindled to the influence of a strong image his lines run on smoothly and with much appropriateness. The danger is that several lines of this character may be followed by a line that is simply chaff. These better passages show his genius; the poorer show his misfortune. There is enough of spirit at the bottom to lead us to think that if he had better opportunities these faults would have been removed. It is impossible for one to read certain parts of “Elsinore,” or of the “Fireside Sketches,” or “Eternity,” without realizing that the author had the true poetic instinct.

The great value of his life, however, will never be his poems, for these contain nothing that will hold posterity. Still, his life was not a failure. He lived a life of intense

longing for the beautiful, and such a life, whatever may be its results, is a great life. Worth should be measured by effort, not by success merely. In judging our boat races or our horse races we make allowances for inequalities in starting. If we do this in our sports when there is a cup or a purse at stake, why should we not do it in sober earnestness when there is a bravely battling spirit at stake? If we do it for horse-flesh, why should we not do it for heart-blood? If in Gillespie the poet sinks, the man rises. If in his poems he will not tell to the future the message of his broken heart, he will by his life tell it the message of a long and hard struggle in which the hand of fate itself is made to relax for a time its iron grasp. The distance between his starting and his stopping points is greater than that between the same points in the career of any jurist, statesman or preacher that the State has produced. This distance, it should be remembered, was covered in less than twenty-eight years. For such an effort alone, as well as for the fact that out of his own slender means he gave the State one of the few volumes of verse that it has ever had, he deserves never to be forgotten; and as one who loves the fame of our State, and who admires a valiant struggle, I am not willing to see the future generations grow up in ignorance of so rich a career.*

J. S. BASSETT.

SOUTHERN STUDENTS' CONFERENCE AT KNOXVILLE.

Doubtless the Southern tourist can find no more surpassing scenery than that between the Piedmont belt of North Carolina and that ideal Southern city, Knoxville. Such was the pleasure of the writer, as a member of the Trinity delegation on board the Western North Carolina train for the Southern Student's Conference, convening in

*For much of the material in this sketch I am indebted to Prof. E. L. Middleton, of Durham, N. C., who was Gillespie's personal friend and literary executor. There is a short sketch of the poet, as well as a review of his book, in the *Wake Forest Student* for January, 1889.—J. S. B.

that city from June 14th to 25th. Beginning with the labarynthian ascent of the Blue Ridge, the engineer seems to have taken pleasure that the passenger should view each side of every towering peak, and only soothes him with the picturesque beauty of the valley that he may the more wildly agitate him with the sublime grandeur of some far away mountain whose highest peak is lost in the azure of the sky. It is one continuous change from tunnel to gorge, from gorge to dizzy height until we have passed "The Land of the Sky" and are gliding smoothly down the banks of that beautiful mountain stream, the French Broad. Such is but a glimpse of our ride until we bursted through the Great Smokies; hurried across the Holston and quietly rested by the banks of the Tennessee on the evening of June the 14th.

The conference was held in the magnificent buildings of the University of Tennessee, erected upon a beautiful dome-shaped campus with the bustle of the city below and the silent waters of the Tennessee gliding slowly around its base. These buildings, so hospitably thrown open to the conference as their home during their ten days stay there, have been largely improved and the campus greatly beautified with lovely vista, winding drive, verdant terrace and stately elm by the enterprising president, Col. Dabney, whose activity and energy have gained for him quite as wide reputation in Tennessee as they once did in North Carolina.

In almost every institution of learning in the South has been felt more and more, for the past few years, a great need of deeper spiritual life—a more Christ-like Christianity. We are undoubtedly awakening rapidly to the fact that there is no such thing as education without religion. The ideal man and the triune man are one and the same. The Young Men's Christian Association in College has been the great instrument in the hands of an Almighty God to make Christian students deeply realize this great

need of a more intense religion. So it is not a surprise, then, that the international college secretaries with their all-absorbing fidelity to their work felt more strongly the need of a conference for Southern students. As the North felt it and, Lake Geneva and Northfield with their glorious gatherings of Christian students was a result so in the South the Knoxville Students' Conference was the consequence. But the great causing power back of all this we would see partly in that humble, unassuming professor away back there in college, performing so faithfully the unobtrusive duties; his heart filled with his work so that in his great love for his pupils there goes out a continual prayer for their salvation. Still farther back in the old home we can see a tear stealing its silent way down the fading cheek of a mother, as, rising from her knees she closes her earnest prayer, saying: "Oh, God, bless my boy off at school." In answer to this, then, the delegates elected as representatives, by the different Southern college associations met together to learn more about the Christ that they might go back to both the new and the old students filled with the Spirit. Perhaps there has not been so great a gathering of young, enthusiastic college Christians in the South. Like that band of Greeks who came to the "City of the Great King" during the feast, each student seemed to repeat the earnest inquiry: "We would see Jesus."

The first exercise of each day was the missionary institute continuing from eight until nine o'clock. It was conducted either by H. W. Luce or H. B. Sharmon of the Students Volunteer movement. At nine o'clock the students were divided into two classes; the one a Bible-training class to instruct men how to do personal work, conducted by Mr. Jamison of South Carolina and the other was devotional Bible study by Prof. Sallmon of Yale, giving an outline of study to be conducted by the student throughout the year in his own college. At ten o'clock

came the association conference, giving ideas as to the best methods of carrying out the business part of the work. This was either conducted by John R. Mott, inter-collegiate secretary; or by F. S. Brockman, Southern collegiate secretary. The hour and a half from eleven o'clock was one of the greatest of each day, given as it was to the leaderships of such powerful men as Mr. Mott, Mr. Speer, secretary of the Board of Missions of the Northern Presbyterian church; to Dr. McBride of Virginia and others. The recess from one to six in the afternoon was usually spent first in a short review of the morning's work; then Prof. Wagoner, physical director of the University of Tennessee, expected every man upon the athletic field to engage in tennis, base-ball or any of the many out-door games provided. All were expected to join in some form of recreation. One afternoon the conference took quite a splendid boat ride up the Tennessee river for several miles to Island Home, the magnificent farm of Col. Dickenson, where they were that gentleman's invited guests. The kind Colonel was very warm in his reception indeed and it shall not soon be forgotten. From the boat as it glided at sunset down the stream could be heard many and various college yells, each man straining every vocal chord to out-yell his neighbor in that joyous hour of free and happy pleasure. Life-work service, the first after supper, from seven to eight was held on the West slope of the campus, all other services mentioned above being conducted in Science Building. At this service many young men decided once for all what would be the work of their lives. After this came another one of those grand platform meetings similar to the one held at eleven o'clock in the morning. "Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive," for every man seemed to get nearer Jesus than before and the Galilean Prince seemed almost to walk upon the earth gladdening the hearts of men with the sunshine of his presence during that hour. At the close of each day, about ten in

the evening, at the State delegation meetings the work of the day was reviewed for a few minutes.

The foregoing concludes the program of each day's duties, lasting, with few variations, for ten days. Besides the ideas gained by each individual regarding the best methods of conducting all forms of Christian work in college, and besides the splendid instruction received in the study of the Bible from great students of the world who have given their entire lives to this study, the greatest gain came from the determinate purpose prevailing in every heart to receive great and perceptible spiritual blessings from the Almighty while there. Each man felt that the message he would carry back to his college-mate should be fruitless except he realize the force of it in his own heart. Many of the men had never before realized what spiritual power meant until they came face to face with the gigantic soul of such men as the leaders of the movement. Young graduates of the higher American institutions; men whose splendid talent would assure them the most lucrative positions or the highest honors given any young man upon American soil, dedicating their complete powers, their entire energies and their whole lives to the grand work of propagating Christianity among students. Such men are Mott, Brockman, and others of this continent and with them are Anderson from Oxford, Williams from Edinburg and Burgess from Wales. To meet with such men as these filled as they were with the power of the Spirit; coupled with the great desire in each heart to see Jesus could mean nothing else than a great blessing.

There was a time in the history of the Southerner when only the son of the cotton-planter or the slave-owner ever entered college walls; and then the highest ambition filling that young college man's breast was to be able to give the greatest banquet, to join in the greatest revelry or sink into the greatest debauchery; it was but the spirit of the age. That day has been erased from the college calendar

of to-day. Yet as the boy leaves for college the father's hand trembles slightly, the mother's lip grows pale, they think of their boy leaving the christian influence of the family fireside and going to join a community of young men indifferent, perhaps, to religion or its influences, forgetting the God of their fathers. Those studying the results of the Students' Conference believe that it is swiftly eradicating this indifference of the new college man. And, it was the steady determination of nearly every delegate at the last conference that by the help of the Great Guide no new man should fall by the wayside this Fall at his college, nor any man wander out into the trackless wilderness, lost from the sympathizing hand of christian influence; that furrows should grow in *no* mother's brow on account of her boy, who, unable to stand the excitement of college life, had gone down like the ship that is wrecked and sunken in the mighty sea of temptation. This is but one of the many results expected. It is hoped that as a result of these summer schools educational institutions shall not throw out upon the State mere bookish weaklings, prepared only for a selfish life, but that they shall contribute to the citizenship of the commonwealth educated christians whose influence shall outlive the ages, whose unselfish lives shall be given to the elevation of mankind and to the hastening of that great day when the people of God upon the earth shall be numbered as the sands upon the sea-shore.

B. R. P.

Editorial.

SAM. W. SPARGER,
JOE. F. BIVINS,

CHIEF EDITOR.
ASSISTANT EDITOR.

WITH this issue THE ARCHIVE enters upon a new venture. Will it be successful? That result is possible, but only on certain conditions. First, that we as a class do our duty by it, and throwing ourselves wholly into the struggle, lift up the magazine and raise it to a standard of excellence, equal to that of any publication of like-kind of which the South can boast. The other is that the students, Alumni and friends of the college render us their heartiest support, which to say they owe us is at least but an idle attempt towards the full expression of the fact. Although we recognize the great responsibility, the first we, as a class, have promised to do, in so far as we are able. We do it that the Alumni of Trinity College may not be deprived of a magazine of which they can be proud, and justly so we hope. We do it that the students of the college may have, as an essential part of their education, the benefit of a college monthly filled, with matter that will be a help to them in their college work, and, we trust, elevating as well as instructive.

TO THE ALUMNI.

We recognize that THE ARCHIVE has not been what it ought to be. But we do not believe it due to any fault of those formerly in charge, but rather to the lack of support due them. Every one must know that to run a paper, college magazine or other publication, money is the chief requisite. There are no millionaires in our class. And even if some of us could boast our millions, still we do not find the editing of a magazine a matter of such exquisite pleas-

ure that we would like to reach down into our pockets at the end of the year and make up the deficit. This is not a financial scheme. None of us expect to make a fortune out of THE ARCHIVE; nor do we expect to receive any remuneration for the labor we may bestow upon it, except the pleasure derived from a clear conscience in having performed our duty. Do yours and enjoy the same great blessing.

TO THE STUDENTS.

Students, support THE ARCHIVE! It is your duty. The magazine is the organ of the student body. Through its columns are discussed various college topics, the benefits of college life, its evils and the remedies for the same. We intend to fill it with valuable and instructive matter that will be of interest as well as a help to you in your college work; and also we propose to keep you in touch with local affairs and college life in general. The college magazine offers advantages and opportunities to the student nowhere else to be enjoyed. You cannot afford to miss them.

When you have an article worthy of publication kindly refer it to the Literary committee. It will be received with thanks. Work with us, help us and give us your support. Do not fail in this your greatest duty to your college, to your fellow students, and to yourself. THE ARCHIVE is yours. It will be what you make it. Will you be the cause of failure?

THE CENTURY.

Prof. Woodrow Wilson utters some needed cautions: "On the Writings of History." The world's demand for facts, and nothing but facts, is announced by the modern chronicler. History that contains nothing but dry facts is dead matter. The world needs something more than crude

facts to stimulate an interest in historical research. Histories are written in order that men may read, see and realize past events. It is as misleading to fail to convey the right impression as to tell a falsehood. The lack of words to sufficiently convey a fact is as much a defect as a lack of knowledge. In no case can you do more than convey an impression, so various and complex is the matter. It takes an artist's hand to select, adjust and arrange events in their natural order, and Macaulay, Carlyle, Gibbons and J. R. Green are the nearest approach to the ideal. The historian should live in every age, talk to the world from every age, and make it see and feel just as he sees and feels. There is an art of lying; there is equally an art—an infinitely more difficult art—of telling the truth.

WITH this, our first issue, we introduce to the readers of the ARCHIVE a new department—the Department of Reviews. This is somewhat of an experiment on our part, and, to some, doubtless needs explanation :

We propose publishing each month short reviews of the best articles found in the leading periodicals. The object of this is chiefly to assist the students in their work. In doing original work the magazines often supply much material. Just where to find this material is often a question. We are sometimes misled by the heading, and after spending an hour in reading an article we are disappointed to find that it does not furnish the information sought. We wish to remedy this and help the student by giving him short reviews to which he can turn and in a few minutes learn just which side of a question a certain article discusses, and whether the information he desires is furnished therein.

In justice to the editors of this department, we wish to say that whatever shortcomings may be noticed in this

issue, is due to the confusion always experienced at the beginning of a term, and the haste in which the material had to be prepared for printing.

WE ARE told by the Faculty that the Freshman Class of this year is the best they have ever known. This, both from a standpoint of capacity and of preparation. No man has been allowed to enter who was not fully qualified. While those who have been turned away and are obliged to remain at home another year, have our heartfelt sympathy for the great disappointment undergone, yet we cannot but feel that they are the gainers thereby, and that while their fondly cherished hopes were to all appearances being ruthlessly shattered, our Faculty was only making way for a firmer foundation, whereon it would be possible to build in future a structure of such stability as to withstand the fiercest attacks.

We congratulate ourselves that we have a Faculty that shrinks not from performing its full duty, however painful that duty may often be. Above all we congratulate the Freshman Class of which such can be said. They are indeed fortunate. Their numbers may have suffered when one was turned away, but on the whole they have gained doubly by the loss. A man who lacks preparation not only finds such a condition to be a source of great perplexity to himself, but he becomes a hindrance to the class as well.

THERE is a certain class of boys who come to college, but what they come for we never knew. It may be that the space they occupied at home was more desirable than their presence. We cannot say. At any rate they come to college. Occasionally they enter a class-room. If the seat they occupy is comfortable, and will allow them to stretch themselves out as they choose, they may remain the whole hour; otherwise, their nose may bleed and they

must be excused. Ask one of them a question, he can't answer it; his head ached last night; his light was out of fix; he didn't know where the lesson was; he lost his book and didn't find it until a few minutes ago; there were some boys in his room the night before and he couldn't study. He has a thousand and one excuses. He is never without one. He is the last one to breakfast in the morning. He is late for chapel, or doesn't come at all. At all times of the day you will see him standing on corners, loafing along hall-ways, banging on somebody's door, wanting to borrow a match or a pipe of tobacco. He is continually loafing. You never find him in his own room. He does nothing himself and seems determined that those around him shall do nothing. He is a burden to his own existence and a bore and nuisance to every one else. Thankful are we that we have no more of them than we do.

WHEN in the history of our nation was there a greater need for *men*? Men—true, honest, high-minded men, who fear not to stand up for right and the truth, and speak their thoughts though all the world be against them. In this day of political deserters and the break-up of parties, when the officials of our land are straddling every question, and trembling demagogues fear to open their lips, we look forward with dread to what the future may bring. There is a crisis near at hand and it will be a crisis that will try men's souls. Then indeed will we find the need of such men to lead us as may be worthy of the trust and confidence of their followers.

THE struggle of the Cuban patriots for independence begins to grow interesting. Officials of a provisional government have been nominated and the patriots seem well pleased with the selections. Financial affairs and the riots of the soldiers, who are unwilling to undergo the hardships of war in the unhealthy climate, begin to perplex the Span-

ish government. Still, unless the Cubans receive assistance from without, the result may yet prove disastrous to them.

It is a noble struggle. This narrow dependency of Spain, held merely as a source of revenue, ground down by oppression, struggling to break away from the oppressor and to gain the freedom of an independent nationality. The sympathy of the American citizens is growing, and even in Spain there are rumors of a republican uprising. Should not the United States as a Christian nation remonstrate against the cruel measures of the Spanish government? If not through sympathy, then in the name of humanity itself.

WE ARE glad to be able to publish in this number an article by Judge Walter Clark on the postal telegraph. We are fortunate in securing this article, and appreciate the kindness of the contributor. We always enjoy whatever may come from the pen of this able writer.

Judge Clark favors the government control of the telegraph as a part of the postal service. It will be of benefit to any who may read it, and especially to those interested in this question, to which the author has given thorough investigation.

ALONG with a chapel, Trinity ought to have a good gymnasium. At a very small cost the old grandstand can be converted into a magnificent gymnasium; it is of no service to the college as it now stands. It is fully large, and, if properly arranged, will afford ample room. The Alumni could not do more towards stimulating the athletic spirit in their *alma mater* than to convert this building into a gymnasium.

Reviews.

B. R. PAYNE,

MANAGER.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

One of the most interesting contributions to the *North American Review* for September is an article by Sir William H. Flower on "Reminiscences of Huxley." The writer was a personal friend of Huxley for forty years, and these reminiscences throw additional light upon his character and life. Huxley started life as a naval surgeon, and in his younger days cared nothing for making collections as most men who have distinguished themselves in zoology and paleontology have done. His early tastes were for literature and engineering, and it was only after he had served at sea that he became interested in the subject which engaged his energies during the rest of his life.

Although admitted to be one of the clearest and most eloquent of scientific lecturers, he always disliked lecturing and the nervousness from which he suffered in his early days, he never entirely overcome. He always felt he must break down before the lecture was over. This experience was no doubt due largely to the ill health from which he suffered for the last half century of his life. Had he chosen law as a profession he would have made an advocate who could scarcely have been surpassed.

He won the devoted attachment of every one who came into contact with him. This was due largely to his generous and sympathetic nature.

"No man of more religious feeling ever trod this earth."

ARENA.

"After Sixty Years" is the title of one among the best articles of the September *Arena*. In it the writer, Mr. B.

O. Flower, presents the life and works of a contemporary American poet, James G. Clarke, through sixty years of his life. As a poet he ranks him with William Morris and Gerald Massey; as a thinker with Mr. Howells. The life of Mr. Clarke is placed in a more admirable light than that of Whittier, in that after having sung the patriotic song of universal freedom and hastened the approach of liberty to the American negro, he refuses to rest upon his laurels, but realizes like Mazzini, that "Life is a Mission." And, past the age of 60, he still refuses to lay down the armor, but is relentless in his severity against what seems to him the second great slavery of American citizenship—the accumulation of immense wealth in the hands of the soulless contriver. In reviewing the works of the poet as selected by Mr. Flower one can but feel that it is the soul-stirring song which proceeds only from the glowing heart—chord of a poetic life.

THE MISSIONARY REVIEW.

In his criticism on the Christian Endeavor Convention, which met recently at Boston, Rev. James M. Gray, of that city, raises the points in the October issue of *The Missionary Review*, that the expense of the convention, estimated at one million of dollars, could have been applied more appropriately. Also the average delegate did not get at the heart of things as he might. He thinks there was a tendency to lay too much stress upon numbers, and machinery, and upon earthly rather than heavenly citizenship. However, he is sure that God has a remedy for these evils. There is one feature, though, which he does condemn strongly, and that is the jocular way the delegates, in convention, had of speaking of older persons. But Mr. Gray, in closing, says: "It is a demonstration of the fact that young people are now coming to the front in religion. This Christian Endeavor movement is of God."

FORUM.

In the September *Forum* Prof. C. Lombroso, of the University of Turin, has an article on Criminal Anthropology which brings forth a phase of criminology that will be recognized as of great importance. He claims that many of the worst criminals are but reversions to some original types in the development of man. His attention was attracted to this idea by observing that in a certain notorious criminal, whose body he dissected, there was a median occipital fossa where, in the normal man, there should have been the median occipital spine. This is a characteristic that is wanting in the superior apes, but is possessed by all lower animals. This reversion in individuals to the lower types is called atavism. The criminal, it was concluded, "must be a survival of the primitive man and the carnivorous animals." Further examination showed that there was a striking similarity in the physiognomic, psychological and biological features of criminals and of savages. Thus, among certain savages there are more left-handed people than among Europeans. An examination of 600 criminals at Turin showed that there were double the number of left-handed ones among them than there were in the same number of printers. Prof. Lombroso thinks the phenomenon hereditary. He does not discuss the possibility of removing it. If he is right, it is doubtless ineradicable. There is a school of criminologists who look on crime as a disease, and who set out to cure it as any other disease. If the Turin professor is correct, it must be seen that there are many delinquents who cannot be cured, and whom society might as well dispose of as quickly and as quietly as possible. This recalls the experience of the late Charles Loring Brace. After working for years among the delinquents of New York, he said that he had concluded that the best possible thing to be done with the professional thugs was to load them on a flat boat,

tow them down the harbor, and there dump them overboard. After that Mr. Brace devoted himself to rescuing the young criminals, and in that line he had great success.

* * *

Frederick Harrison has an excellent article on "George Eliot's Place in Literature" in the September *Forum*. Mr. Harrison has for the past few months been writing a series of articles on the Victorian writers; all others have been valuable contributions to literary criticism. He has known most of these writers personally, and the articles have the merit of being somewhat reminiscent in character. Many readers of these articles will be glad to know that they are soon to be published in book form. The writer thinks that "Silas Marner," "Adam Bede" and "Mill on the Floss" are her best novels. All of them written in the early part of her literary career, and dealing mainly with the characters and scenes of her early life. After this she grew more and more self-conscious in her art, and lost that spontaneity and passion that characterized the early works. She attempted too much, but is to be commended for so noble an ideal, although she could not realize it. She elevated fiction to a higher standard than any other novelist—made it subserve a nobler purpose than that of mere romance or story, rather made it the handmaid of philosophy. Mr. Harrison was the special friend of George Eliot, and speaks with an unusually firm judgment of this great woman.

COSMOPOLITAN.

Dr. Richard T. Ely mingles trite statement with terse argument, thereby constructing one of the most readable contributions of the October *Cosmopolitan* in his "State University" article. Believing State Universities to be unhampered by politics, they should stand for the broadest educational sentiment, and should be the State's contribu-

tion to the highest form, not alone of State nor of national, but of universal education. Except the State leaves the sphere of activity of her university unrestricted, her sons will seek higher education elsewhere. After proving the legitimacy of university support by public taxation, he argues that the tax-payer must necessarily be interested by virtue of his invested taxes. It is the writer's view that the half-equipped professional men are graduates of private foundations, while the State University *ought* to confer only the most highly-merited degrees. The religious man should aid the State University instead of his church school and thus encourage a universal interest; let the church fight for, instead of against its State University. The tax-payer, he concludes, is willing to do educational work; could the church not spend its money more profitably on missionary work than in denominational education, leaving education to the tax-payer?

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN.

One of the best articles written in any recent American magazine on a psychological subject is the psychology of a jury in a long trial by Dr. T. D. Crothers in a recent issue of the *Scientific American*. The following is the substance of the article:

Twelve men are taken from active employment, confined in a court room six hours a day and with a few general principles of law and equity given them, are expected to observe closely, remember and reason soundly on the evidence given. The close confinement, bad air and changed diet, makes them unfit for these duties in a long trial. These conditions react on the train causing uncertain operations.

The judgment of the average juror changes into caprice after the third or fourth day. Some will take up certain opinions of the case and cannot be changed by reason or

judgment. Some become confused and cannot come to any conclusion. The longer the trial the more bewildered they become, until they follow the majority. Another class wish only for the end and become more listless as their physical condition grows worse, and at last join in any verdict. Another class of arrogant men are flattered when told by counsel that they have superior judgment, and their opinion is changed thereby. In the average jury there are always men with a certain bias-political, religious or social. In good health this would be concealed, but these views come to the surface when the physical tone is lowered. The morals of a jury are lowered towards the end of a long trial. If undue influence or bribery is to be used, the time to do it is when the defects of close confinement, bad air, food and physical derangement appear. An honest jury, by changed conditions, may have their notions of right and wrong strangely altered. Pessimistic men in bad health are always ready to inflict punishment. To them, the suspicion of crime is a reality, and evidence to the contrary is deception. In good physical surroundings many of these men would act with fairness, but they become unsound and unreliable under bad conditions, as exist during long trials.

DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE.

“Sanitarian,” by Marcia Duncan, M. D., in the October *Demorest Magazine*, is an article worthy of the close attention of all. The world is fast awakening to the fact that a large per cent of disease is self-made, and that fresh sunshine and pure air are of as much consequence as the food we eat. The training of the body by proper and moderate exercise is Nature's method of making a sound and well-developed man. He who shuts himself up in his room and never takes any exercise out in the pure open air and sunshine, should never expect to be able to cope with

that one who daily exercises himself both bodily and mentally. Last, but by all means most important, the mind must be trained in pure thoughts together with the training of the body.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

The *Atlantic Monthly* for October contains an admirable article by Mr. Lafcadio Hearn, on "The Genius of Japanese Civilization." In this article Mr. Hearn shows us that the recent advance of the Japanese in many lines is not as wonderful as it seems at first glance. The every act in the Japanese is stamped with unpermanence, his religion teaches him that life is only a fleeting dream. He is always ready for a change and can change easier and more quickly than a person of any other nation. Thus it was when western civilization was carried to him, he eagerly reached out and grasped it, at the same time settling himself to the changed conditions. Mr. Hearn says that it was "no change" to the Japanese, it was simply the turning of their abilities into new channels. Up to the present time no great change can be seen in Japan, but before many years this must take place. The Japanese have shown their genius chiefly in war in statesmanship, as was clearly shown in the recent war, where she completely humbled her neighbor and foe, China.

The publishers, Messrs. MacMillan & Co., announce for October the first number of the *American Historical Review*. The publication will be edited by the Historical faculties of our leading universities and will be held up to the highest point of excellence. It will be issued quarterly at \$3 per year.

Collegiana.

COLLEGE DIRECTORY.

Hesperian Literary Society.

Meets every Friday twenty minutes after ringing of evening bell.

J. S. MAYTUBBY, Pres. H. B. CRAVEN, Vice-Pres. S. O. THORNE, Sec.

Columbian Literary Society.

Meets every Friday twenty minutes after ringing of evening bell.

F. S. ALDRIDGE, Pres. J. H. SEPARK, Vice-Pres. A. L. DAVIS, Sec.

Historical Society.

Regular meeting first Saturday of each month at 8:00 P. M.

DR. J. S. BASSETT, President. S. S. DENT, Secretary.

Saturday Night Club.

Meets every Saturday night at 8:00 P. M.

DR. J. S. BASSETT, President. PROF. EDWIN MIMS, Secretary.

Tennis Association.

W. W. FLOWERS, President. B. R. PAYNE, Secretary.

Young Men's Christian Association.

F. S. ALDRIDGE, President. B. R. PAYNE, Secretary.

Regular meeting every Sunday at 2:00 P. M.

LOCALS.

S. E. MERCER, MANAGER.

Dr. Jno. C. Kilgo, our esteemed President, preached the opening sermon before the Faculty and student body at Main Street church, September 14. It was full of good council and advice.

Our campus was very much improved during the summer. Main drive and walk-ways were laid out and the work of curbing and macadamizing them is being pushed forward now. A handsome iron gate is to be placed at the

main entrance and the park surrounded by an iron fence. When finished it will be one of the prettiest parks in the State. For all these improvements we are indebted to the benevolence of Mr. Duke.

Tennis seems to be growing more and more popular among the students. An association has been formed and a number of new courts are being made.

We are glad to welcome back Dr. Cranford, who has recently received the degree of Ph. D., from Yale. Also Professor Merritt, who has been studying at Leipsic for the past year.

Upon consideration the student body suggests that, perhaps, it would be a good idea to remove the clock, take out the electric-light plant, water works and heating apparatus. They might get out of order.

Gibbs says he is going to write an oration on "Thoughts After Death." We surely hope that he will confine himself to this kind of thoughts.

Ask some of the Astronomy Class where the north star is situated, and why it is not always visible.

Joe Separk, of Elon, is with us a few days. We are always glad to see him.

We wish to compliment the management of the reading room for the excellent order in which the papers are kept.

If the Inn is run at all for the convenience of the boys, why not ring the bell a half hour longer each morning? Its melody is so soothing to a person who wishes to sleep.

The law students who wish to be instructed as regards drawing up contracts, would do well to see Mr. Bruce Payne, No. 95 Wall street.

We were pleased to have with us during the opening week, Rev. B. R. Hall and W. B. Doub, of the city churches.

The student body wishes to express thanks to the Trinity

Epworth League for the kind invitation to attend a reception given at the residence of Capt. E. J. Parrish.

We would say something about what happened to Billy Nick this summer, but we are not able to express it.

Quite a number of old boys can testify that the Freshman brought some very fine grapes and apples with them. We did not have the annual watermelon feast as Mr. Stanford did not return this year.

A few of the Freshmen must think they have good voices from the amount of singing they do. We advise that they take vocal under Professor Ramsey.

ALUMNI.

F. S. ALDRIDGE, - - - - -

MANAGER.

G. T. Adams ('89) will finish his course in Vanderbilt University in '96, and will join one of the North Carolina conferences in the fall.

T. C. Hoyle ('94) is principal of Burlington Academy, and we hear that he has a very good school. We have also heard to our sorrow (?) that he has shaved off his beard. Tom, don't do it any more.

T. A. Smoot ('95) has been elected headmaster of Trinity High School in Randolph county.

We are certain that the course of lectures by Prof. S. T. F., under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. of his institution, will be a great success. We shall look for a complimentary ticket.

W. L. Terry ('72) is U. S. Congressman from Arkansas.

R. B. Crawford ('95) has gone into the hardware business in Winston. We wish you much success, "Bob," and hope that the dream you used to love to tell us, about

the kingdom you possessed and the little queen, will soon be a reality.

We were glad to have with us a few days at the beginning of the term R. J. G. Tuttle ('94). He was at Vanderbilt University last year taking a theological course. He also took part in athletics and won for himself a reputation in football. He will join the Western N. C. Conference this winter.

W. B. Lee ('91) is in Brazil, where he went last March to enter the missionary field.

Jefferson Davis ('86) is superintendent of Davis School at Winston.

A. C. English ('90) is principal of Kernersville High School.

P. L. Groom ('77) is connected with the North Carolina Christian Advocate.

Prof. N. C. English ('74) is county examiner of public schools of Randolph county.

Prof. G. B. Pegram ('95) is assistant headmaster of Trinity High School. "Doty" thinks he would be a more successful teacher, especially among the young ladies, if he only had heard.

D. T. Edwards ('92) has completed his law course at Chapel Hill and will locate in Durham.

E. T. Dickinson ('94) is now Dr. Elijah Tecumseh Dickinson, having received his diploma from Richmond Medical College in June, '95. He called to see us a few days ago. We were glad to see his pleasing countenance.

R. A. Myrick ('92), who has been librarian of Trinity College since graduation, has accepted a very profitable position in Blackwell's Durham Tobacco Co.

"Butch" Wade ('89) is engaged in the lumber business

in Montgomery county. He is thriving in his chosen field. We would give his address, but "wood" have none.

Greek O. Andrews ('86) has recently been elected editor of the *Press-Visitor*, published in Raleigh.

Fred Harper ('91) has quit playing football and has hung out his shingle: F. Harper, Attorney at Law, Wilmington, N. C.

Emmet L. Moffit ('89) is editor of the *Christian Sun*, organ of the Christian church.

E. K. McLarty ('95) is in Vanderbilt University, where he is taking a theological course. We know Mack will come back to Durham as soon as an opportunity presents itself, in order to look after his *personal* property.

G. T. Rowe ('95) has been elected professor of Greek in Hendrix College, Ark. Let us hear from you, Gill.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

J. A. DAILEY, - - - - -

MANAGER.

The Association sent Messrs. Aldridge, Payne and Wooten to the Summer school at Knoxville, Tenn., and in consequence of this fact the organization has taken on a new life. These young men came back very much enthused and have been successful in awakening a deeper interest for Christian work among the student-body.

The reception given by the Y. M. C. A. for the benefit of the "Newies" Saturday evening Sept. 7th, we believe, met with good success. This has been a means of attracting attention of the new men to this as the one Christian organization the influence of which pervades and controls the Spiritual life of the institution.

The first service of the Association for the year was conducted by Dr. Kilgo, whose words always verify and

nourish us in the Christian life. The Doctor gave us a good send off; and we have since been having profitable services and unusually good attendance. May this be the year when the Y. M. C. A. shall do a grand work in bringing these precious young men into a closer touch with Christ.



Editor's Table.

J. H. SEPARK,

MANAGER.

It is the aim of this department to make itself one of the strongest in the ARCHIVE. In this issue, however, we labor under an unavoidably difficulty. The ARCHIVE having changed hands from the class of '95 to that of '96 finds that most of the last exchanges have been misplaced during the summer vacation, so that a full review will be impossible.

Beginning with the next issue we will branch out from the old order of things and instead of a simple acknowledgement of our exchanges we shall cull from each at least one or two of the best articles and review them.

We trust our old exchanges will be renewed.

The last issue of the *Davidson Monthly* was one well worthy of closing its volume. We have long since been convinced that the monthly is one of the very best college magazines in the State, and while for '95-'96 its management will be new, we feel sure that it will continue to hold its deserved "rep."

The many members of the Emory Phœnix in point of pure literary excellence is hard to beat. In it are several articles that deserve special mention, among which are: "Egotism" and "A Reaction in Reading" the last of which, though short, shows that the writer is thoroughly at home with his subject.

We hope soon to see the September number and feel quite sure that it will not be behind its predecessors.

The *College Message* should feel proud of its past year's career. The May number was unusually attractive, containing, as it did, handsome cuts of society halls, labora-

tory and library. We wish our sister college God speed in her good works.

The *Yale Magazine* is before us, fresh in its new and original articles. "College Misfits" is an article calculated to "do" almost any college dignitary.

It is a keen and cutting thrust at many a college boy from the foppish dude to the seclusive religious fanatic.

The *Georgia Tech* is among our exchanges and we are all the more convinced by every issue that it is a most excellent magazine. It is always full of short, pointed articles on some practical subject, and they all show thought in their preparation.

The article on College Spirit deserves particular mention, inasmuch as it shows one of the weaknesses of Southern colleges. We hope it may tend to foster college spirit in the South, and that there may be a greater unity among the entire student body of our institutions.

The *University Magazine* still holds its excellent place among Southern magazines. The May number contains an article on Why Judge Haywood left North Carolina, which shows very careful study and preparation. We wish it a very successful year.

The *Vanderbilt Observer* is with us again, and it always impresses us as being a magazine worthy of any Southern University. We congratulate ourselves on being the recipient of a magazine so full of advanced thoughts and ideas. May her future be as successful as has been her past.

We are glad to note the marked literary improvement of the *Wake Forest Student* during the preceding year. We can confidentially say that it is one of the best edited college magazines in the State. While we heartily congratulate its managers upon the success of their magazine in the past, we wish to extend to them a cordial desire that they

may be eminently successful in its management in the future.

A literary improvement in our college magazines is one thing that is especially needed at present, and we are glad to see that the Wake Forest *Student* is one of the most wide-awake in this respect.

We gladly acknowledge the receipt of the September number of the Guilford *Collegian*. We congratulate the editors upon the fine appearance and literary character of their magazine. We are glad to note the great improvement of their journal within the year.

In the May number of the *Voices of Peace* we would gladly re-echo the sentiment of one of its editorials in reference to one's college life and to spirit that should be one's guide in after life. We are glad to know that they have changed their pamphlet into a bright interesting magazine.

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THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

TRINITY PARK, DURHAM, NOVEMBER, 1895.

MANAGER'S NOTICE.

All matter for publication must be in by the 20th of the month previous to month of publication.

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SUBSCRIPTION.

One Dollar and Twenty-five Cents per scholastic year (nine issues) payable STRICTLY in advance.

ADVERTISING.

Advertisements of all kinds solicited. Rates given on demand. All advertisements are due after the first insertion.

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Literary.

J. F. BIVINS,

MANAGER.

COLERIDGE AND OPIUM EATING.

England has produced few men more remarkable than Coleridge. But like that of many another man of genius, the story of his life is a sad one. An orphan at ten, saddened by the loss of the dearest of fathers, forsaken by his family, and thrown upon his own resources to fight the battles of life without the sympathy of friends and loved ones, his life is one long struggle against poverty, ill-health and despair; a series of sorrows and disappointments, misfortunes and blighted hopes. The few gleams of happiness that enter into this sad life are as the momentary flashes amidst the darkness of the storm, transient and fleeting, lingering but an instant and dazzling the eyes of all by their brilliancy, making the darkness which follows all the more terrible and the gloom deeper than ever.

He was educated at Christ's Hospital and at Cambridge. Although very different from the average boy, and what might be called "peculiar," fonder of books than of play, he

seems to have been liked by his fellows. He loved solitude and meditated much; still he was a sociable lad and affectionate, "born to love and be beloved," and he formed at this time some lasting friendships, such as that of Charles Lamb and of Middleton. But despite the various pleasures he may have enjoyed and the occasional moments of happiness, the rules of the charity school were rigid, and he has led us to believe that the home of the orphan boy was not altogether a happy one.

It is not until 1794 that the life of Coleridge begins to assume real interest for us. The vacation of that year was for the most part spent in Bristol, where he fell in with Southey, whom he had already met at Oxford. The meeting of two such men as these was a matter of no little consequence. It was "like the magnet to the steel; or say rather the tinder to the match." They recognized each other and were friends at once. Such projects as they formed, such magnificent plans, such splendid visions of a brilliant future as were constantly before them! Coleridge was full of ideas and there was no end to the vast schemes that came from his fertile imagination. Among the plans of these two visionaries was that of Pantisocracy. They were convinced that there was no sound form of government. They were tired of the existing order of society and the tyranny of unjust laws. Pantisocracy was the remedy. They would go to America and establish an independent community, where there would be no laws and no taxes, and all would be equal. There, in that new land, the rest of their lives would be spent in peace and love and happiness. It was a scheme of the most visionary type, but the young Coleridge was wild with enthusiasm. He went to London and spent the evenings at the "Salutation and Cat." The young men flocked to him and they talked philosophy and poetry as well as Pantisocracy. In the joy of the moment he seems to have forgotten all else. He was engaged to Miss Fricker, of Bristol, but the day for his

wedding had long since passed, and it was not until Southey suggested that he had gone too far in his attentions to the lady to make any honorable retreat, that he returned to be married.

Coleridge and his young wife retired to Clevedon, where they were for some time reasonably happy. But it was not long before money matters began to trouble him, and he found it necessary to write for his living. He was almost in despair. In a letter to a friend he says: "I am forced to write for my bread; write the flights of enthusiasm, when every minute I am hearing a groan from my wife. Groans and complaints and sickness. * * * The future is cloud and darkness. Poverty, perhaps, and the thin faces of them that want bread looking up at me." In his despair he turned to journalism. The "Watchman" was a failure. Then the idea of becoming a minister presented itself. It was just at this point that relief came. A friend, Thomas Poole, who was very desirous to have Coleridge for a neighbor, invited him to Nether Stowey, where a cottage might be had for a very small sum, with free access to his own library.

Once more Coleridge was happy. Short as they were, the next two years of his life were the happiest he had ever known. They were the happiest he would ever know. Shortly after coming to Nether Stowey he met Wordsworth. It was an event in the life of each, this meeting of two such men of genius. The gentle, loving Wordsworth, with his sublime soul filled with the grandeur and harmonious beauties of nature; Coleridge, with his restless and impulsive nature, his wonderful eloquence and imagination, and his head full of vast schemes and endless projects. It was a meeting which had a marked effect on each, and not only on them, but on the world. Such a friendship sprang up between them as is seldom seen, and ever since their names have been associated together as the "Lake Poets."

Soon Wordsworth moved to Alfoxden "to be," as he said, "nearer to Coleridge." They were much together, talking and planning and scheming; dreaming such dreams as none but poets can dream, and seeing such visions as only poets can see. The future was all joy and happiness. "Hope, like a fiery column," was before them, "the dark column not yet turned."

Each of these remarkable geniuses received something from the other. From Wordsworth, Coleridge's impulses received a steadying influence, while Coleridge gave in return that sympathy and admiration of which the other stood in such need. Wordsworth's effect on Coleridge cannot be too highly estimated. Under the healthy and quickening influence of his society, Coleridge's genius burst forth in all its strength and splendor. This was the period of his greatest mental activity; the time when his powers of imagination were at their height; the period of the "Ancient Mariner," "Christabel," and "Kubla Kahn."

In 1798 financial matters were once more annoying him. Two friends of his, and great admirers of his genius, Thomas and Josiah Wedgewood, on hearing that he again entertained thoughts of entering the Unitarian pulpit as a means of livelihood, came to his relief and offered him a pension of £150 a year, that he might be enabled to devote himself entirely to poetry. He accepted the offer, and the next two years were spent in Germany in the study of the language and philosophy of the country. In July, 1797, he returned, spent a short while with his family, and then went to London, where for some time he was connected with the *Morning Post*. He soon took charge of the literary department of that paper, and such was his remarkable success that in a few years the circulation was more than doubled. Now came the only chance of material advantage that Coleridge had ever had. He was offered a half interest in the paper. He could have easily made £2,000 a year out of it, but he refused it. "I told him," he says,

“that I would not give up the lazy reading of old folios for 2,000 times £2,000. In short, that beyond £350 a year, I considered money a real evil.” The truth is, Coleridge had a great antipathy to anything like regular work. Moreover, the work was distasteful to him. He felt that poetry, and not journalism, was the work for which he was fitted.

He soon left London and moved to Keswick, near which Wordsworth had already settled. For the first two years of his residence there he was contented and reasonably happy, with plenty of work, good pay and fairly good health. But soon a change took place which turned the whole course of his life. In the summer of 1803, in company with Wordsworth and his sister, he made a tour into Scotland. The weather was wet and bad, and Coleridge, who had all his life been threatened more or less with rheumatism, was now attacked by the malady in its severest form. He was forced to leave his friends and return home. The climate of Keswick did not improve his condition, and for the next six months he was scarcely able to leave his bed. In his search for relief he read in some medical books of what was known as “Kendal’s Black Drop,” and the wonderful cures it had wrought. “In an evil hour” he procured some. The effect was marvelous. The pain was gone almost immediately. The swellings disappeared, and his spirits were raised to the highest pitch. He continued to take the remedy with each reappearance of the symptoms, and it was not until the deadly habit had been formed that the fearful truth dawned upon him, and he knew that he was in the toils of Opium.

We have now reached the turning point in Coleridge’s life. From this time dates the decline of his poetic impulse. With the exception of the last few years, spent in the quiet of Mr. Gillman’s home, the rest of his life was a restless, aimless wandering. During this period, from thirty to his death at the age of sixty, he produced little

of any consequence. The greater part of the work of these later years is fragmentary and unsatisfactory.

Wordsworth said: "I have known many clever men and a good many of real ability, but few of genius and only one whom I should consider wonderful, that one Coleridge." He might with equal truth have said in after years that he had known of no one whose life had been a sadder one and a greater disappointment to himself and friends. Few men have been endowed with such marvelous genius. Few men have ever made less use of that genius. Everything of any importance that he has left us might be comprised in twenty-five or thirty pages, but that little has made him immortal and has placed him in the foremost ranks of English poets. It has been said that had he died while young he might, like Chatterton, have been styled the "marvelous boy."

That he possessed extraordinary powers of imagination, such poems as the "Ancient Mariner" and "Christabel" are sufficient evidences. He was a thinker as well as a poet, a logician as well as a bard, and had he never written poetry his prose works would have entitled him to a prominent place in literature. His failure was due to many causes. In the first place, from his very nature he was incapable of steady work. What came to him, came spontaneously and without effort. He was quick, restless and impulsive; changeable and untenacious of purpose. His whole life was aimless and without goal. Had his nature been of a different mould and had he possessed the power of concentrating his energies in one direction and towards one object, instead of allowing them to expend themselves in fitful gusts, it is impossible to say what he might not have accomplished.

In the summing up of the works of Coleridge we must not forget the misfortunes, the many sorrows and disappointments of his life. Deserted by his family in his early life, unhappy in his married life, always poor and at times

almost at the door of starvation, who wonders that his soul, sad as it was, found itself unable to sing the poetic flights! Add to this the cruelty of his critics and the terrible habit of opium-eating, and you will no longer wonder that he has left us so little. Surely nothing could have so served to discourage a man as the heartless and unjust criticism Coleridge received! The very works which have since made him famous were hissed and ridiculed and abused to the utmost. "Christabel" was pronounced "wild ravings," "the most notable piece of impertinence of which the press had been guilty," and "one of the boldest experiments that had been tried on the understanding of the public;" the author a "disappointed demagogue." The volume containing the "Ancient Mariner" and "Three Graves" the critics declared to be received as "a lying lottery puff or a quack advertisement." "Zapolya" and "Biographia Literaria" were as unfavorably received. Is it to be wondered at that Coleridge has left us so little poetry? But probably the greatest cause of this dearth of poetry was the terrible habit of opium-eating. Beginning with "Kendal's Black Drop," ignorant of its real character, he did not become aware of his great danger until he was firmly caught in the meshes of the fearful snare, and found himself unable to escape. What must have been his despair when he fully realized his position! Broken down in body and spirit, held down by the toils of a terrible habit, a slave with no hope of escape, he felt himself a despised creature. The future was all darkness and gloom. In his agony and despair there was but one source of relief and he partook more freely of the "accursed drug." Conscious of the decay of his intellectual powers, and feeling that he no longer possessed moral force, he lost all respect for self. He felt that his dearest friends regarded him with loathing and contempt. His sensitive nature could bear it no longer, and bursting the bonds that bound him to the dearest objects of his affections, he ceased to have

any further connection with his family. Few realize, while upbraiding him for this desertion of his family, that it cost the deserter the breaking of the tenderest of hearts.

The effect of opium-eating in the first stages is pleasantly unattended by torpor and not followed, as is usually thought, by mental depression. It is only after the habit has become confirmed, and the opium becomes a daily necessity that the evil results become manifest. Upon the physical organism the effect is most disastrous. The constitution of the sufferer is completely undermined and the whole nervous system is seriously affected. He experiences the most horrible agonies. Acute pains and terrible irritations, gnawings as of hunger attack his stomach, which it is in vain to try to appease without the use of opium. Nothing but the drug will do it.

The effect upon the mind is no less disastrous. The sufferer in his waking hours becomes subject to hallucinations of every kind, and even in sleep he can find no rest. The most horrible dreams assail him; objects of daily experience appear as avenging spirits. DeQuincey, in describing one of his dreams, says: "I was buried for a thousand years in stone coffins with mummies and sphinxes in narrow chambers, in the heart of eternal pyramids; I was kissed with cancerous kisses by crocodiles, and laid confounded with all unutterable slimy things amongst reeds and nilotic mud." From such dreams the sufferer often awakes with a yell and prays that he may sleep no more.

"Sleep, the wide blessing, seems to him
Distemper's worst calamity."

"The opium-eater loses none of his moral sensibilities or aspirations." He is as anxious as ever to do what is possible and what he thinks is his duty; but the power of discrimination between the possible and impossible he no longer has. He builds great plans, he resolves great things, things beyond the power of the strongest; there is nothing

which he believes himself unable to accomplish. But he has not the slightest power to act, he is powerless even to attempt. He is unable to perform the slightest duties of daily life, such as writing a letter, paying a bill, or returning a call. He finds himself unable to keep a promise or meet an engagement. He loses all trust in himself and all self-respect. He becomes suspicious of others and morbid.

Upon a man of Coleridge's temperament opium worked its full effect. We can probably now understand why he has left us so many fragments. We can now understand what he meant when he told Charles Lamb that the titles of the books that he had intended writing would have filled volumes. We can understand why, time after time, when he was to lecture, the dense crowds of people who had assembled to hear him should, after waiting for hours, receive the intelligence that "Mr. Coleridge was ill to-day and could not fill his engagement. We can understand why one of the greatest geniuses the century produced should have left us merely enough to give proof of his genius and show us what he might have done had fate so willed. Let us not blame him, but rather let us blame the drug, "the accursed drug."

S. W. SPARGER.

THREE AUTHORS AND THEIR SISTERS.

There is a lonely skiff making her way to a port dimly seen in the distance. It bears a wanderer back to his native land. With what throbbing pulse and eager gaze he sees the land draw near! He who has only met the cold glance of strangers for so long a time is again on his native shore. He sees in the crowd a friend with warm heart and joyful countenance waiting for him. The welcome is in his eyes. What dearer thought can come to any one than that there is some friend somewhere who ever has a tear to shed for his sorrow, a sympathetic ear for his ambitions and a smile to mingle with his joy? Such

a friend found three of our great authors each in his sister.

This relationship is especially noticeable in the lives of Charles and Mary Lamb. Mary was eleven years older than her brother, Charles, and was almost a mother to him, even from a child. Her influence over him in developing habits and tastes, was greater than that of his mother. She was always subject to periodic afflictions, but Charles was more attentive to her and loved her more because of her ill health. Coleridge says the first thing he remembers of Lamb is as a boy "creeping around a dear loved sister's bed with noiseless step."

After nursing her mother during a serious illness, she was afflicted with insanity, an inherited disease, and stabbed her mother. She was taken to a mad-house, where she soon recovered tranquility. No security could be given, however, by her physicians that the attack would not repeat itself, and in consequence of this many opposed her ever again leaving the mad-house. Charles, who was now about twenty-one, pledged himself to care for her so long as he lived, thus giving up all other pleasures which might have been his, for that of giving a life of freedom and a quiet home to his dearly loved sister.

From this time Charles Lamb's life was spent in the most careful devotion to the pleasure and best interests of his afflicted sister. He once had been mad, but he throws his life so entirely into sacrifice for others, that he scarcely thinks of self; and thus we see a life spent in the interest of others rewarded by the alleviation of a terrible malady.

Lamb was very fond of long walks, and he and Mary would sometimes make an excursion to the country on holidays. They both enjoyed these trips, but they had the disastrous effect of bringing on Mary's insane attacks. These excursions were finally given up and the brother and sister had little to amuse them but reading, writing and receiving their friends.

It is said that Charles kept a continual watch over his

sister when in company, ready to attend her wants and careful to turn the conversation when it became exciting to her. The attacks of insanity, which became more frequent as Mary grew older, seemed harder than ever for Charles to bear. After one of them had caused her to be taken away from him for some time, he says: "It cuts great slices out of the time, the little time, we shall have to live together."

Lamb, in one of the "Essays of Elia," on "My Relations," gives a quaint but true description of Mary as his Cousin Bridget. Of her education he says, if he had a dozen girls they should be educated likewise. It was such that she participated in all his literary pleasures. And finally he says, if in trouble she does not take away half, surely in pleasure she adds a triple amount to your satisfaction.

The sonnet which Lamb wrote to his sister bears a close resemblance to Byron's lines to Augusta. She was inclined to praise too highly his verse and look with a partial eye on all his work. Her affection was so deep, so lasting that he felt he could not easily repay the debt of love he owed to her.

Is it not evident that Lamb had a deeper experience in life, and gave more of himself to the world than if he had been free to do as he would without the burden of an afflicted sister resting upon him? After a pension was given him, he acknowledges that he could not do as much work as when he had less time, and it was the pressure of caring for his sister that caused many of his best works to be written. Besides being a sympathetic companion, she was an impulse to his energy.

Mary's literary tastes did not always agree with Charles': her likes were more catholic than his. She and Charles together wrote the "Tales from Shakespeare," in which the plays of Shakespeare are put in a form easy and interesting for children, but the spirit and style of the great poet

is not lost. Most of the work was done by Mary, a few tragedies being left to Charles.

After living together many years in poor lodgings in almost constant anxiety lest there be a recurrence of one of Mary's attacks, and in a continual strain to keep themselves from poverty, their affection for each other was only strengthened. Lamb says of his sister in a letter to a friend: "To say all that I know of her would be more than I think anybody could believe or even understand. She would share life and death, heaven and hell with me. She lives but for me."

His life was bound up in his friend, Coleridge and his sister. Then it is no wonder that "his sweet smiles were touched with sadness" after the death of Coleridge, for by this time Mary's attacks had become so frequent that Lamb felt that she was partially dead to him.

Her symptoms were such that they could tell when her spell was coming on, and she would bid her brother get a leave of absence as if for a day's pleasure. A friend of theirs said he saw them once going over the fields to the asylum hand in hand, bathed in a flood of tears. Such love and such sorrow could not but have given a depth of feeling to Lamb's essays which they could not otherwise have contained.

The "lines of suffering wreathed with cordial mirth" which were seen on his face told the story of his inner life. He was carried "into the depths" by the suffering caused by the loss of his friends and his sister's illness, but his own genial nature and his sister's gentle and hopeful disposition brought him back "on the heights" during the periods when her health was restored.

The lives of William and Dorothy Wordsworth are closely connected through the entire period. Together in childhood they roamed over the fields and meadows, gathered the choicest flowers, peeped into the nests of their favorite birds and chased the butterfly "through brake and

bush.” In those days a love was being kindled in their hearts for each other and the objects of nature among which they lived, which was destined to be the guiding principle in the life of both.

In Wordsworth’s “Ode to the Butterfly,” he refers to his sister as the one who reminds him of his father’s family, and after telling of the childish joy with which they chased the butterfly, he closes the poem with the tender lines :

“But she, God love her, feared to brush
The dust from off his wings.”

In Wordsworth’s poetry he often refers to journeys he and his sister have made together, and with what delight he received her as his companion. They seem to have had thoroughly concordant tastes, especially during the early stage of his poetry. The poem addressed to his sister, in which he bids her on the first day of March to come out with him to the woods to spend a day in idleness, is characteristic of the congeniality of the two spirits.

Wordsworth enjoyed going through the fields composing his poems as he walked, but he had an aversion to writing which he never overcame. Here he was fortunate in having a sister always at hand to commit to writing his verses. A peasant who lived near Wordsworth’s home said of them : “He went around humming and boing and Miss Dorothy kept close behind him, and she picked up the bits as he let ’em fall and put ’em together on paper for him.”

They were so charmed with natural scenes that many a time during a storm they would visit a mountain side or some spot where they could appreciate its grandeur. Her exposure caused her to be paralyzed in later years, and she remained an invalid till after her brother’s death. Her work for him had been done and now he cared for her carefully and tenderly during the remainder of his life. His oldest daughter took Dorothy’s place as far as possible, and for this her parent ever loved her as his favorite child.

As an apology for writing so much about her brother William, to a friend who did not know him, Dorothy writes: "He was never tired of comforting his sister, never left her in anger, always met her with joy, he preferred her society to every other pleasure—or rather, when we were so happy as to be within each other's reach, he had no pleasure when we were compelled to be divided."

Wordsworth expresses the infinite value to him of her influence in these lines:

"She gave me eyes, she gave me ears;
And humble cares, and delicate fears;
A heart, the fountain of sweet tears;
And love, and thought, and joy."

During his stay in France and the tumult connected with the French revolution, Wordsworth's ideas were drawn away from the contemplation of nature to political questions, and he no longer felt the power of the simple scenes of nature as he had formerly felt it. His sister is the one who led him back to his first love, and for this influence he never ceased praising her.

He tells how he, on returning to the haunts of nature, searches for new pleasures and raptures from these scenes, but finds them not, but his sister still found some new delight in whatever scene was brought to view.

"Birds in the bower, and lambs in the green field;
Could they have known her would have loved."

He confesses that before leaving home he had loved all he saw in nature and never dreamed of seeing anything more grand, and that his sister was the only one who could have regained for him this pleasure. She was as sensible to the charms of nature as himself, but did not possess that great poetic power, and she was always happy to be able to enrich, with the gems that she had gathered, the great stream of his life.

"In thy voice I catch
The language of my former heart, and read
My former pleasures in the shooting lights
Of thy wild eyes."

Wordsworth was conscious of a sternness in himself which would have remained a barrier to his full expression, but for Dorothy. He was

“A rock with torrents roaring, with the clouds
Familiar, and a favorite of the stars;”

But she was the one to

“Plant its crevices with flowers,
Hang it with shrubs that twinkle in the breeze,
And teach the little birds to build their nests
And warble in its chambers.”

She felt as plainly as Thackeray, Dickens or George Eliot, that the “real great and little of human life was not measured by the standard of fashion and pride,” and her spirit pervading her brother unconsciously brought him back to the appreciation of the lowly and the humble. “Her eye was not the mistress of her heart,” but the conviction of truth which she held was unchangeable, and it was this constant little spirit of Dorothy Wordsworth that was the means of keeping in the channel for which he was best suited, the most powerful force in modern English poetry.

It is a pitiable story—that of Lord Byron—how he was influenced by a reckless mother; was taught to be proud of a peerage among whom he had no friends, how he became embittered against the world because of its lack of sympathy for him, and how, when London society finally opened her arms to him, he was intoxicated by it and allowed it to impoverish his only true self—his soul.

During his last years his friends all deserted him, and there was apparently not one heart that sympathized with him, but by examining a few of his poems it is found he was still cherishing the memory of his sister, who was, as he said, “Devoted in the stormiest hour.” She, who had been his companion in childhood, brought back the feelings of his youth, when trees, flowers and brooks were his beloved companions, and nature spoke to him in clear and

simple accents. He even believed that nature's smile was not mocking him because it reminded him of hers.

Byron, who never forgot his early love, Mary Chaworth, shows the value he puts on his sister's advice, as he writes to a friend of how he was dissuaded by his sister from visiting Mary just before she was to be married. "I was upon the point," he says, "with her consent, of paying her a visit, when my sister, who has always had more influence over me than any one else, persuaded me not to do it."

When fortune changed and his hopes and ambitions were shattered,

"And hatred's shafts flew thick and fast,"

then it was the constancy of his sister, who refused to discover the faults which so many had found, that came to him as

"A solitary star
That rose and set not to the last."

It was she who taught his spirit what to "brave or brook," and it was his thoughts of her that brought him back to the contemplation of nature, which he says

"Was my early friend, and now shall be
My sister—till I look again on thee."

He refers to her influence as an "unbroken light that watched him as a seraph's eye, and stood between him and the night, forever shining sweetly night."

The lesson of his life and his sister's relation to it is beautifully expressed in these lines :

"From the wreck of the past, which hath perished,
Thus much I at least may recall,
It hath taught me that what I most cherished
Deserved to be dearest of all;
In the desert a fountain is springing,
In the wide waste there still is a tree,
And a bird in the solitude singing,
Which speaks to my spirit of *thee*."

MISS F. W. CARR.

WORDSWORTH AND NATURE.

As God has revealed himself to man in different ways—to one through a burning bush, to another through angels, and to all through His Son—so have our great men studied the thoughts of the Creator through different mediums. There is a common agreement that there is in man an element of divinity which is in harmony with the universal creations; that there is an ever-increasing desire on the part of that element to come in close contact with the great source of divinity; and the more the different creations are observed and studied, the more the beauty and majesty, and power of God are manifested.

Kepler said, when he had discovered some of the laws of planetary motion, that all he had been able to do was to read some of the thoughts of God. In the words of David, "The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament sheweth His handiwork," and "The light is Thy garment and the clouds Thy chariot," we are taught the conception which he had of nature. The Greeks worshiped the sun as a god and likewise the other planets and the stars. Other nations have had their highest conceptions of God in some animal. The great themes of literature are God, man; and nature. About these fundamental conceptions all thought has organized itself, and in them all the arts have had their roots.

The greatest representative of modern times of that class which looks to and through nature for God, is Wordsworth. This poet was born in the town of Cockermouth, in Cumberland, in 1770, and died in 1850. During this long period of his existence there were some of the most important changes that have been wrought in several centuries; the colonies in America had become one of the most powerful Federations; France, which was a representative of monarchy, had been revolutionized and a new France was created. In fact, the old order of things in many countries had given place to new. During all the

tumult of the great war which so bathed Europe in blood ; through all the struggles which brought forth the new time, Wordsworth for half a century dwelt sequestered in unbroken composure and steadfastness in his chosen home amid mountains and lakes of his native region, working out his own ideal of the poet's high office.

When Wordsworth was eight years of age his mother died and he was sent to Hawkshead to school. Here he stayed nine years and was surrounded by mountains, lakes and streams, and was associated with a people of simple habits and noble and pure characters. At the age of seventeen he was sent to St. John's College, Cambridge. He tells us in the *Prelude* what a dreary day it was to him ; how he disliked to give up his childish sports and rambles in the wood to go to college ; that he was not satisfied while there, and would often leave his college work and associates to ramble off in the country and "pace alone level fields." He said that he was looking for universal things, perusing the common countenance of earth and sky.

While in college he would long for the time when he could go home to spend the vacation in the wood and on the lake which he so much loved in his childhood, and around which he lingered in his latter days. He was not considered a very close student. He did not distinguish himself as a scholar, but while his colleagues were poring over their pages of art and science, while they were being perplexed on account of the problems of college life, and while they were studying the dry laws and theories of the universe, Wordsworth was, in his wild glee, out on the mountain side, or in the fields taking lessons from the little "daisy" or the "daffodil," or was delighting himself in viewing the beauties of a sunset, or was enchanted by the song of the skylark and the birds of the fields. This was, indeed, the formative period of Wordsworth's life. These great impressions made on his life at his home, or

when he was at Hawshead and while at Cambridge, had a great effect upon his life.

After he finished his college course he traveled with his sister on the continent, and there he received impulses and impressions from the mountain sceneries that meant a great deal for him. They did not stay on the continent but two winters. They were glad to get back to their native region, where they found that the scenes of their childhood had more attraction for them. In Wordsworth's own language they were satisfied at Grasmere :

“What want we? Have we not perpetual streams,
 Warm woods, and sunny hills, and fresh green fields,
 And thickets full of songsters, and the voice
 Of lordly birds, an unexpected sound
 Heard now and then from morn to latest eve,
 Admonishing the man who walks below
 Of solitude and silence in the sky.
 These have we and a thousand nooks of earth
 Have also these, but nowhere else is found,
 Nowhere (or is it fancy?) can be found
 The one sentiment that is here; * * * *
 ’Tis the scene
 Of majesty, of beauty, and repose,
 A blended holiness of earth and sky.”

Wordsworth for a little while became interested in the French Revolution, and perhaps came very near having his feet swept from under him, but after a long spell of depression, bewilderment, mortification and sore disappointment, the old faith in new shapes was given back to him :

“Nature’s self,
 By all varieties of human love
 Assisted, led me back through opening day
 To those sweet counsels between head and heart
 Where grew that genuine knowledge, fraught with peace,
 Which, through the later sinkings of this cause,
 Hath still upheld me and upholds me now.”

This great love for nature which so characterizes Wordsworth had a great effect on his own life. He did not feign this love, but there was something in the little flower by the hillside, or the gentle flow of some stream, or the song

of a bird that seemed to strike a harmonious chord in his being, and when he walked along side the river "Yarrow," as its "silvery current flowed with uncontrolled meanderings," and could see the hills and the flowers on the bank of the stream reflected in this delightful mirror, he would break out in his usual style :

"O that some Minstrel's harp were near,
To utter notes of gladness,
And chase this silence from the air,
That fills my heart with sadness."

When he was reclining on his couch, after he had been out in the fields, and had seen "ten thousand daffodils fluttering and dancing in the breeze," stretching in a ceaseless line along the river's bank, the scene would flash upon his inward eye, his heart would be filled with gladness and "dance with the daffodils."

All these effects on him of the different phases of nature made him an optimist. He was as gentle as he was great; his emotions of tenderness kept pace with his elevation of sentiment; for he says, "These were made by a good being, who, unsought by me, placed me here to enjoy them." He becomes at once a child and a king. His mind is in himself, "from hence he argues unerringly, and acts magisterially; and therefore he loves and therefore he soars."

Not only was he influenced himself by the effects of the communion with nature, but through him the voice of nature speaks to others who have powerfully affected our generation and makes them feel that there is something in her tender voice that they never heard before. "I never before," said George Eliot in the days when her character was forming itself, "met with so many of my own feelings expressed just as I should like them." And her reverence for Wordsworth remained to the end. J. S. Mill has described how important an event in his life was his first reading of Wordsworth: "What made his poems a medicine for my state of mind was that they expressed not

mere outward beauty, but states of feeling and of thought colored by feeling, under the excitement of beauty. I needed to be made to feel that there was real permanent happiness in tranquil contemplation. Wordsworth taught me this, not only without turning away from, but with greatly increased interest in the common feelings and common destiny of man." A poet of our own day and one who is one of the most eminent, said :

"Time may restore us in his course
Goethe's sage mind and Byron's force ;
But where will Europe's latter hour
Again find Wordsworth's healing power ?"

It was left for Wordsworth to sound a deeper note and to soar higher in the treatment of nature than any other poet, not only to see nature clearly as a whole, but to interpret it as a symbol of truth and life, as a wonderful creation, full of life, and pervaded with a spirit which speaks through the cataract, the mountain, the birds and the flowers, and has all the wonder and command of a divine voice. In all her manifestations, whether in a sunset or a mountain stream, in a "Highland Girl" or in the song of a nightengale, from the most awe-inspiring of her forms to the most fugitive of her smiles, he recognized ministers, divinely appointed, playing with man's spirit, the quickeners of its finest impulses. He did not stop to ask how much influence nature had on the human mind, nor how much the mind had on nature, but both come from God and that commingling and communion here together was one long and mysterious dialogue between the two, whispering of immortality.

F. S. ALDRIDGE.

A FEW POINTS RELATING TO THE INDIAN TERRITORY.

I know of no question that is more widely misunderstood than the Indian Problem. The people of the East and South, who have no occasion to occupy themselves with questions that pertain to the welfare of the Indian, or to come in contact with him, too often associate with him the idea of the Indian of the fifteenth century. They seem to lose sight of the fact that the entire universe is noted for its vast and various changes and that man, too, undergoes change as well as the material world around him. The camera, that during the present decade has traversed the entire globe, presents you with pictures of the Indian merely to satisfy the fancy,—few of them are true types of the Indian as he now exists.

Four hundred years have almost blotted forever from the face of the American continent this whole race of Indian people. Art has usurped the bowers of nature and the children of education have been too powerful for the Indian tribes. Only here and there a stricken few remain on reservations; as a race they are withering from the land; their council fires have long since gone out on the shores, and their war-cry is fast fading into the melody of peace. It is to be regretted that this people have no written history of any extent; they have left no records by which their names may be commemorated. All beyond the first epoch of American history is mere conjecture. When we reach the period of the discovery of America we are left to stand gazing into a chaos of barbarism. But under this native barbarism were noble dispositions then unrecognized by the civilized world. These dispositions were kept dormant for many years to blaze up in their remote decedents, the Five Civilized Tribes of the Indian Territory. These tribes bear a remarkable contrast to the red man of the forests; the glory of the one was to stay, the glory of the other is to advance; the ambition of the one was to appear, the ambition of the other is to be; over the homes of the

one hung the dark clouds of war and superstition, over the homes of the other hovers the white winged angel of peace and friendship.

The Five Civilized Tribes, now occupying the Indian Territory, formerly lived East of the Mississippi river, but on account of incessant wars and difficulties with the whites, and the oppression of being subjected to laws which they could not understand, on account of their ignorance of the English language, they preferred to seek homes further west where they could make their own laws and govern themselves. Hence, they sold, and exchanged their lands east of the Mississippi river for the lands where they now reside.

The Indian Territory does not sustain the same relation to the United States as the other Western Territories. It might be called an *imperium in imperio*. It is a *quasi-sovereignty*. The United States has made treaties with these tribes from time to time, securing to them their lands by treaty stipulations and patents. In pursuance of these treaties the United States maintains an Indian agent; however, at the present, his original functions are mostly obsolete. Still, the duties which he performs under the law are really of a most responsible character. He is the executive arm of the United States in the Territory. This agent acts for the five tribes as a union, and the agency is known as the "Union Agency." The agent has under him a United States Indian Police force which assists in keeping the peace. In case of difficulty arising between the whites and the Indians wherein the Indian officials are not able to suppress them, the agent orders his police force to the rescue of the Indian officers; and in case the police force is not sufficient to suppress the opposition, he calls upon the United States troops.

The Territory on the part of the United States is divided into three judicial districts; and the non-citizen class, those who are not Indian citizens by birth, adoption, or mar-

riage, come directly under the jurisdiction of the Federal Courts. Besides all crimes committed by the whites resident in the territory, any and all difficulties, arising between an Indian and a white man, and the killing of a white man by an Indian and *vice-versa* come under the jurisdiction of these courts.

The Indian Territory has no central government. It was stipulated in a treaty between the United States and these tribes or nations that there should be organized a General Assembly, but it was neglected, and just to whose credit this negligence should be placed, I am unable to say. This Assembly was to consist of representatives of each nation presided over by the Commissioner of Indian Affairs. It was to have the power to legislate upon all subjects and matters pertaining to the intercourse and relations of the Indian tribes and nations resident in the Indian Territory. This Assembly met and organized and continued its organization for a few years, but finally fell into disuse. At one session of this Assembly a constitution for the Indian Territory was drawn up, but when presented to the tribes it was rejected. Perhaps, if this constitution had met with the approval of the different tribes, they would have had that strong central government which they so much need. But as it is, each nation has its own government almost irrespective of the others.

The governments of the several tribes are modeled after the state governments. Four of these tribes, the Cherokee, Choctaw, Chickasaw, and Creek, have written constitutions and codified laws. The Seminole nation has no written constitution; they enforce the Creek laws. They may have some laws governing local affairs, but these, if printed, are in the possession of the Principal Chief. They, of all the tribes, are the most primitive in their institutions and organizations.

The legislative departments of four of these nations are exactly the same as those of the neighboring States. The

Cherokee, Choctaw, and Chicasaw, legislatures are divided into a senate and house of representatives. The Creek legislature is divided into a house of kings and a house of warriors, elected by clans. The Seminole legislature performs a kind of dual function, acting both as a legislature and a judiciary; it is composed of fourteen clan chiefs.

The executive and judicial departments of these tribes, except the Seminoles, are the same as those of the States. The chief executives are vested in principal chiefs or governors; and the judicial departments are vested in Supreme Courts, and Superior and Inferior or county courts.

The Indian Territory is a land without taxation. Each nation has its sources of revenue. The principal sources are investments in United States bonds, royalty on timber and minerals sold outside the limits of the Territory, license required of traders, merchants and professional men; the largest revenue comes from the "permitted inhabitants," that is the non-citizens who pay an annual or monthly permit to live in the Territory. There are numerous other minor sources of revenue, but this is sufficient to show the general method of collecting revenue.

The lands are held in common; any citizen of the Territory may improve and utilize as much of the public domain as he is able so long as his improvements do not conflict with the claims of another. Suffrage and the right to hold office are extended to all male citizens who have become of age and are not otherwise disqualified.

The "Squaw men" or "galvanized citizens," intermarried citizens, have all the rights and privileges of citizens by birth, in some of the nations, with the exception of holding the office of Chief Executive. The Creek nation does not recognize them as citizens at all. Up to about 1891, they had all the rights and privileges of a citizen by birth in the Chickasaw Nation, but on account of a strong jealousy aroused by politicians among the full-blood Indians,

who at that time had a majority in the legislature, they were disfranchised.

Education receives much care and attention at the hands of the people and authorities of these tribes. They expend more per capita on education than any of the bordering states, and I might be safe in saying, than any state in the Union. The several nations have set aside a certain per cent of their revenues for educational purposes. They have institutions for the education and maintenance of the orphans. The annual expenditure for education in the Choctaw Nation is about \$90,000.00; The Chickasaw Nation, about \$85,000.00; The Cherokee Nation, about \$80,000.00; The Creek Nation, about \$75,000.00; and the Seminole Nation, about \$8,000.00, making a total of \$340,000.00 for the five nations. And when we remember that there are only about 60,000 Indians in the Territory, we can realize the enormity of this sum. Tuition and books are provided for in the primary or public schools; and in the academies and high schools, where most of the students board, tuition, board, books, and medical attention are provided. Many of these are manual labor schools, where the students are taught farming and mechanics. The Chickasaw and Choctaw Nations provide, also for all students, after attaining a certain grade, who desire to attend colleges and universities in the states. Few states can boast of as good a school system as the Indian Territory has. These people are beginning to realize more and more the importance of education.

J. S. MAYTUBBY.

JAMES JOSEPH SYLVESTER.

The death of the eminent Mathematician Cayley calls our attention again to Sylvester who was intimately associated with him in much of his work. American students feel a special interest in Sylvester because during his sojourn in America he gave an impetus to the study of Mathematics, that probably no other man has ever done, at least in the same length of time. In giving the very brief sketch of his life no attempt will be made to discuss his investigations in the different branches of the subject which he so enriched by his discoveries. It is an uncommonly difficult task to interest the reader in the discussion of any mathematical question or even in the general tendencies in the development of the science. This is no doubt true because of the fact that the very ideas with which the mathematician works, are the products of years of mental labor, and are therefore removed somewhat from the ordinary things of life. And besides this there is an idea abroad, "That only literary studies can afford that fine culture which the best minds seek for its own sake." This is a misapprehension which time alone can rectify. President Daniel C. Gilman once said to the Trustees of Johns Hopkins University, when the question of "How to begin a University" was upon the minds "Enlist a great Mathematician and a great Grecian; your problem will be solved. Such men can teach in a dwelling house as well as in a palace. Part of the apparatus they will bring, part we will furnish. Other teachers will follow." Acting on his advice, the Trustees extended a call to the distinguished Mathematician Sylvester, and to the eminent Greek scholar Gildersleeve before there were any buildings for classes. James Joseph Sylvester was born in London in 1814, and educated at St. Johns College, Cambridge. He was senior Wrangler in 1837, but his Jewish origin incapacitated him from taking a degree. He became a member of the Royal Society in 1839. While yet a young man he was elected to the Pro-

fessorship of Natural Philosophy at the University College, London. In 1841 he came to America, having been elected Professor of Mathematics in the University of Virginia. He resigned in about half a year and went back to England where he was elected Professor of Mathematics at the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich. It is a notable fact that both Cayley and Sylvester and, indeed, many of the great Mathematicians of the world have entered the legal profession. In 1850 Sylvester was called to the bar, but his life's work was to be in another field. In 1876 he was elected Professor of Mathematics at Johns Hopkins University, which position he held until 1883, when he resigned it to accept the Savilian Chair of Geometry at Oxford University. He still holds this position at the age of eighty-one. He has made a wonderful impress upon the intellectual life of the age, and the enthusiasm which he created has done much to contribute to the success of mathematical work. As a lecturer he is always interesting. His manner of lecturing is highly rhetorical and elocutionary. He becomes so much enthused at times that he is almost beside himself. Dr. George Bruce Halstead, his only student during his first year at Hopkins, says of him: "To know him was to know one of the historic figures of all time, one of the immortals; and when he was really moved to speak, his eloquence equaled his genius. I never saw a more astonished man than James Russell Lowell listening to the impassioned oratory of Sylvester's address upon the 'Bigotry of Christians.' That the presence of such a man in America was epoch-making is not to be wondered at. His loss to us was a national misfortune."

He has no method of teaching. When he begins a book some small difficulty will set him to investigating, and he will give all his investigations to his class. Probably the book will not be referred to again for some time and seldom ever completed. He cannot lecture on a subject which

does not at the time engage his attention. His lectures are generally the result of his thought for the preceding day or day, and often are suggested by ideas that come to him while talking. One of his old students says of him: "One could not help being inspired by such teaching, and many of us were lead to investigate on lines which he touched upon."

He very frequently quotes poetry to impress a point both in lecturing and in his writings, and very often this poetry is of his own composition. His style of writing is very flowery. He had a poem in *Nature*, January, 1886, "On a Missing Member of a Family Group of Terms in an Algebraical Formula," followed by this sentence: "Having now refreshed ourselves and bathed the tips of our fingers in the Pierian Spring, let us turn back for a few brief moments to a light banquet of reason."

His activity has been wonderful. He has published many works upon different branches of mathematics. He was the founder and the first editor of the *American Journal of Mathematics*; is the author of a large number of important scientific memoirs, 112 of which, published previous to 1863, are in the Royal Society's index of scientific papers. His most celebrated work has been in *Modern Higher Algebra*. He has done much for the theory of determinants, and the theory of invariants owes its origin and early development almost exclusively to his genius and that of Professor Cayley.

He has invented many geometrico-mechanico instruments of great value. A great many technical terms in mathematics have been manufactured by Sylvester. He himself speaks on this point as follows: "Perhaps I may, without immodesty, lay claim to the appellation of Mathematical Adam, as I believe that I have given more names (passed into the general circulation) to the creations of mathematics than all other mathematicians combined."

He has given a theory of versification in "Laws of Verse"

published in London in 1870. He is a member of many learned societies both in Europe and in America. He received the medal of the Royal Society in 1860, and the Copley medal in 1880, and has been the recipient of honorary degrees from various colleges.

He has a great many peculiarities, and one is that he is not able to read what others have done. A difficulty, however small, will worry him, and he is sure to have difficulties until the subject is worked over in his own way. This weakness causes him to work out much that has already been discovered by others. Dr. Durfee, a former student, says of him: "He had one very remarkable peculiarity. He seldom remembered theorems, propositions, etc., but had always to deduce them when he wished to use them. In this he was the very antitheses of Cayley, who was thoroughly conversant with everything that had been done in every branch of mathematics. I remember once submitting to him some investigations that I had been engaged in, and he immediately denied my first statement, saying that such a proposition had never been heard of, let alone proved. To his astonishment I showed him a paper of his own in which he proved the proposition; in fact, I believe the object of his paper had been the very proof which was so strange to him."

He used to get up in the dead of night and find a favorite pupil in order that he might communicate some wonderful result which he had discovered.

There are many amusing instances given of his absent-mindedness. His whole life seems wrapt up in his work. Wordsworth could not be more impressed with nature than is Sylvester by the mathematical ideas suggested to him by everything around him. He is very kind to his students and is always interested in their work, though he is somewhat partial.

Since the death of Cayley, he ranks as the greatest living English-speaking Mathematician.

ANON.

Editorial.

SAM W. SPARGER,	- - - - -	CHIEF EDITOR.
JOE F. BIVINS,	- - - - -	ASSISTANT EDITOR.

WHAT WE NEED.

Every day we become more conscious of the fact that our greatest of all needs is not yet supplied. Above all else, perhaps, we need a good gymnasium. It was suggested before that perhaps the grandstand could be converted into one. But probably the lower floor of the technological building, which is now unoccupied, could be made to serve for the present, and at a much smaller cost. We think that physical culture should be made as much a part of a college course as the study of Latin, Greek or mathematics. Without good health and sound health good mental work is impossible. At present there are a great many of the students, perhaps the majority, who have no means of exercise whatever, unless, perhaps, they indulge in such pleasure as a foot race. Not every body can get a football suit at any time, or own a tennis racket or a bicycle. We might cut wood, but, unfortunately, owing to our system of heating, there is no wood to cut. A gymnasium would set matters right. Who will take the matter in hand and "put the ball in play." We are sorry to say that this feature of the college is sorely neglected, and the athletic spirit of the college is not encouraging as it should be.

DOUBTLESS many will like to know why we, who have been such loyal supporters of football in the past, have not put out a team this season. Doubtless, also, many will say that we were unable to do so. As to that, we never yell till we are hit. We have some splendid material for a

good team, and though the team would be somewhat light, we have men who would make as good players as we have ever had. Football, however, received a severe blow here when we were forbidden to play outside the State and on any but college grounds. While that may have been a wise course, still it served to greatly discourage football. We have never been able to play more than two teams on the above conditions and, therefore, there are not many men who care to train hard when they know they will play only two games. This year football received not the slightest degree of encouragement, except from a few of the students. We must say that THE ARCHIVE has not altogether approved of this. There is nothing that will draw a body of students closer together and cause more college spirit than athletic enthusiasm.

We fully appreciate the value of good intellectual work and the influence of a good college magazine, but we do not see why those should make a good football team impossible. We have had both.

THE "gay" Freshman is something we have always had to contend with, and doubtless he will continue to exist to the perplexity and vexation of future generations who will finally come to look upon him as an "unmitigated evil," to be borne in patience. Nevertheless, we occasionally meet with an exceptionally gay one, one who makes himself well nigh intolerable, and often causes us to speak words and think thoughts not always in strict accordance with the teachings of our catechism. No question is broached but he must have *his* say, and questions of the gravest kind, which have for years puzzled the best minds among us, *he* settles in a word, with his ultimatum. "*I'm* not in favor of it, and I say and we won't have it." Tip his hat! Why should he? Is he not the equal of any man even if he does attend a faculty meeting every week? Of course he is a privileged character; *he* knows it, others

ought to know it. *Others* must *rise* to address the chairman of a meeting; he may do so while comfortably lounging in his chair. He is officious at meetings where he is merely a guest. He "shoots off his lip" on every occasion and makes himself conspicuous at all times.

Such examples of "cheek" and "gall" as we have lately witnessed are unparalleled in our experience.

THE college magazine is a factor of education which the student should not ignore. There is nothing that will do one more real good than the preparation of articles for publication. A subject is never fully in hand until the student is able to formulate his thoughts into words of his own. When he has done this he has accomplished much. Writing for the magazine will stimulate this faculty as nothing else will. Knowing that his work is to go before the public the student is naturally more careful than he would otherwise be.

THE ARCHIVE wishes to set on foot a movement along this line. Do not think that because you do not belong to the Senior Class that you are deprived of this great privilege. Whether Freshman, Sophomore, or Junior, your articles will meet with justice at the hands of the Literary Committee. The prize we offer is open to all classes in college. There is no one man in college who is more proficient in the art of writing than another, and we see no reason why all should not enter heartily into this contest.

HAS it not always seemed unjust that for the faults of a few many should be made to suffer? It is certainly a surprise to learn that this is not altogether an age of progress; that modern conveniences are failures; and that the methods of our grandfathers were far superior to our own. The things upon which above all others we have heretofore prided ourselves have been our modern buildings and their superior equipments. In the changes recently made in

the Inn, we have not only been deprived of one of our greatest conveniences, but in the attempt to eradicate an evil the evil has been made worse. As it now stands the danger to health is probably even greater than before the remedy was attempted. As to the expense of repairs: with a little attention and proper care there seems to us no reason in the world why there should be any need of repairs. While as to freezing: a building not sufficiently heated to prevent the freezing of water pipes, is not warm enough to secure safety to health.

EVERYONE must know that without the support of our advertisers it would be utterly impossible to run THE ARCHIVE. In our list of advertisers will be recognized the leading firms of Durham, as well as of other cities. With some of these men this is simply a matter of business. The majority, however, are actuated by no such motive, but give us their support merely from a sense of duty, and because they wish to see us succeed. We should, however, see to it that they lose nothing by this kindness, and should show our appreciation of their noble support by giving them our patronage in return. It is no more than our duty, and we hope that no student who has the interest of this college at heart will, when in need of anything, hesitate to give our advertisers the preference.

OH, NO! we are not kicking at all. Don't think that for a moment. We have only been making a few suggestions and "Speaking a word to the wise which of course will be sufficient." So one more suggestion and one more word: Winter is coming and even now the mornings and evenings are "not what they used to be." While we found no serious objection to a cold bath in the middle of August we *do* find, however, that such a bath is not quite so pleasurable when the mercury stands at forty or fifty degrees in November. We would merely suggest then

that a little warm water be turned on "just occasionally;" that we may not *always* be obliged to "hustle or freeze," when we bathe, and that we may not forget *entirely* how a warm bath feels.

WE ARE glad indeed to note the great interest now taken by the students in the work of the Literary Societies. We would like especially to urge the new men to take advantage of the opportunities the Societies offer them. This work is of the greatest importance and one which above all others should not be neglected.

THE business management of THE ARCHIVE is something with which the editor has nothing to do whatever, but we wish to say that we do not see how those members of the Junior Class who refuse to support THE ARCHIVE now can expect staunch support when the magazine comes into their hands.



Reviews.

B. R. PAYNE, - - - - -

MANAGER.

McCLURE'S.

In the November issue we have the beginning of a series of articles on "Abraham Lincoln," edited by Ida M. Tarbell. Three-fourths of the "Life" will be occupied with the story of Lincoln's first fifty years. The "Life" begins with the removal of his grandfather from Virginia to Kentucky, his death at the hands of the Indians, and the destitute circumstances in which Abraham's father, Thomas Lincoln, was left. Thomas was not as well educated as his wife, Nancy Hanks, and to her Abraham owed his love for reading.

The "log cabin," the bed of leaves, the scarcity of food and clothing, and the small educational advantages are all presented in detail. After they moved to Indiana, without a betterment of circumstances, Abraham borrowed and read all the books to be found among the pioneers within fifty miles of his home.

As a laborer he worked as a ferryman on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers and there, to some extent, learned the "ways of the world." With this knowledge he began discussing politics at a country store and making stump speeches to his co-laborers in the field. At this store, and from his preacher, he first began to hate slavery.

THE MISSIONARY REVIEW.

Tracing the low standard of Christianity in Brazil to the prevalence of Roman Catholicism existing there, Rev. D. G. Armstrong speculates as to what might have been the widely different results had the French Protestant Hugue-

nots prevailed against the Roman Catholic Portuguese in 1567 on the banks of the Rio de Janeiro, where they were attempting settlement. Three centuries of Catholic rule have polluted the national life with four conspicuous evils: Irreverence, no Bible, no Sabbath, religion and morality divorced. From observation and his own knowledge he explains separately each of these existing evils, and cites instances of its originating from the Catholic priesthood. The November *Review* is made largely more attractive by this pithy and logical essay.

“Reform in China” is the subject closely adhered to by Rev. Gilbert Reid. There are two conceptions of reform in China: one class for material reform, the other moral reform. The great need of the Chinese is for a definite change of official custom, government establishment of schools, change of laws, religious toleration to officeholders, and finally general material improvements, railroads, mining, factories, etc. The writer thinks that these reforms can better be initiated through the ruling class than through the masses. Then there is given a list of some of the prominent leading men of that country, with an outline of their positions on popular questions. The second great influence for this reform is that of all Christians in their respective fields. Altogether the contribution of Mr. Reid briefly presents more clearly the chief figures of influence in the Oriental Empire.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

“The German Emperor and Constitutional Liberty” is the title of Poultney Bigelow’s November article in *The Cosmopolitan*, in which he relates something of the Constitution of Germany as it now exists. The appointment of the prime minister and his relation to Parliament and the crown are fully explained, with additional reference to some of Bismarck’s actions. The army, with its abuses

and advantages, is a great factor in Germany's constitutional history. Its relation to the Emperor, the character and life of the latter form the most interesting paragraphs. The writer presents some facts which are rather surprising to our accustomed view of affairs.

Commissioner Roosevelt explains fully the advisability and fairly proves the necessity of taking the New York police out of politics. Out of this alone grew the solution to the police corruption of that city, and by its impartial application was the city's police force completely purified in the recent reform. Civil service reform gained a victory, notwithstanding the violent outcry of a corrupted press and the thwarted law-breakers. Mr. Roosevelt fully explains the methods pursued in this reform which so excited the curiosity of American people, and throughout he presents most interesting thought.

That there is not sufficient salt in foods for all bodily requirements, and that more must be added, is what Herbert B. Tuttle attempts to prove false. The fact that all animals eat salt does not prove that they require it. He reasons that it is a poison, being taken into the system from a mineral state, and is as poisonous as tea, coffee, tobacco and whiskey. If all the other chemical elements necessary to man's nourishment are present in edible substances in sufficient quantity, why is not salt also?

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

"The Future of Modern Naval Warfare," in the November *Atlantic Monthly*, is a production worthy of note. The writer, Walter Mitchell, by making the ocean a neutral ground for all nations, would do away with costly navies and confine war in the future to land only. He would make the ocean a highway for commerce only, and any nation which attempted other than this, would be dealt with by an international patrol fleet. This patrol

fleet would be of moderate size, furnished and equipped in part by each nation. It would exist only for the protection of commerce, and in this manner would aid all vessels in distress, prepare charts, remove derelicts and punish crimes on the high seas.

REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

The *Review of Reviews* is especially interesting this month. It has in its Literary Department two articles which show that this magazine gives the American people only that which is best and most instructive.

In "Louis Pasteur, Scientist," we are given a sketch of this most wonderful man, together with an estimate of the value of his discoveries to mankind. We are shown how Pasteur, by his original researches, aided the great progress and development of science in the latter part of the 19th century. All of his discoveries show the clearness and originality of the man, together with that faculty of concentrating the mind on a subject and holding it there until its inmost depths have been discovered and elaborated. Another peculiarity of Pasteur was that of ability and excellence in work; until a short time before his death he personally superintended every case in treatment at the Pasteur Institute. His power of endurance was wonderful, and "to be first or not at all" was his maxim through life.

"Recent Progress of Italian Cities," by Albert Shaw, the editor of the *Review of Reviews*, is an article which clearly shows that its writer is thoroughly familiar with his subject. The Italian cities have been for the past twenty years going through a stage of reconstruction out of the ruins of the past. This work is being done not in the spirit of *vandalism*, but for the good of humanity and the preservation of the invaluable relics of the past. The sacred monuments are never mutilated or destroyed in this

reconstruction; on the contrary, no expense or pains is spared to discover and preserve the remains which have thus far escaped destruction. The municipal laws of reorganized Italy are, it is said, the best of the best. All citizens are allowed to vote except those who cannot read and write—illiteracy only disqualifies a man. In this way the reconstruction of the cities is in the hands of the better educated and well-to-do class of people, and they take great interest in the work. This reconstruction consists first of all in preserving the ruins, then special regard is given to sanitary regulations, pure water and faultless sewers. The streets are widened, straightened and well paved. Milan is said to have *the* finest street in the world. New streets and parks are laid out, and on these buildings are allowed to be built, provided they fulfil the standard requirements. Street railways are built, gas and electric lights are installed in the larger cities, and everything which tends to beautify the city, protect and uplift man is supplied. In ages to come future generations may look on these remodeled cities and there see the monuments which Italy of to-day is building for herself.

THE FORUM.

Edward W. Bok, editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, has an interesting article in *The Forum* on "The Modern Literary King." The time was, he says, when an author wrote because he felt within him a mental or spiritual impulse which drove him to the pen. Thackeray, Gibbon, Emerson, Irving and Lowell wrote because they had a message for humanity. But, with one or two rare exceptions, the successful writers of the day are under the thralldom of the modern literary king—the almighty dollar. For this condition of affairs, the over-enterprising publisher is primarily responsible; but the authors themselves are responsible for accepting these commercial

standards of literature. As things are, a successful author writes just one book—his first book—with true literary art in it and with the freshness of inspiration upon it. After this he comes under the influence of the “word” system, and writes for so many cents for each word in his manuscript. It is this fact that makes American literature suffer so unmistakably in comparison with that of other lands. It is contract work that we are getting and nothing else. The result is that the products of some of our authors have become simply a mechanical annual crop, suggesting the fact that the writers are making all the hay they can while the sun of their prosperity is shining. One book follows another in rapid succession. The consequence is that the great run of books have not the first sparkle of vivacity or individuality in them. They are simply so many books written to order and finished to fit.

A careful investigation shows that the “newspaper syndicate” has done much to infuse this commercial aspect into our literary affairs. Authors use newspapers either as a last resort or as a special channel for a certain class of their word or as a means of advertising their names. In either case, the syndicate is a positive injury to good literature. It is in business for money; for literature it cares little. It is the author’s name it is after, pure and simple; the author, recognizing this fact, gives to the newspaper something that is hastily or casually written.



NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

The present rapid strides in quick transit between New York and London by the great steamship lines has brought about in recent years a great reduction in the time of passage. However, with the present ports, which are used for the Eastern and Western termini, the time has been reduced to very near its minimum. Austin Corbin, in the November *North American Review*, makes an appeal to

the American people, to reduce this time and take the lead in quick transit by deserting New York and Southampton, with their crowded, crooked channels, for two better situated ports. He would select Pond Bay, Long Island, and Milford Haven, on the coast of Wales, as the Western and Eastern terminus respectively. These two places are practically free from tides and fogs, and can be entered at any time of the year by the largest ocean liners going at full speed. Mr. Corbin presents tables and facts which show the superiority of the proposed route over the old ones. He also shows that the time is now ripe for Americans to take hold of this project if the time of transit is to be further reduced in the near future.

MUNSEY.

George Holme has an article in the November issue on "Some Unhappy Queens." The Queens that have gone down in sorrow have almost always been the instruments of great changes. Ann Boleyn was the direct cause of the reformation in England. Her light heart and frivolous nature could not hold the changing affection of Henry VIII, and she went to the block praying a blessing upon his head as the axe fell upon her own.

Jane Gray, Mary Stewart, Marie Antoinette, Henrietta Maria, Empress Josephine and Louise of Prussia are all the stories of women whose lives were either ended on the "block" or made miserable by being Queens. Had the last two foreseen the future they might have been spared the death of a broken heart—one as the cause of Napoleon's success, the other as the heroine of Prussia.

Collegiana.

COLLEGE DIRECTORY.

Hesperian Literary Society.

Meets every Friday twenty minutes after ringing of evening bell.

F. A. LINNEY, Pres. A. S. WEBB, Vice-Pres. J. M. FLOWERS, Sec.

Columbian Literary Society.

Meets every Friday twenty minutes after ringing of evening bell.

J. F. BIVINS, Pres. J. C. HALL, Vice-Pres. A. L. DAVIS, Sec.

Historical Society.

Regular meeting first Saturday of each month at 8:00 P. M.

DR. J. S. BASSETT, President. P. V. ANDERSON, Secretary.

Saturday Night Club.

Meets every Saturday night at 8:00 P. M.

DR. J. S. BASSETT, President. PROF. EDWIN MIMS, Secretary.

Tennis Association.

PROF. EDWIN MIMS, President. B. R. PAYNE, Secretary.

Young Men's Christian Association.

F. S. ALDRIDGE, President. B. R. PAYNE, Secretary.

Regular meeting every Sunday at 2:00 P. M.

LOCALS.

S. E. MERCER, MANAGER.

Messrs. Crawford, Rountree and Westbrook stopped a few days with us while on their way to the fair. The latter came on business (?)

For the benefit of a rather self-important Freshman, who thinks more of himself than other people do, we will state that it is customary to join a Society before one has the right to make nominations.

Professor Mims has commenced a series of lectures on

“The Characters of Shakespeare,” to continue throughout the year. These lectures will be a source of great benefit to the student body.

Brooks—“Mr. C., would you object to telling us how old you are.”

Mr. C—“Twenty-one.”

Brooks—“From the way you act one would think you were only five.”

According to the time-honored custom, the Faculty gave holiday on the 24th, in order that the students might attend the Raleigh Fair. A large number of the students took advantage of the opportunity.

Messrs. Curtis, Separk, Turner, Daily and Rogers left Monday for the Atlanta Exposition. Many others will attend later.

The first of a series of class games was played between the Sophs and Juniors, October 19. It resulted in a victory for the Juniors, by a score of 12 to 4. The brilliant playing and excellent head work of Mr. “Jack” Gibbons was the feature of the game.

Since our last issue Durham has been visited by two very serious fires. The chief loss was that sustained by the Durham Steam Laundry and by Mr. Thos. Martin.

Dr. Bassett delivered a very interesting lecture before the Durham Graded School on “The Life of Columbus.”

Professor Pegram is looking very happy over the improvements that have been made in his department. A gas machine of three hundred lights’ capacity has been put in and other apparatus added.

Professor Mims delivered a lecture on “the Book of Job, before the Epworth League.

One of our Seniors was seen aboard the west-bound train a few days ago. He said he was going to Greensboro, but

some of us happen to know that he got off at a place called Elon.

The Advocate once made the statement : We know a number of boys who are kept away from Trinity on account of football." We will not put out a team this year. Will the editor please send us the names?

Some of the Freshman need to be reminded that the hall ways of the Inn were built for another purpose than to play tennis and football in.

The Senior Class appreciates the interest taken in THE ARCHIVE by the citizens of Durham. We are indebted to them for a large number of subscriptions and advertisements, upon which the success of our magazine largely depends.

Several plans for the new Chapel have been submitted to the building committee. We hope to see the construction of the building begin at once.

The Tennis Association has decided to have the tournament for the championship in singles on Thanksgiving Day. The prize is to be a seven dollar racket.

THE ARCHIVE desires to express the appreciation of the student body for the reception tendered them by the Trinity Epworth League.

A number of students attended the University—A & M. and the University—Richmond College games. The boys reported that all the teams put up a good game.

Dr. Kilgo seems to be more in demand as a preacher and lecturer than ever. We understand that he has engagements for every Sunday until Christmas.

Before our next issue the game for the championship of the South will have been played between the University of North Carolina and the University of Virginia. Both teams are very strong and the game promises to be the

most interesting as well as the closest ever played between these two teams.

A certain Freshman is much disappointed that Trinity does not come up to the high standard of his ideal college. We can only say that "A fool is known by his much talking."

Mr. L. T. Hartsell spent a few days with us on his return from Raleigh where he received his law license. He has returned to Chapel Hill to take a post-graduate course.

We wonder why one of the Professors at the Technological Building has a broad smile upon his face about three seconds before the bell strikes?

It is a source of great pleasure to the students to go over to the Library once a week and read and laugh over the jokes in the *Illustrated Africa*. It is also stated on good authority that the *Chatham Record* will at an early date be placed in the Library. This will be one of the special features.

Professor Merritt preached in Winston on October 13. From newspaper accounts of the sermon, it was much appreciated.

Mr. Paul Anderson went home on account of sickness. We hope, "Dandy," you may recover soon and return to College. It is our opinion that we are not alone in this hope.

The managers of the Reading Room certainly are "hus-tlers." They succeed in getting the daily papers on file within four days after they arrive. They used to take a week. At this rate we think the class of 1920 will be able to read the papers on the same day they come.

Byron's "First Kiss of Love" seemed to strike a responsive chord in "Dutchman's" young heart.

Some of the Freshmen who went down to Raleigh have

not returned yet. We hope to see them again when the class in Political Economy goes to look over the insane asylum.

The Historical Museum has received many valuable specimens since last June from both students and friends of the College. Among these were a hat and roll books which belonged to the founder of Trinity College.

Seapark came down again Sunday night. He had been gone so long he could not find his place at the table.

The improvements on our campus are being pushed with great energy. Since our last issue more walks and drives have been laid off by granite curbings, and macadamized with crushed stone and gravel. As the work progresses the beauty of the landscape gardiner's design appears, and it is safe to say that before long Trinity's campus will be one of the prettiest spots in the State.

We had thought that our alumnus, Chas. E. Turner, was a true and tried old bachelor, whom the most bewitching smiles of the fairest damsel in Christendom could not affect. But it seems that Miss Lola Knox, of Statesville, has found the charm that unlocked Chas. E's heart, and on October 31, changed her name to the euphonious appellation of our enterprising young barrister. Such is life. THE ARCHIVE extends to the happy pair its best wishes for a long and blissful life.

NOTICE—The Historical Society has decided to open up a Dime Museum in connection with the Historical Museum, with the reporter who wrote up Professor Dowd's lecture on "The Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence" for the newspaper, as a drawing card.

THE FACULTY GAME.

(METRIC AND AUTHENTIC).

Did you ever witness the Faculty Game ?

A wonderful game is it,
And beside it other games are tame
And all their glories flit.

The Faculty Game is ahead of our game,
And this we must confess,
'Tis "very good" if you "grasp the thought"
And replete with gracefulness.

"Yes that is true," 'tis very good,
And not without its Merritt;
It has its Flowers to count the hours,
And then to cube and square it.

Here is "16 to 1" with hair on his head (?)
And a strawberry blonde moustache;
Here's "A is A and B is B"
Who's already made *his* mash.

This little man who's all in a wiggle
Is from the wild and wooly West,
To shake all over in his cute little giggle
He always does his best.

On the Faculty Game the lark looks down
From its banqueting place in the skies,
And says 'tis great! 'tis great!! 'tis great!!!
With rapture in its eyes.

Now you don't hear slang at the Faculty Game,
But "plague its" and "dogs its" and "dang,"
Taper down to "pla a · ·" and daw · · · and da · · a · · ·
And end with a nasal twang.

But our games are different, you see,
They bite of slang, but we, why we,
Blurt it out with a slam and a bang—
Plague it! dog it! and dang!

O the Faculty Game, said the little lark's song,
Is a great and wonderful thing,
But to butcher up slang is very, very wrong,
For it spoils the euphonious ring.

—LOUNGER.

RESOLUTIONS OF THANKS.

WHEREAS, Mr. B. N. Duke recently donated a large sum of money for improving and beautifying our College Campus, and,

WHEREAS, These improvements give great pleasure to the student body as well as to any other persons connected with the Institution, we, the undersigned representatives of the Columbian and Hesperian Literary Societies, respectively, desire to present the following resolutions:

1. That we express to Mr. Duke our sincerest thanks and appreciation for this great kindness to our beloved *alma mater*.

2. That we commend the spirit shown by Mr. Duke in making the donation as that of a noble, generous-hearted gentleman, having the best interests of the great cause of education at heart, and of Trinity College and Methodism as well.

3. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Mr. Duke; a copy spread on the minutes of each of the Literary Societies of Trinity College, and a copy given to THE TRINITY ARCHIVE for publication.

H. B. CRAVEN,
W. J. RAMSEY,
S. E. MERCER,
Hesperian Society.

J. F. BIVINS,
J. C. HALL,
G. H. HUMBER,
Columbian Society.



ALUMNI NOTES.

F. S. ALDRIDGE,

MANAGER.

W. W. Flowers ('94) is teaching in the Durham Graded School.

Chas. E. Turner ('93) is practicing law in Durham and is rapidly coming to the front as one of Durham's leading lawyers.

B. H. Black ('95) is taking a course in Theology.

P. T. Durham ('95) has entered Yale College where he is taking the Theological course.

J. F. Shinn ('93) is principal of Concord Graded Schools.

"Olin" P. Ader ('94) is in Vanderbilt University. While he has gone there to study Theology he cannot refrain from writing poetry, as is usually the case with him. "Olin," we would be pleased to preserve some of your poetry in the ARCHIVE if you will send it to us.

H. P. Boggs ('93) is Supt. of an Orphanage near Richmond, Va. Henry Patterson did a wise thing when he invited one of Richmond's fair damsels to help him. She of course adopted his name.

L. T. Hartsell ('94) was granted license to practice law in September last. He was with us a few days a week or two ago. We are always delighted to have him with us, especially when he is in a *laughing* mood.

The G. F. College has always had an attraction for Trinity's boys for some reason inexplicable(?), and since Prof. Dred Peacod ('87) is its honored President and Prof. C. L. Raper ('92) is another of its Professors, we are more and more made to feel that we are becoming like *one*.

John Kirk ('97) is now Principal of Albemarle High School. We are glad to learn that "Job" is succeeding

so well. At last report he was *wielding* the rod over about one hundred and thirty pupils. He expects to return to college next year.

J. A. Baldwin ('93) is principal of a flourishing school at Morven, N. C. This is one of Trinity's affiliated schools and also one of the best.

Joe Betts ('89), after completing a course of Dentistry at Vanderbilt University, has been elected Demonstrator of the same University. Allow us to congratulate you.

Goode Cheatham (here in '92), after completing the course in medicine at Davidson College, has stood his State examination and came out third best in his class. He is now taking an advanced course in medicine at Johns Hopkins University.

Frank Rahders ('90) has permanently settled at Lakota, North Dakota. He has been since '92 President of the Peoples' State Bank of Lakota. The *Record* published at Fargo, N. Dakota, Sept.-Oct. contains a portrait of Mr. Rahders and wife who was *of course* a North Carolinian. We could not help thinking that Mr. and Mrs. Rahders were the best looking "folks" among the large number of portraits in the *Record*.

E. W. Fox ('94) is now preaching in the neighborhood of old Trinity. Randolph county evidently offers some strong attractions for this particular *Fox*. We dare not say what the attraction is, but hardly think it can be chickens.

North Carolina and Trinity College men seem to be favorites with our Bishops in Missouri. At present J. M. O'Brien, ('65), and H. M. Eure ('83) are both Presiding Elders in that State, and are among the best preachers in the Conference. Bro. O'Brien visited his native State this summer for the first time in thirty years. We had the pleasure of hearing him preach two of the best sermons that we

have ever heard. Bro. Eure was appointed to the west Plains District by Bishop Galloway only a few weeks ago. It gives us great pleasure to hear from Trinity men filling so ably such responsible positions.

J. L. Bost ('95) is Principal of Troutman High School. We wish "*Jimmie*" much success. He has a large school and is assisted by K. L. Miller ('97).

J. H. Fitzgerald ('95) expects to join the Western N. C. Conference this Fall. He intends sailing for China or Japan as soon as our Missionary Board can send him. We regret very much to give him up but feel that he will enter a field which has long since been "ripe unto the harvest." Though he may be separated from us by seas and continents yet a pleasant memory of him will always linger in our hearts.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

J. A. DAILEY, - - - - - MANAGER.

The question has often been asked by the students, "What benefit is there in having a Y. M. C. A. in college when we have such good church facilities?" It is true that we have access to church and Sunday School, and in easy reach of all, but the college community felt and saw, many years ago, a special need for a Christian organization among the young men. To-day no man can honestly question its worth and value in college. However much outsiders may abuse it and say it has a tendency to draw the young men from church and church work, (and that may be true in large cities to a certain extent, where the Associations attract young men by the worldly spoils and amusements connected with them), yet we believe the Associations in and out of the State, conducted by college men, have been and are the supremest means in lifting and maintaining the religious standard of college men within college

walls. We are sure there is not a man in college and especially at Trinity, but has been touched more or less by its influence. Surely this is a noble work or else the students would not be so active in it. We are glad to say our Association has not only increased greatly in numbers but in an enlarged zeal for the work. And despite the defects connected with it, as other with Christian organizations, it is sufficient to say it carries with it a wonderful power for good. So let us as representatives of the Master's cause put our shoulders to the wheel, and do all within our power to keep along His work in the world, that we ourselves may grow stronger in His love.

* * *

One of the main features of the Association work this year is to make prominent the Missionary cause. Mr. Wooten who has the cause at heart is working hard to awaken an interest among the students for the work. He has organized a Missionary Committee for the express purpose of studying missions. This department being in the hands of Spiritually minded men, we of course look for the very best results. Another committee which needs to be mentioned here is that of *personal work*. This has long been needed in our midst. It is hoped from this organization much good may come. We propose to devote careful study to the life of Christ, especially as a personal worker.

* * *

We trust soon to get everything in good working order so that we may get the greatest amount of good possible, and when we shall go out from these college walls we shall be the more able to fight successfully the battle of life which lies before us all undiscovered.

* * *

We are devising plans at present to obtain a collection of new songs for our Sunday services. Mr. Ramsey, our competent leader, suggests that we purchase new song books. This appeal is being met with steady responses because

every one realizes the great need of bringing new, lively music into our Association.

* * *

Mr. Aldridge our enthusiastic president has secured pamphlets treating on all lines of Y. M. C. A. work. He hopes soon to get them in the hands of all, and very soon to get the work thoroughly organized.

* * *

Services October 20 were conducted by Prof. R. L. Flowers. He made an excellent talk on "Christ As a Worker." As an evidence of the appreciation of his lectures the Professor is always greeted with large audiences. We are always glad, sir, to have you speak for us. Your lectures give to us inspiration and new hope.

* * *

Our services on the 27th of October were on the subject of Missions. This delightful service was conducted by Rev. Mr. Turnbull, of the Presbyterian church. I am sure I make no mistake when I say it was one of the most refreshing and enjoyable services we have had this year. Our brother is fired with the missionary zeal, and his talk has been the means of awakening among many of the students a deeper interest and concern in regard to this great work. We trust Brother Turnbull will come again, we feel and know his talk has done us good.

HISTORICAL SOCIETY NOTES.

J. C. HALL,

MANAGER.

The first regular meeting of the Historical Society since the opening of college was held on the evening of the 5th ultimo. Owing to the annual election of officers the program was short.

Dr. J. C. Brown, of Durham presented to the Society a white fur hat worn by his grandfather in 1838 at the open-

ing ceremonies of the little log school-house which has grown into one of the leading institutions of the state—Trinity College. In his speech Dr. Brown alluded to the origin and struggles of the institution in its old home in Randolph county, its removal to Durham and the great work it is now achieving. He thought the old hat as witnessing the opening ceremonies would be dear to its numerous friends and should have a resting place in the museum of the institution whose organization it had witnessed. The hat is in very good condition and from appearance would doubtlessly do service for another generation. The Doctor also spoke of his connection with the college as being most pleasant and profitable.

Dr. J. S. Bassett presented a short sketch of the life of Joseph Halstead Gillespie the author of "Elsinore and Other Poems." This interesting sketch of a deserving North Carolina poet was presented in our last issue. Dr. Bassett spoke also of the historical spirit and stimulus the society is doing for the college and state.

We extend our thanks for many interesting relics presented the museum during vacation.

The following officers were elected for the year: President, Dr. J. S. Bassett; Vice-Presidents, J. F. Bivins, F. S. Aldridge, B. R. Payne; Secretary and Treasurer, P. V. Anderson; Corresponding Secretary, J. M. Flowers; Librarian, S. W. Sparger.

The November meeting of Society was held on the evening of the 2nd.

Prof. Jerome Dowd gave a most interesting lecture on "The Mecklenburgh Declaration of Independence." He did not deny the 20th of May Declaration, but brought out the controverted points in a seemingly impartial manner. The principal argument of those supporting the Declaration are:

1. The Davy copy of the Declaration as given from

memory, by the Secretary, J. M. Alexander—the original document being burned.

2. A Mr. Wilson, naming his son born on the 20th of May, “Independence” Wilson.

3. A doggerel written four years after the Declaration, declaring “they (the Mecklenburgh people) the very first independence did declare.”

4. Deeds found in Mecklenburgh county implying that the Declaration was previous to July 4th 1775.

5. Declamation of a school boy extolling the Declaration.

Prof. Dowd says there is no doubt about a meeting on May the 31st 1775, in which resolutions were passed but points out the lack of documentary proof of the meeting of May 20th or any Declaration on that day being set forth. That the first widespread interest in the “Mecklenburgh Declaration” was some years later when the National Declaration had begun to be celebrated. Then it was the Mecklenburg people began to ask themselves if they had not held a meeting and set forth a Declaration prior to the National Declaration. They could not agree upon a date. Some one suggested May 20th and that date was accepted.

Mr. Graham in his paper in favor of the Declaration says, there is no legend or tradition of *two* meetings being held. By reference to Wheeler’s History containing letters of Governor Martin and James Wright transmitting the “Resolves” to England, there is pretty strong evidence that the meeting referred to was that of May 31st. Newspapers also proclaim the meeting of 31st.

Mr. Graham tries to show the resolutions of May 31st were at the meeting on May the 20th, but as they were not *strong* enough in their provisions they were rejected and new resolutions were drawn up and that the resolutions of May 31st were *unfortunately* published and that this accounts for there being no documentary proof of May the 20th. This also seems a very doubtful solution.

Prof. Flowers read a very interesting paper on Fort Hamby—a fort constructed in Yadkin Valley, North Carolina and used as a stronghold during the Reconstruction Days by a band of ruffians and desperadoes that they might obtain revenge and enrich themselves on the hard-earned possessions of their neighbors. This band composed principally from Thomas' Division of troops from Tennessee, was a terror to the inhabitants of Wilkes and the adjoining counties, mercilessly slaughtering the inhabitants and committing every deed of depredation imaginable. The fight of the settlers and the final destruction of the fort were discussed at some length.

Dr. Bassett briefly reviewed a part of Dr. Weston's work attempting to prove that Peter Stuart Ney, an eccentric but finely educated school-teacher, residing several years in Rowan county was Marshal Ney of France. Dr. Bassett confined his review to the execution of Marshal Ney. He presented several weak points in Dr. Weston's work. The meeting was an unusually interesting one and closest attention was given the speakers.

Several relics were presented the Museum.



Editor's Table.

J. H. SEPAK,

MANAGER.

We are exceedingly gratified with our list of exchanges for October. The majority of them show a marked increase in excellence of matter and arrangement. We are surprised, however, to find that with this increase there is a considerable decrease in bulk.

Among the articles in *Yale Magazine* that deserve special mention is one entitled "College Sentiment." Everything in the natural world owes its present form and nature of its being to an evolution, however partial this evolution may be. Even so may this be applied to the realm of thought and ideas. The writer declares that the present age is fast robbing us of most of life's old-time privileges, and says that old-fashioned sentiment is one of them. "To be discovered with a drop of moisture about the eyes as we follow the fate of some 'Sidney Carton' or watch the curtain fall upon a dying 'Beau Brummell,' is frowned upon by the times." Happy change! Instead of these effeminate fancies, there are stronger and more manly sentiments inherent in the undergraduate. In the dominating spirit of our colleges there should be a new independence declared. Tears and forced allegiances should no longer stand in the way of our formulating and giving utterance to our well-founded convictions and sentiments. Hasten the time when college men, though boys, shall cease to do things simply because some one else does them. What we most need in this day of rapid advancement is a strong and vigorous type of self-assertive manhood.

The *Wake Forest Student* contains a strong and masterly article by Hon. Walter Clark on "Claims of Long Descent." The writer says that all the anxiety about claim to royal

blood is folly in the extreme. But many waste endless days and months and years in trying to trace their descent. "The modern 'claimants' have no monopoly, the beggar next door is probably a genuine lineal descendant of Charlemagne."

The *Student* gives too great prominence to the short stories. They are good in their place, but they should not crowd out other matter equally or more important. The editorials are few and short.

In the October *Hampden-Sidney Magazine* are several well written articles. The exchange department is well arranged, but we are inclined to think that too much space is taken up with alumni notes.

We are glad to welcome the October number of *Randolph-Macon Monthly*. In its consolidated form it makes a neat, well-arranged and bulky magazine. "The Meaning of Life" and "A Modern Hero" are both well written and show much thought.

The *Kelley Messenger* is a neat and well edited weekly, published by the N. C. School for the Deaf and Dumb. It is edited by Prof. Goodwin. We presume that it is contributed to by the pupils, and if so, this new departure is a very wise one, since it will serve to open up to these unfortunates a new field—that of journalism.

The *Buchtelite* is a splendid College paper, published weekly by the students of Buchtel College, Akron, Ohio. It is full of living ideas and does not lack for interesting articles. The paper shows a very progressive College, and we do not doubt but that they have great enthusiasm and loyalty for their institution, since it is partially evinced by some of their articles. We wish them great success.

We are glad to acknowledge the receipt of the *Eatonian*. It is to be commended for calling attention the second time to College patriotism. Let all the Southern Colleges

strive to arouse more loyalty for their institutions; then we will see more students and better ones throughout the land.

No College can be entirely successful where there is a lack of enthusiasm among its students; it is very essential that every student have the good of his College at heart, and defend it under all circumstances. There is a danger among Southern institutions of becoming lethargic along this line. Let us avoid this; it will injure us.

The October number of the *Guilford Collegian* is in no way inferior to the former numbers of this paper. It contains a very good article on "In Purity is Strength." This article shows a careful research for facts, and in this particular it is not wanting. Familiarity with national history is very characteristic of the production, showing that a great many nations have become effeminate and vicious by their impurity and drunkenness.

We congratulate the *Collegian* on securing this splendid contribution from a former student of the College. We miss a great many intellectual treats by not asking more of our old graduates; many of them would be glad to help us keep our College magazines full of life by giving us something that would be full of interest to us.

The *Erskinian* has been received and contains some very good articles. We call attention to the article on "The Position of Women Among the Anglo-Saxons." It shows careful study and preparation, and we would say in the words of the writer: "One of the distinguishing characteristics of a civilized nation is seen in its treatment of women."

The October *Converse Concept* contains several contributions that are worthy of study. "Sidney Lanier's Manhood" is an article that is not only interesting, but will be instructive to any one who will take the time to read it. "Savonarola" is another article that will be beneficial to

all who peruse it. It gives a clear outline of the life and works of the subject of the sketch, and gives an insight into period of the Italian Renaissance, which deserves the deepest study of all true students.

We find the October number of the *William Jewell Student* very interesting and instructive. The article, "Cause and Cure of Industrial Stagnation," is one of the best. The writer of it tells, in a logical and forcible way, of the condition of our country in an industrial sense, and suggests means by which our present condition may be improved. We were especially impressed with the literary aspect of the magazine, which some publications would do well to imitate.

In the October *Tennessee University Magazine* there are several articles worthy of notice. The contribution, "A Puritan Conscience" is an especially good one, both in merit and general interest. "The Sources of American Literasure" is another article deserving attention. The writer tells in a terse interesting way in which our literature began. We are glad to notice the excellent literary aspect of the magazine.

We gladly acknowledge the receipt of the September number of the *College Message*. It can truly be said that it is always a pleasure to read the magazine of our sister College and enjoy the fine touches of humor contained therein. We wish you a happy and successful year in every respect.

E. A. WRIGHT,

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THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

TRINITY PARK, DURHAM, DECEMBER, 1895.

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J. F. BIVINS,

MANAGER.

FORT HAMBY ON THE YADKIN.

In March, 1865, General Stoneman left East Tennessee, moving by the turnpike leading from Taylorsville, Tenn., through Watauga county to Deep Gap on the Blue Ridge. On the 26th of March, he entered Boone, N. C., and on the 27th the column was divided, one division under General Stoneman marching towards Wilkesboro, while the other, under General Gillam, crossed the Blue Ridge at Blowing Rock and went to Patterson in Caldwell county, and then joined Stoneman at Wilkesboro. Leaving Wilkesboro on the 31st, General Stoneman moved over into Surry county, going toward Mt. Airy. During the march through this section of the State, Stoneman's men committed many depredations, and after leaving Wilkesboro a number of the lawless element of his command deserted. Shortly after this a number of men, some deserters from Stoneman's command and other worthless characters, led by two desperate men, Wade and Simmons, completely

terrorized a large portion of Wilkes county by their frequent raids.

In order to fully understand the situation, the condition of the country at that time must be taken into consideration. Almost every man fit for military service was in the army, and the country was almost completely at the mercy of the robbers. It was thought after Lee had surrendered and the soldiers were returning home, that these depredations would be discontinued but they were not.

These marauders were divided into two bands. One, led by Simmons, had its headquarters in the Brushy Mountains, and the other, led by Wade, had its headquarters near the Yadkin river in Wilkes county. The bands at times operated together, but it is principally with Wade's band that this article is to deal. The house which Wade had chosen and fortified was near the road which leads from Wilkesboro to Lenoir, in Caldwell county, and about a mile from Holman's Ford, where the valley road crosses the Yadkin river. The house was situated on a high hill, commanding a fine view of the Yadkin valley, and of the valley road for a distance of a mile above and a mile below the ford. The house fronted the river on the south while the rear was protected by the "Flat Woods" belt, in which there was sympathizers if not aiders and abettors of the band. From this position the Yadkin valley and the surrounding country for at least half a mile in every direction could be swept and controlled by Wade's guns. There is a legend that this point was chosen by Daniel Boone as a splendid military post to protect himself against the Indians. At any rate it would have been almost impossible to choose a stronger location, both offensive and defensive, than this. The house was built of oak logs, and was two stories high. In the upper story Wade had cut port holes for his guns, which were army guns of the most improved type, and could command the approaches to the house from all directions, making it indeed

hazardous to attempt to reach it. This house belonged to some dissolute women by the name of Hamby, and after Wade had fortified it, the name by which it was known was "Fort Hamby." "The exact number of men engaged in these depredations is unknown though it has been stated on good authority to have at no time exceeded thirty." (Hon. R. Z. Linney, Col. G. W. Flowers.)

Making this their headquarters, they began to plunder the surrounding country, and from their cruelty it appears that their object was to gratify a spirit of revenge as well as to enrich themselves. They marched as a well-drilled military force, armed with the best rifles. It was only a short time before they brought the citizens for many miles around in every direction under their dominion. They plundered the best citizens, subjecting men and women to the grossest insults. Their cruelty is shown by this act: A woman was working in a field near Holman's Ford, having a child with her. The child climbed on the fence and the men began to shoot at it, and finally killed it. Emboldened by their success in Wilkes county, they made a raid into Caldwell county on the 7th of May. Major Harvey Bingham, with about half a dozen young men from Caldwell and Watauga counties, attempted to route these murderers from their stronghold at Fort Hamby. On Sunday night after their raid into Caldwell, Major Bingham made a well planned move on the fort, at a late hour of the night. For some reason, Wade and his men were not aware of the approach of Bingham's men until they had entered the house. Wade and his men announced their defenseless condition, and begged for their lives. No guns were seen, and they were, so Bingham believed, his prisoners. They gave Wade and his men time to dress, after which, at a moment when the captors were off their guard, they rushed to their guns, which were concealed about their beds, and opened fire on them. The result was that Clark, a son of General Clark, of Caldwell county, and

Henley, from the same county, were killed. The others escaped, leaving the bodies of Clark and Henley.

Being encouraged by the failure to dislodge them, they began to enlarge the territory which they were to plunder. About a week previous to this, Simmons with his band had crossed into Alexander county and had made a raid on Col. McCurdy, a well-to-do planter.

About this time Mr. W. C. Green, of Alexander county, who had been a Lieutenant in the Confederate Army, received news from a friend in Wilkes county that Wade had planned to move into Alexander county and make a raid on his father, Rev. J. B. Green, and to kill him (W. C. Green) if found. Mr. Green began to fortify his house, barring all the doors with iron. They also took five negroes into their confidence and these promised to assist in defending the house against Wade. It was found out that they had in the house fire-arms enough to shoot eighteen times without re-loading. Weapons were also provided for the negroes.

Wade started across the Brushy mountains on Saturday, May 13th, and reached Mr. Green's that evening about dark. Mr. W. C. Green saw a number of men stop their horses in the road above the house, and he concluded that they were Wade's men. He notified his father, and mustered the negroes in the dining hall. All the lights were extinguished through the moon was shining brightly. Mr. J. B. Green stationed himself at the front door, with a revolver in one hand and a dirk in the other. Mr. W. C. Green took his position at a window commanding a view of the front gate and porch. The negroes were stationed in the rear part of the house. Three men with guns approached the house in the front, one of them being Wade who had on a bright Confederate uniform which he always wore on his raids, posing as a Confederate soldier when necessary to gain admission into the houses he wished to plunder. The other members of the company took an-

other route and surrounded the house from the rear, though this was not known at the time. Wade pretended that that they were confederate soldiers; that they had belonged to the cavalry and were now on their way home, having been detained on account of sickness. Mr. J. B. Green told him "he lied, that he knew who he was, and that he could not enter his house except over his dead body."

Some of the men had by this time come up from the rear and were trying to force an entrance. When this fact was made known to Mr. W. C. Green by one of the negroes, he rushed to the rear, knocked out a pane of glass and opened fire on them, wounding one of the men. This unexpected turn of affairs seemed to frighten them and they all began to retire. Mr. J. B. Green and Mr. W. C. Green rushed into the yard and opened fire on them as they retreated. Wade and his men at the same time returning the fire. They retreated so rapidly that two of the men left their horses.

It was Sunday morning before the news was circulated. Mr. W. C. Green went to York Collegiate Institute and informed several men, and by 10 o'clock twenty-two men, almost all of them Confederate soldiers, had gathered, ready to pursue the robbers. In this party were several officers of the Confederate army and they were dressed in their uniforms. Col. Wash. Sharpe was placed in command of the squad and they started in pursuit. The first news from Wade was when they reached "Law's Gap." Here it was found that Wade had camped in the Brushy mountains part of the night after the attack on Mr. Green, and about sunrise the next morning had made a raid on Mr. Laws and forced him to give up his money. He informed the party that two of Wade's men were wounded. The pursuers followed the trail and found that five miles from Wilkesboro Wade's men had left the public road and had taken a shorter route by way of Hix's Mill and Holman's ford to Fort Hamby. The ford was reached in the even-

ing of May 14th, and after crossing the river, and traveling along the public road for about half a mile, the pursuing party left the public road and followed a private road which led to a creek at the base of the hill on which the Hamby house stood. "In the plan of attack, part of the company under Col. G. W. Flowers was to approach from the north while the other part under Capt. Ellis, was to approach from the south, and then surround the house. In the enthusiasm of the moment all seemed to forget the danger. Col. Flowers' men had gotten within 75 yards, and Capt. Ellis' men within 20 yards of the house when its defenders poured a volley of minnie balls through the port holes." (Hon. R. Z. Linney.) James K. Linney and Jones Brown were killed. Linney had charged bravely across the field and was killed on the east side of the house; Brown was charging up the hill on the west side when he was wounded. Some of the men were compelled to jump from their houses and throw themselves on the ground in order to escape being shot down. Their horses became frightened and breaking loose from them, ran to where Wade's men had their horses. Two of these horses were the ones captured from Wade at Mr. Green's. These men did not recover their horses at this time.

Under the severe fire the men were compelled to retreat. The force was now divided, part having fallen back across the creek, and part having reached the pines east of the building. There was no chance to re-unite, and after waiting until dark, the men withdrew, some reaching Moravian Falls that night. These met the others at "'Squire" Hubbard's the next morning. In retreating under the severe fire from the fort, the men were compelled to leave the bodies of Linney and Brown. Wade's men afterwards buried them near the fort.

These men returned to Alexander county and raised a large company, a strong force having been brought from Iredell county under the command of Wallace Sharpe.

On Wednesday the force started towards Fort Hamby. After crossing Cove's Gap, a courier was sent back to Iredell county to request Capt. Cowan to raise a company and come to their assistance; also, another courier was sent to Statesville to an encampment of Federal soldiers to inform them of the condition of things and to ask their assistance. Before reaching Moravian Falls, they received a message from Wade, saying, "Come on; I am looking for you; I can whip a thousand of you." It was dark when Holman's ford was reached. Some one in the woods before the company, ordered them to halt. The men thought that the order was from some of Wade's band and was about to fire upon them, when it was found out that this was a company from Caldwell county, under the command of Capt. Isaac Oxford, on the same mission. They had encamped near the ford and had thrown out their sentinels. The two companies camped together that night, and the next morning marched up the river and crossed at a small ford. They came to the house of Mr. Talbert, who lived on the public road, and there they found a woman dying. She had been shot the day before by the men from the fort, while she and her husband were coming to the ford in a wagon, on the opposite side of the river from the fort—nearly a mile distant.

Mr. Talbert begged the men to return, telling them that Wade was expecting them, and had sent for re-enforcements. He told them that it was impossible to dislodge him, and to make an attempt and fail would make it worse for the people.

Capt. R. M. Sharpe, of Alexander county, assumed command of both companies, numbering several hundred men. W. R. Gweltney was sent with a small body of men to reach a high hill, overlooking a creek (Lenoir's Fork), and to remain there while all the others marched around to the north and east of the fort. Gweltney's men were to be notified by the firing of a gun, when the main body had

reached their position. One or two men were seen to escape from the fort before it could be surrounded. They were fired at but escaped. The supposition was that they had gone to get re-enforcements from the other band. The companies had left their encampment before day, and by daybreak the fort was surrounded, the men being placed about twenty steps apart. The soldiers kept up the fire on the fort during the day and night. Wade's men returning the fire, shooting with great accuracy. The soldiers were compelled to keep behind logs and trees, or out of range of the guns. It seemed impossible to take the fort. "Some of the bravest men were in favor of giving it up, while others said death was preferable to being run over by such devils." (Rev. W. R. Gwaltney.)

This state of affairs continued until the night of the 19th, when the lines were moved nearer up, and about 4 o'clock in the morning Wallace Sharpe, W. A. Daniel, M. W. Hill, and J. L. Millsaps crept from their posts to a crib where the robbers had tied their horses and untied them, after which they were led away. From the crib these men crept up to the kitchen. It was found that some of Wade's men had prepared breakfast, but were compelled to leave it. The kitchen was set on fire, and the flames soon reached the fortress. The fact that the building was on fire seemed to completely unnerve Wade's men. "What terms will you give us?" cried out Wade. "We will shoot you." replied Sharpe, from behind the burning kitchen.

It was now about daybreak, and some of the men surrounding the fort began to rush up. Wade made a rush towards the river, through a body of Caldwell men, who opened fire on him, but as it was yet a little dark, he escaped. Four men were captured, Beck, Church, Loockwad, and one whose name cannot be ascertained. The flames which had caught the fort were extinguished, and in the house was found property of almost every descrip-

tion. Fine ladies' dresses and bonnets had been taken for the dissolute women who occupied the house. About twenty horses were found stabled near the fort. Some of the property was restored to the owners. The men who were captured plead for a trial according to the course and practice of the courts. They were informed that they would be disposed of as summarily as they had disposed of Clark, Henley, Brown and Linney. Stakes were put up, and on the way to the place of execution they were given time to pray. They knelt down to pray, but the prayer was "O, men, spare us." Wallace Sharpe replied: "Men, pray to Jesus. He alone can save you." Capt. Sharpe requested W. R. Gwaltney to pray, but he replied that he never felt so little like praying in his life. Capt. Isaac Oxford said, "If you will hold my gun I will pray;" but instead of praying for the men, he thanked God that they were to be brought to justice and that none of the party had been killed. After this Rev. W. R. Gwaltney offered an earnest prayer for them, and then they were shot, "as nearly in strict conformity to military usage as these old Confederate soldiers, under the excitement of the occasion could conform to."

After the prisoners were shot, the fort was set on fire. When the flames reached the cellar, the firing of guns was like a hot skirmish. Wade's men had stored away a great many loaded guns, and a large quantity of ammunition.

Wade was seen in the vicinity several days after. He claimed to have been a major in Stoneman's command and a native of Michigan. He said that he had escaped to the Yadkin river from the fort and had hid under the banks until night; that in searching for him the soldiers had frequently come within six feet of him.

On the way back to Alexander county Capt. Cowan, from Iredell, was met with a small body of men on their way to Fort Hamby. Also a company of Federal troops, then stationed in Statesville, were met on their way to the

fort. They were told what had been done. "The captain ordered three cheers, which the men gave with a good will." (Dr. W. C. Green.)

The bodies of Linney and Brown were brought back home for final burial.

Though all the desperadoes were not brought to justice, this completely broke up their depredations.

ROBT. L. FLOWERS.

A POET'S VIEW OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

The French Revolution was one of the greatest, most beneficent events of history. This would be true if we consider only what it did for France. Carlyle describes the people of that time as untaught, un comforted, unfed, lifting their pleading eyes to Heaven and sending up wild, inarticulate cries for deliverance. When we consider the condition of these benighted people and the corrupt state of affairs in France, we must declare that the Revolution was one of the greatest blessings that ever came upon the world. But when we regard those degraded wretches as emblems of human faculties everywhere enslaved, and human hearts broken by tyranny; when we remember that with the crumbling of the Bastille, there crumbled the last walls of feudalism and domineering aristocracy; yea, when we remember that along with Louis XVI, there died that most pernicious doctrine, the Divine Right of Kings, we must see that in the French Revolution there were locked up the very interests and destiny of all people, and that its results affected not France simply, but every nation of the globe. It sent new life thrilling through every factor of human existence. The mind as if released from a great burden began to soar into new regions of thought, to broaden in its conceptions of God, the universe, and the relation of man to man. People now begin to reflect upon the divinity of the individual soul rather

than the exclusive divinity of the earth's pampered rulers.

The relation of William Wordsworth to this great movement is a most interesting one. He was born just at the time for the revolutionary spirit to seize him in his youth. His young sensitive soul so tractable to every influence of nature could not remain impassive amid the great whirlpool of mighty changes that was raging in France. The great principle he saw at the bottom of the movement struck him like an electric shock, set every fibre of his being to vibrating, and turned his mind from the contemplation of the quiet scenes of nature to those of the new cause for which his fellow-man was struggling. His ardent nature at once seized upon the Revolution as the one thing needful and to picture to itself the great things that would result from it—the real Utopia that was to follow. Behind the dark, murky, shifting storm-clouds that hovered over France he seemed to see the blessed morning star of hope shining with steady beam. The golden age had at last come, as he thought, and we hear him rapturously exclaiming,

“Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive
To be young was very heaven.”

Let us follow this young priest of nature through all his changes with reference to this great movement. It will be interesting at least as a study of his character. In November, 1791, he landed in France, meaning to spend the winter in a pleasant town upon the banks of the stately Loire. He passed through Paris on the way. Here he visited the Halls of the Synod and Jacobins, and saw the Revolutionary Power, “tossed like a ship at anchor, rocked by storms.” He walked about the streets awhile, listened to the harangues of the hissing factionists, and saw the wild eyes, the quivering lips, and the impatient gestures of the desperate Revolutionists. Yet all this seemed not to arouse so much emotion in him as he had expected.

“I looked for something I could not find,
Affecting more emotion than I felt.”

From Paris he hastened on to his quiet destination on the Loire, and found that even here the spirit of the Revolution permeated everything. Here his calm passiveness still possessed him and he stood amid those concussions, "tranquil as a parlor shrub and careless as a green-house flower, while every bush and tree the country through was shaking to its roots." But he began to frequent the haunts of men and to listen to their tales of woe, and like contagion the spirit began to take hold on him, and soon he says, "My heart was all given to the people and my love was theirs."

The reason why Wordsworth so quickly espoused the cause of the common people was because his whole life had been spent among that class. He said that in the quiet community in which he spent his youth, he could remember having seen scarcely a person who owed the respect paid him to claims of wealth or blood. And further that the college life which he afterwards entered was like that of a republic, where,

"Distinction open lays to all that came
And wealth and titles were in less esteem
Than talents worth and prosperous industry."

So he hailed with delight the promise of a government of equal rights and individual worth and thought it came rather late than soon.

Meanwhile the bitter evidences of the war that was on were daily presenting themselves. "The bravest youth of France and all the promptest of her spirits linked in gallant soldiership were posting on to battle." The great sympathetic heart of Wordsworth was stirred to its depths, and in after time (for he wept not then), tears often filled his eyes in memory of the farewells of that time. Those seemed to him arguments sent down from Heaven to prove the cause good and pure.

Wordsworth now meets with a gentleman by the name of Beaupuis who becomes a very dear friend to him and

exerts great influence on his life. Beaupuis was a young chivalrous spirit—the descendant of a noble family. He had taken the side of the common people because he became impressed with the justness of their cause, and because of his love to man as man. He seems to have been one of the noblest types of manhood, enthusiastic in nature, generous of heart, and meek in disposition. Perfect faith in his cause gave him calm composure during all the exciting events of the time, and his dauntless bravery made him ready to act at any moment. With this gentleman, Wordsworth spent a great deal of his time conversing with him on topics called up by the war—“on civil government and its wisest forms, on ancient royalty and chartered rights.” Beaupuis was well versed in history and all the phases of government. All the theories that Wordsworth had made now took still stronger possession of him since he saw in Beaupuis the living embodiment of them. “Far more sweet,” he said “is the labor of thinking on such thoughts abstruse when we hear the voice of one devoted—one whom circumstance has called to embody his deep sense in action and give it outwardly a shape. Then doubt is not and truth is more than truth.”

The shady recesses of the forest that fringed the Loire became the frequent resort of these two representative spirits, the Champion of Humanity and the High Priest of Nature, both knit together by a common love for their fellow men. Here they would build up the ideal government of the future, when legalized exclusion, empty pomp, sensual state and cruel power should all be abolished and the people should have a strong hand in framing their own laws. In imagination they saw the Revolution end and better days to all mankind begin in a reign of justice and glorious peace.

Soon Wordsworth bade farewell to the wide stretching vineyards, the sweeping meadow lands and the many colored woods of the Loire and returned to Paris. Great

changes had taken place. The King had fallen and a Republic had been set up. It had taken lamentable crimes and much massacre to accomplish this, but Wordsworth hoped that these necessary evils were past. He gazed upon the places so lately bathed with the blood of the dead and dying with deep painful emotion. They seemed to him as a volume written in an unknown tongue would seem to a reader desirous to know its contents. That night he was put in an upper room of a large hotel. Tired though he was, sleep did not come to his eyelids. He could not help but think of those terrible September massacres separated from him by one little month. They seemed to augur something more terrible yet to come. He went to the window and looked down upon the quiet moonlit streets but lately swept by a mighty hurricane of human contest and he seemed to hear a voice that cried to the whole city, "Sleep no more." The place seemed unfit for the repose of night.

Sleep doesn't come soon. Robespierre and Danton now hold the first places and anarchy reigns supreme. A very curious and very expressive idea now takes hold of Wordsworth. He sees the Revolutionary forces striking here and there, and wasting their energy on account of the lack of a unity of purpose. He sees the need of some great leader with the desire for the success of the cause and the love of the people reigning in his heart who shall come and do for France what she of herself cannot do. And he feels that perhaps he, on account of the purity of his motive, can collect those scattered forces and lead them to victory. But happily this man, who had such a message yet to give to the world, who was to become the interpreter of nature and of the deepest movings of the human soul as well, was cut short in this plan which would, no doubt, have resulted in nothing but death to himself. His allowance from his home in England was cut short and he had

to return on account of a deficiency of money. If this had not been done, he says,

“Doubtless, I should have made common cause
With some who perished, haply perished too,
A poor mistaken and bewildered offering.”

When Wordsworth reached England after his two years absence he found the people agitated over several questions and especially the slave trade which many were endeavoring to abolish. But none of these questions interested him. He thought and wanted all other people to think only of the great things taking place in France. “For if France prospered, good men would not long pay fruitless worship to humanity.” Just here another trying experience comes to Wordsworth. England declares war against the confederates in France. To Wordsworth who was full of patriotism for his own land, but who was so intensely devoted to the new cause this gave great pain. “No shock given to my moral nature had I known down to that very moment.” He becomes a kind of traitor to his own country and rejoices when her troops are overthrown by thousands. His sympathies were with the people across the channel.

Meantime affairs in France were getting darker. “The goaded land waxed mad.” Reason was displaced by tyranny. The guillotine performed its horrible, murderous mission from morn till night. “Old men from the chimney nook, the maiden from the bosom of her lover, the mother from the cradle of her babe, the warrior from the field—all perished, all—friends, enemies, of all parties, ages, ranks, head after head and never heads enough.” This was more than Wordsworth had expected. He had looked for noble combat actuated by noble principles but not such wholesale, criminal butchery as this. He had expected a Beaulieu, but he saw a Robespierre. And that gentle nature to whom the life of the “meanest flower that blows” was most sacred, and much more the life of a human

being, could not calmly think on such scenes. "Most melancholy at that time, O Friend, were my day thoughts, my night thoughts were miserable." That spirit that had been accustomed to listen to the silent, though gently eloquent, teachings of the daisies and daffodils, that was filled with unspeakable rapture by the songs of the lark and nightengale, and could hear siren strains in the murmurings of the little brook, revolted strongly from the discordant wails of woe, France was unjustly forced to send up. But he did not lose faith in his theory of government, and when scoffers began to taunt and to point at the doings in France as the results of popular government and equality, he saw clearly, "that it was not these had caused the woe, but a terrible reservoir of guilt and ignorance, filled up from age to age that could not longer hold its loathsome charge, but burst and spread in deluge through the land. Still he held on to the hope of brighter days to come.

Soon an event occurred which gave to him great promise of the realization of his hopes. The tyrant, Robespierre, that barrier to all progress, was killed and the hopeful Wordsworth filled with deepest gratitude by this fiat, exclaimed, "Come now ye golden times." He still had trust in the people and now looked for all his blissful hopes to blossom into grand reality. The whole earth wore the beauty of promise again; the thousand years of peace with their gentler manners, purer laws were dawning at last upon the blasted fields and sorrowing hearts of the French patriots.

But, alas, again our poet was doomed to disappointment. The old scenes were repeated; they who ruled the state seemed not to realize that he who sows death must reap death; the people became the tools of tyrants who had no higher motives than selfish ambition, and crimes innumerable were done in the name of Liberty. Frenchmen whom Wordsworth had formerly invested with the priceless vir-

tues of champions of freedom, now changed the war of self-defence into one of conquest; and France again became an empire ruled by the hands of uncompromizing tyranny. These reverses came like a blighting, withering wind over the hopeful spirit of young Wordsworth and withered his enthusiastic imagination. He became thoroughly disgusted with the movements of the people who could formerly claim all his love and sympathy. He lapsed into skepticism and began to lose faith in the whole fabric of human society. Nature's voice was dumb and philosophy only drove him into deeper despair. This was a very trying time in Wordsworth's career. Dowder says, "There is no environment more fraught with peril to a man framed with great capacities for joy than one which leaves him without social faith and throws him back upon his own craving heart and unsatisfied passions." Wordsworth now changes from staunch Liberalism to Conservatism.

But before discussing this position, allow me to say, by way of parenthesis, that Wordsworth did not long remain in this despairing, philosophical mood. His gentle sister realized his condition and intuitively knew the cure. Instead of allowing him to continue his work of dissecting social life, she led him gently back to Nature's quiet scenes. And the dancing daffodils, the modest daisies, the singing birds, and murmuring brooks, soon drove melancholy from his heart and filled him with deeper pleasures and larger hopes. In a few years he was able to picture a "Lucie" and to exclaim, "Thanks to the human heart by which we live, thanks for its tenderness, its joys and fears." Nature did not then betray the heart that loved her.

As was said above, Wordsworth changed from Liberalism to Conservatism. He had made one mistake in his relation to the French Revolution. As he said, he had "approached the shield of human nature from the golden side." The concrete facts of the war were so different

from the state his reason had constructed, that he saw something was wrong with his idea. Lowell says, "Wordsworth learned the necessity of defining more exactly in what freedom consists; it must be an evolution, not a manufacture. He had believed in the possibility of a gregarious regeneration of man by sudden and sharp conversion. He had fancied that the laws of the universe must courtesy to the resolves of the National Convention." But he soon realized his false position. He saw that freedom cannot come alone by legislation; that it must not only be embodied in laws but in men; and that true freedom comes only by the cultivation of the individual soul, and its emancipation from social and mental servitude. He saw that in countries like England, which claimed to represent freedom and equality, there was slavery almost as exacting as that of Egyptian bondage. The poor were at the mercy of the rich and equality was merely a farce. For these reasons Wordsworth was opposed to many so-called reforms of the time which he thought would only widen the breach between the classes—such as the introduction of machinery to supplant hand labor. He felt too that the world was getting too far away from a pure and simple life into a glittering empty materialism. He feared reform would destroy simplicity. His motto had always been "plain living and high thinking."

Browning has written a poem entitled, "The Lost Leader," in which he accuses Wordsworth of being a traitor to the cause of the people. If Browning means by this that Wordsworth had lost his love for the lower classes, and that he did not have their best interests at heart, he does great injustice to the poet. From early boyhood until his death, Wordsworth's "heart was given to the people and his love was theirs." He became despondent at one time, it is true, when he saw his fondest ideals defeated by base men, and for a moment, perhaps, he lost faith in humanity; but living among the simple, pure minded folk around his country

home soon reinstated his old love, and never did it leave him. His conservatism was only a surface opinion. That deep regard for the humble peasantry of the world that caused him to seize so eagerly the first promises of reform given by the French Revolution, disconcerted for a brief moment by the immediate results of that movement, emerges at last deeper and stronger, and becomes the guiding principle of the poet's career, "the master light of all his seeing," the hidden melody of his song.

Miss Scudder has said, "Wordsworth is indeed chiefly great as the high priest of the new democracy. His message from nature is wonderful but his message from humanity is more profound. His finer poems all flash upon our nerves the thrill of imaginative awe in the presence of a flesh-clad spirit. It is his love for man, constant from first to last that makes him a spiritual power." Instead of being a lost leader, Wordsworth was the pioneer, the prophet, the real leader of the the New Democracy. Realizing that men are not to be made by simple act of legislation, he transfers his democracy from public to private life. He was grieved at the distinction between the rich and poor, the capitalist and the laborer, and longed for the time when new men should recognize the brotherhood of man and act upon that principal. He anticipates modern socialism and his works embody many of the most important ideas of ethics and sociology which are coming into such prominence in these closing years of the 19th century.

Byron sat upon the ruins of the French Revolution and despairingly sang its tale of woe; Wordsworth sat upon those ruins of a dead era and in notes of serene faith sang of a new era to be, and those notes, though faint and far, are heard to-day, and are growing more sublimely beautiful, since the truths they express are coming more and more into practical realization. And as in his time there was a revolution which has at least dropped the political chains from thousands of oppressed subjects, who knows but that in our

time there may be, not a revolution but a reformation, mighty though bloodless, powerful though gradual, that shall break the chains of the laborer, bring unity to the race, and institute a higher, purer society. Who knows but that it is ours to "ring in the Christ that is to be."

JOE F. BIVINS.

THE CHRYSANTHEMUM.

Chrysanthemum! brave flower thou art,
Which darest the winter's cold;
How is it that thy little heart
Can so much life enfold?

The other flowers are dead, and gone
To take their six months' rest;
But still thou standest all alone,
In gaudiest colors drest.

No rival flower presents its claim,
Or vents its little spleen
In angry words against thy name,
Our own sweet autumn queen.

With cheerful face, on stem so tall,
Thou dost ever wait
To greet us by the walk and wall,
And by the garden gate.

It is thy nature to endure,
To turn thy face above;
Of Truth thou art the emblem pure,
The voice of those who love.

In autumn days I look for thee,
I wish for thee to come;
Of all the flowers I'd rather be
The gay chrysanthemum.

We sing of Easter's violets blue,
Of summer's rosy bower;
But greater honors still are due
To our Thanksgiving flower.

—H. M. NORTH.

OLD "NIG."

Few men who attended Trinity before the removal of the college to Durham, will fail to remember something of old George. I never knew the rest of his name, and it was a long time before I knew even this much of his real name. Among the students he always went by the nick-name of "Nig." I have never been able to understand why this appellation should have been applied to him, unless it were because he was such a genuine "Son of Ham." He was, in my opinion, a true type of the old Southern plantation negro, and he often boasted that "he wuz ever bit nigger en dat 'uz what make 'im so solid." He loved to tell tales of the times "befo' de wah," and as he was a universal favorite among the boys, he never failed to have an appreciative audience when he wished to spin one of his many yarns of ante-bellum days. The boys delighted in teasing him, and often had much fun at his expense; all of which he bore good naturedly enough, always contenting himself with telling them what "he wuz gwineter do, ef dey didn't 'have deyse'ves en quit dey fool'shnes'."

One rainy afternoon, as I sat in my room alone, tusseling with a tough problem in Conic Sections, I heard a light tap at the door; and before I could answer it the door opened, and old "Nig" walked in, hat in hand, and seated himself on the pile of wood which lay in the chimney corner. It was a dull, dark, dreary day, and I don't know who would have been a more welcome visitor just at that time. I put aside my book, reached for my "briar-root" and tobacco pouch, and prepared for a chat with the old negro.

"Well, 'Nig,'" said I, after a few puffs, "how are you to-day? I am very glad indeed to see you; I have been anxious for a long time to have a conversation with you about the old times, of which you speak so often. You seem to have a good memory, and can no doubt tell me many things that will be of interest."

"Yessuh, I 'members all 'bout dem times. I tell you dem

wuz good ole times, dat dey wuz. Some folks talk 'bout how hard de niggers had ter wuk, en how dey marsters whupped 'em, en what a hard time dey had; but I tell you de mos' er 'em wuz a heap better off 'n dey is now. Once in a while you'd fin' a mean man what treated his niggers bad, but dey wuz mighty sca'ce 'roun' whar we lived. Marse Robert 'uz allers mighty good ter his niggers; but Lawd, when he did git 'roused, he made us know 'im! Dey 'uz one thing ole marster couldn' stan', en dat 'uz lyin'. Better not let ole Marster cotch you in a lie. Ef you done done ennything what you oughtn' ter, en ole Marster ax you 'bout it, better tell 'im de straight truf; fer ef you didn', en he fin' it out, you sho' wuz a whupped nigger w'en he git done wid you. But ef you tell 'im de truf, he jes' bresh you a little en let you go. I never tole ole Marster but one lie, en I allers mighty sorry fer dat. But I couldn' hep it. I jes' couldn' tell ole Marster de truf dat time. Hit's a purty long tale, but I'll tell you 'bout it, ef you don' min'."

"No! certainly not; tell it, by all means. I am anxious to hear it."

"Well, ole Marster didn' have but two chillun, Mars' Howa'd en Mis' Eva. Mars' Howa'd wuz de oldes', en w'en de wah bruk out he wen' en jine de ahmy. Hit mos' kilt ole Mis' ter see 'im leave, en she beg en beg 'im not ter go, but hit want no use. He done got his head sot, en et las' dey hatter let 'im go. Dat 'uz de las' we ever see 'im erlive. Some sojers brung 'im back 'bout t'ree mont's atter he lef', ter be buried. Ole Mis' had allers been kinder po'ly, en dis 'uz mo'n she could stan', en hit want long twell dey hatter bury her, too. Ole Marster tuck it all mighty hard, kaze he thought lots er ole Mis', en he jes' wusshup de ve'y groun' Mars' Howa'd walk on. But he didn' have no time ter trouble much, fer he had ter take keer er Mis' Eva. Et fus' hit seem lak she didn' know what had happen'd—hit all come on 'er so suddint—en she jes' walk 'roun' kinder lonesome, lak she dunno whut ter do wid 'erse'f, en look ez pittiful.

She didn' eat nuthin', en never speak, 'cept w'en somebody say sump'n' to 'er. She got po'er en po'er, twell fin'ly she want nuthin' but jes' skin en bones; en she wuz so weak she couldn' walk no mo'. Ole Marster jes' kerried 'er 'roun' in his ahms same ez ef she 'uz er baby; en w'en she got so she couldn' git up no mo', but jes' hatter lay dar in de bed, ole marster stay by 'er all de time; en lots er times he didn' sleep er bit, but jes' sot dar all night long. Dey didn' no kin' er med'cin' do 'er no good. She wuz jes' grievin' herse'f to deat', en fer a long time hit look lak she want gwineter git well 'tall. But atter while she gin ter git better, en hit want long den twell she wuz 'bout ez peart ez eve1, 'cept she want quite ez lively ez she useter be.

"Well, sense dat ole Marster seem lak he think mo' er Mis' Eva den he ever did, en 'us jes' ez pertickler wid 'er en petted 'er jes' lak a chile. She wuz allers purty, but atter her sick spell hit look lak she wuz better lookin' 'n ever. She wuz tall en slender, wid de purties' blue eyes, en mos' all de young mens in de neighb'hood wuz in love wid 'er, but she didn' keer a straw fer none er 'em atter Marse Frank lef'. He useter live right close to whar we did, en him en Mis' Eva useter play tergedder w'en dey wuz chillun; en atter dey done growed up he useter come to see 'er purty reg'ler. He wuz mighty good lookin', en I thought a heap er 'in, en ole Marster allers lak 'im purty well too, ontwell one day he wuz argyfyin' wid de ole Cunnel (dat 'uz Marse Frank's paw), en dey fell out, en lak ter had a fight; en atter dat, ole Marster wouldn' let Marse Frank come dar no mo', en tole Mis' Eva not ter have nuthin' else ter do wid 'im. Purty soon de ole Cunnel tu'ned ab'litionist, en dey all lef' en wen' up Norf som'er's; en atter dat Mis' Eva wouldn' have no sweethaht no mo'.

"Erbout a year atter Marse Howa'd wuz kilt, dey come er man a gallopin' up to de fron' gate one day, 'bout dinner time, en said de Yankees wuz a-comin', en dat dey would be dar by de nex' mawnin' sho'. He said dat dey 'uz a-burnin'

houses, en stealin' hosses, en tarin' up things in gin'ral, en ef we had ennything we wanter save, we better git at it. Well, suh, we got to wuk, en wen' ter hidin' things, dishes, en silver, en everthing we could, kaze we know dey want gwineter be nuthin' lef'. Ole Marster en two er de niggers tuk all de bes' hosses, en cyared 'em 'way off in de woods; en jes' befo' he lef' he call me, en tole me he want me ter look atter things, en 'fer Gawd's sake teck good keer er Eva.' Yessuh, dem wuz his ve'y wuds.

'Well, 'bout breakfus' time de nex' mawnin' de Yankees 'gin ter pass (de big road wuz jes' acrost de crick, en we could see it plain 'nuff frum our front po'ch). Dey pass all dat day plum' twell dark, en den dey 'gin ter scatter out fer ter camp; en we could see dey fyahs everwhar, all over creation, en once in a while a house whut dey had sot. Jes' a little atter sundown fo' er 'em rid up inter de yahd en ax fer sump'n' ter eat. Mis' Eva wen' en had supper fixed fer 'em; en atter dey got done eatin' en wuz er settin' by de fyah a-pickin' dey teef, one er 'em tu'ned 'roun' ter me, en ax me whar de silver wuz. I tole 'im we didn' have none. He said hit wuz a lie, we did, en ef I didn' git it, en dat mighty quick, dey'd set de house a-fyah en bu'n up de whole shebang. Den dey 'gin ter sarch de house, en dey wen' all over hit from spacemint ter garret, en tu'ned everthing upside down'ards, en broke fun't'yer en punch' de winders en de lookin' glasses out wid dey s'o'des. Dey didn' fin' nuthin' do; but still dey want satisfied, en oue er 'em say dat dey wuz silver in de house, en ef we didn' git it, we'd beteer. En den he tu'ned 'roun' ter de fyah-place, en tuk up er chunk dat 'uz a-blazin', en 'uz jes' er fixin' ter fling it on de bed, w'en I hear somebody behin' me say right loud: 'Ef you don' put down dat fyah, I'll kill you.' I tu'ned en look ter see who 'twuz, en dar stan'in' in de do' wuz er tall, good-lookin' man, wid his pistil pinted squar at de Yankee's head. He had on er blue unerform wid gol' stripes on de sleeves, en a s'o'de et his side; en w'en de others see 'im, dey s'luted 'im; en den he made em git on

dey hosses, en ride off. I knowed I'd done see 'im som'er's befo'; but ter save mah life, I couldn' place 'em, twell he tu'n 'roun', en ax me whar Mis' Eva is, en den I know 'twuz Marse Frank. I wen' en tole Mis' Eva dey 'uz somebody in de house want ter see 'er, en she wen' in en didn' come out fer er long time; en atter while I peep in, en dar dey wuz a-stan'in' befo' de fyah, en Marse Frank had his ahm 'roun' 'er, en 'er head wuz on his shoulder, en she wuz a-cryin'. Seem lak he wuz a-tryin' ter git 'er ter promis' 'im sump'n', en she look lak she didn' know what ter do 'bout it. Et las' she say dat she'd think erbout it, en let 'im know de nex' time she see 'im. Den he tole 'er good-bye, en rid off; en atter he wuz gone, she come to me, en ax me to promis' never to tell a soul 'bout Marse Frank bein' dar; en er co'se I hatter promis'.

“De nex' day de Yankees quit passin', all 'cept jes' a few stragglers; en de day atter dat ole Marster come home. Purty soon he call me in de libr'y, en I see right straight dey 'uz sump'n' a-worryin' 'im. He ax me ter tell 'im all erbout what'd happen'd while he 'uz gone. I tole 'im everthing, 'cept I didn' say nothin' 'bout Marse Frank. Den he ax me ef I'd seed ennything er Frank Rivers lately. Lawd, I tell you hit skeert me et fus', w'en he ax me dat, but I tole 'im no, en tried ter look onconsarned. Hit wuz de fus' lie I ever tole 'im, but ter save mah life, I couldn' he'p hit dat time. Well, hit seem ter do 'im a heap er good w'en I tole 'im dat; en den he said er co'se he wuz a fool fer thinkin' so, kaze he mought er knowed dat Frank Rivers wuz 'tother side Mason en Dixon's line ennyhow. But he said w'en he fus' come in de house, he fin' a kyard lyin' on de flo' in de hall wid “Frank W. Rivers” writ on hit; but he guess hit wuz a ole kyard what Mis' Eva fergit ter bu'n, en hit moughter got flung out dar w'en de Yankees wuz a-trowin' things 'roun' so.

“Well, erbout two days atter dat Mis' Eva didn' come ter breakfus' one mawnin'; en w'en dey wen' ter see what 'uz de matter (kaze she allers mighty promp' 'bout 'er meals),

dey couldn' fin' er. Dey look all over de house everwhars, en call 'er, en call 'er; but dey couldn' fin' no sign er 'er. Bimebye ole Marster 'ginter git oneasy, en started out ter look fer 'er; en w'en he wen' ter put on his hat, a note drapped out er it on de flo'. Hit come ter me all 'twunst, jes' soon ez I see dat note, dat she done run off wid Marse Frank, en lef' dat note ter tell her paw 'bout it. I wuz a-lookin' fer 'im ter fly up, en git mad, en mos' whup de life out er me fer tellin' 'im dat lie. But he didn'; he jes' set down wid his head in his han's, en look in de fyah fer a long time, en didn' say a wud. Fin'ly he look up, en I could see de tea's in his eyes; en he says ter me, jes' ez grieved: 'Gawge, I didn' think you'd tell me a lie.' En dat wuz all he ever said erbout it.

"Well, atter dat ole Marster want never de same man no mo'. Hit look lak he didn' take no intrust in nuthin; en sometimes he jes' set all day long by de fyah, en he look ten yeahs older a'ready.

"Suh? Did she ever come back? Yessuh, she did atter de wah; en Marse Frank come wid 'er, en ole Marster fergive 'em, en built 'em a house wid what money he had lef' (kase de wah mos' clean 'im up); en he lived dar wid 'em de res' er his days. No, suh, I didn' leave ole Marster atter de wah; I jes' stayed right dar en wuked fer 'im same ez ever ontwell he died. I wuz sorry I ever tole 'im dat lie, en I allers wished he'd a-whupped me, stiddier lettin' me off lak he did.

"My, dar's de bell, en I ain' fotch in dat wood yit! Guess I better git erlong. Good-bye, Boss."

"Good-bye, 'Nig.'"

R. E. VELLER.

INEQUALITY OF WEALTH IN THE STATES AND CAUSES OF THE SAME.

One of the most important questions, and one that is increasing in interest every day, is that of "The Inequality of Wealth." In looking over the list of the several States in this regard, we find that they rank as follows :

1. Western States have capital of two billion, or \$1,300 per capita.
2. N. Atlantic States have capital of ten and a half billion, or \$1,200 per capita.
3. N. Central States have capital of seven and a half billion, or \$932 per capita.
4. S. Atlantic States have capital of two billion, or \$495 per capita.
5. S. Central States have capital of two and a half billion, or \$435 per capita.

In the above table it will be noticed that the bulk of the wealth of the United States is confined to two particular sections of the country, the N. Atlantic and N. Central portions. But let us look a little more closely and see what the per capita wealth is in some of the States contained in these districts. First of all we notice that as a district, though the capital of the Western States is small, yet it is rich per capita. Wyoming heads the list with a per capita of \$2,600, while Nevada comes next with \$2,500, and California follows with \$1,553. Next come the N. Atlantic States, the wealthiest of which are Massachusetts with \$1,400 per capita, and Rhode Island with \$1,447 per capita. And after them the S. Atlantic portion: Virginia, with a per capita wealth of \$467; North Carolina, \$329; South Carolina, \$323, and Mississippi with \$313. Comparison of the foregoing will show that the bulk of the per capita wealth of the country is in the States of the West, the N. Atlantic States coming next, while our own Southern section comes in for the smallest share per individual.

This inequality may be accounted for in several ways, chief

of which are: (1) Natural resources of the country; (2) geographical position; (3) climate; (4) inherent qualities of the inhabitants.

The States having the richest wealth in resources head the list in per capita wealth also. Wyoming, with its copper, gold and coal mines, and Nevada, with her extensive silver mines, show what natural resources can do towards enriching a State. Another reason for the high per capita wealth in these States, is the small population. The precious metals can more easily be turned into money than can cotton or tobacco. Hence the smaller amount of labor required—the greater the actual returns.

Next come the N. Atlantic States: Massachusetts, with her per capita wealth of \$1,400, and Rhode Island, with \$1,447. And in these we have an example of what industry, frugality and perseverance of the people, combined with good climate and a central geographical position, can do towards building up the financial and commercial interests of a country. Although neither one of these States is rich in minerals or the precious metals, yet they are in close proximity to the materials required for manufacturing purposes. The coal and iron of Pennsylvania are close to them. Their shores contain good harbors and are within easy boat reach of the South's cotton, either by river or ocean. And so combining a use of the two sections, in addition to their own fertile brain-work in the invention of machinery, they produce manufactures and textile fabrics, which they not only send all over the Union by the different internal water-ways and railroads, but export to many foreign parts of the globe.

Natural resources have not much to do with the success of these States; geographical position is an important factor; but the greatest contribution to the wealth of these States is the inherent qualities of the inhabitants. From the very beginning of the first settlement in this section of the United States, their people have paid close attention to the matter of education. The experience they have gained from an ances-

try of sturdy fathers who came to this country to *live*, has proved the best foundation for monetary wealth a State could have. For while these men were living they were developing themselves along all lines, especially along the line of education—and they are but living to prove the truth of the old statement that “knowledge is power.” They know they have it, and with the proverbial characteristics of down-east Yankees, they are using it for all it is worth.

The third and last section we wish to notice is the South Atlantic States. In the first place our section is blessed with good climate; we have natural resources which only need capital for development. Virginia stands first on the list of these States, with a per capita wealth of \$467; next is North Carolina, with \$329, while South Carolina follows with \$323, and Mississippi bringing up the rear with \$313.

The chief features in Virginia’s wealth lay in her coal-fields and manufacturing industries; North Carolina’s wealth, if such a term may be applied to it, consists in her cotton and tobacco, while that of South Carolina and Mississippi is derived from rice and cotton-growing.

One of the main reasons for our low place in the monetary standard of the country is the climate, which, though good, is too warm in many places for the white man to work. The negro, consequently, does most of the agricultural labor. The race problem, too, is another hindrance in the way of progress, and then the want of immigrants to work available land, and lastly, our inattention to the matter of education has done very much to keep us back.

We have had many problems to solve in the Southern States. It is not to be expected that negroes can keep pace with Anglo-Saxons in agricultural labor. Having the negro, in many places where good whites would do much better, we are compelled to use him, and in doing so we have to use agricultural implements so crude and old-fashioned, that in other parts of the country they are to be found only in mu-

seums as relics of colonial history. In all this we lose time and money.

The next thing to notice is that our quiet and steady increase of wealth has not attracted the masses of Europe to our shores. We cannot boast of silver mines like those of Nevada, nor of coal and iron mines like those of Pennsylvania, so, like the average boy in many a public school, we have been passed by unnoticed. An occasional traveler has looked in to see us, maybe stopped with us and succeeded. But while we may have missed much valuable European aid which might have benefited us, at the same time we have been spared the anarchy, socialism and disquietude of the West, caused by the immigrated masses of Europe, whose sole object too often has been to escape the tyranny of the East and seek a more pleasant "existence" in the West.

The civil war laid waste our country. There is now, since our partial recovery, a wonderful awakening in all lines of life, and before many decades have passed away, the South will compare, and compare favorably too, with any other section of the United States in commerce, education, and, in fact, in all that goes to make a people considered second to none in the world.

HAROLD TURNER.

LOUIS PASTEUR.

The scientific world lost one of its most heroic and most successful members in the death of Louis Pasteur, the late French scientist. His life's work was of marvellous benefit to the chemist, the biologist and the physicist, and to the medical profession the value of his investigations is incalculable. He is perhaps best known on account of his investigations of hydrophobia, and his experiments to prevent it by inoculation, but this was by no means his only work of value.

He was the son of a poor tanner of Arbois. Here he acquired the rudiments of education, and then he entered Besancon College. Here he soon manifested a great liking

to chemistry, physics and mathematics. Before he took his academic degree, the Professor of Chemistry acknowledged that Louis Pasteur knew more chemistry than he did. He became a tutor in the college after his graduation. Soon afterwards he stood an examination for entrance into the Ecole Normale, and came out fourteenth in the list of applicants. Not satisfied with this, he stood another examination a year later, and came out fourth in the list of a hundred applicants. He took his degree of Doctor of Physics from this institution in 1848. He immediately became Professor of Chemistry at Dijon, and was soon afterwards nominated Assistant Professor of Chemistry at Strassburg. Soon after this appointment he married Mlle. Laurent, the daughter of the Rector of the Academy. In 1854 he became Dean of the Faculty of Science at Lille, and here he made his discoveries respecting the process of brewing and fermentation. In 1857 Pasteur was called to Paris as the head of scientific instruction in the Ecole Normale; in 1863 became Professor of Geology, Physics and Chemistry at the School of Fine Arts, and in 1867 he was Professor of Chemistry at Sorbonne, which post he held until 1875.

I can give only a few instances of his work. One thing that gave him considerable prominence in the early part of his life was his salvation of French silks. About 1865 the whole silk worm industry was endangered by a plague which was killing the worms. Biologists and scientists failed to discover the cause of the evil. A friend asked Pasteur to see what he could do for it. He began investigating the case and soon found a theory as to the cause. He announced that what was killing off the silk worm was a disease caused by parasites, and said, if the parasites were killed, the disease would end. Biologists and professional men ridiculed this idea and made great sport of Pasteur. But as soon as it was tried, it was entirely successful and Pasteur became famous.

To Pasteur is due the first successful contradiction of the idea of spontaneous generation. He declared boldly that

there could be no such thing as spontaneous generation, but that life always came from life. This was the birth of the germ theory in the treatment of many diseases. He proved conclusively that fermentation is the work of organisms, and that each particular kind of fermentation has a distinctive organism. This discovery has meant wealth to the brewer, the distiller and the wine grower, and has led to other important discoveries in the scientific world.

Pasteur also discovered the most valuable fact that by cultivating bacteria in domestic animals for a time, their virulence becomes decreased, and they finally cease to be fatal on application, and that the application of such attenuated or weakened virus to man or beast forever protected the animal treated from the attacks of the disease. From these investigations he formed his famous treatment for hydrophobia, in which protection from fatal results is secured by the inoculation of the immunity-giving virus. On these investigations also, Behring formed his famous anti-toxine treatment for diphtheria, which has reduced the mortality from that malady from 37 per cent to 11 per cent. Behring's method does not require that there be any contact whatever between the virus and the individual in any shape or form. The blood-serum from artificially immunized animals is injected into the circulation of the individual affected.

After Pasteur discovered his famous treatment for hydrophobia, the famous Pasteur Institute was built by public subscription. During its history of seven years, it has been the resort of thousands of people from both sides of the Atlantic, who go there to be relieved of the fatal effects of mad-dog bites. It is becoming the world's hospital for such cases.

At his death last month, Pasteur was 73 years of age. I have only hinted at his great work. Space will not permit me to give half of the valuable discoveries he has made. By his investigations, he has opened the way to the successful treatment of the most fatal diseases known to man. His life

was a model of heroic labor. He was always characterized by extreme exactness and concentration, and by untiring energy. Aside from the practical value of his scientific work, a study of his heroic, persevering life should be of untold benefit to all who are striving to find the hidden path to success.

TO PASTEUR.

To find for science worlds unknown,
 To show to man by dauntless strife,
 A full, sublime, heroic life,
 Was mission great—Pasteur, thine own.

—'96.

THE ASSOCIATION OF SOUTHERN COLLEGES.

When the history of education in the South is written, great stress will be laid upon the meeting held in Atlanta on November 6, 1895. Without any great hurrah, or any public demonstration, a movement was started that will mean the elevation of educational standards in the South. The great trouble with education in the South has been that there is no oneness of purpose, no uniformity of ideals; there has been a chaos of systems and methods and standards. Conventions have been held, papers been read on different features of the problem, but nothing definite has ever been attempted till the Association of Southern Colleges was formed.

Some time during the spring a committee from the Faculty of Vanderbilt University sent out an invitation to various Southern institutions asking them to join in a movement of this kind. After answers had been received, Atlanta was decided upon as the place for the meeting, and November 6 as the time. There were present at this meeting Chancellor Kirkland and Prof. W. M. Baskerville, of Vanderbilt University; President Winston, of the University of North Carolina; Chancellor Fulton and Prof. R. W. Jones, of the University of Mississippi; Profs. W. P. Trent, of Sewanee; J. H. Dil-

lard, of Tulane; J. B. Henneman, of the University of Tennessee; H. N. Snyder and Reinbert, of Wofford; Moorman, of Washington and Lee; Palmer, of the University of Alabama, and Edwin Mims, of Trinity College. While it was seen at first that there were many different systems and ideas represented, it was also evident that there was a supreme desire to take steps that would make possible a greater uniformity.

After much discussion and the most patient consideration of all points, the Association was organized with these special features: It was agreed, first, that colleges should not do preparatory work, that there should be a differentiation of the work of school and college; second, that there should be a uniform minimum requirement for admission, and thirdly, "to harmonize the work of the colleges and schools by mutual understandings and agreements so that better work may be done in each."

It will be seen at once that these points strike at the fundamental defects in Southern institutions. There has been a war between schools and colleges, the schools claiming that the colleges encroach upon their territory. When colleges take boys away from the seventh and eighth grades of public schools, or from the junior class of a preparatory school, there cannot be the sympathy and harmony that should exist between the parts of an educational system. Moreover, when colleges have preparatory departments, there is competition between the colleges and schools. The only way to solve the problem is for the colleges to abolish their preparatory departments. A uniform standard of admission will be of great advantage to the schools, from the fact they can prepare their students for every college alike. A schoolmaster must certainly be at sea, when one college demands one kind of preparation, another, another. This uniform standard is substantially the same as the requirements at Trinity, though it is hoped that these can be raised during the next few years to that point that Northern institutions have already attained.

Of course, all institutions will not come into such an Association, but the moral effect of the different colleges that do belong to the Association will eventually bring about the desired result. Colleges must get to the point where they are willing to sacrifice numbers for quality, before any true educational standards can be adopted. A few years ago people were laughing at Vanderbilt for making her requirements for admission as high as those of Northern institutions. She did it at the sacrifice of numbers of students, but the fight has been won now, and all must feel that there has been fought out the battle for higher education in the Southwest. Other institutions must manifest the same sturdy independence, and cling to the same high ideal. Then we may look forward to the time when educational institutions in the South will be respected abroad, and when we can feel the respect of ourselves for maintaining an ideal state of affairs.

The Faculties of the institutions represented will adopt the constitution of the Association in the next few weeks, and then the organization will be permanently effected. In the years to come much may be expected from this organization.

CHRISTMAS.

Most joyful time of all the year,
 We gladly hail your coming cheer.
 'Tis meet that ransomed subjects sing
 The glories of their conq'ring King,
 The Heavenly Child.

The Natal day of Christ, the Lord,
 When true according to His Word,
 The Star of Hope o'er Bethle'm's height,
 Dispelled Death's darkness by a light
 Of Heavenly sheen,

That day should still remembered be,
 In praise's sweetest harmony,
 In lib'ral care for others' needs,
 And kindly words and knightly deeds,
 And Christian love.

May all the world its meaning know—
 Jehovah's birth on earth below—
 And sing as sang the angels then,
 Of peace on earth, good will to men,
 For aye, good will.

—J. F. BIVINS.

Editorial.

SAM W. SPARGER,	- - - - -	CHIEF EDITOR.
JOE F. BIVINS,	- - - - -	ASSISTANT EDITOR.

CONTRIBUTIONS for the January number of THE ARCHIVE are due December 20th.

A FEW things to which our attention has recently been called, among them the inappreciation of the magazine on the part of the Alumni, lead us to consider the relation of this particular individual to his alma mater. Not a few men look upon their connection with the college as a mere business relation. They get what they can from the college, pay what is required of them, and call themselves "square with the world," as far as the college is concerned. The average alumnus seldom considers the fact that scarcely one-fourth of the expense of his education is covered by tuition, etc. And suppose the college were fully compensated for the instruction given, is the benefit derived from this connection to be estimated in dollars and cents? Yet so it seems. From the majority this is all the college ever receives, and from many she gets not even this much. That love of one's alma mater, that loyalty and allegiance to her, that deep interest in her welfare, of which they hear men speak, are meaningless terms to them. They know of them only through others. Such sentiments have never found a place in their own hearts. Their interest in the college extends only so far as benefit is to be derived therefrom. Beyond that they are wholly indifferent. From the time when their diploma is delivered into their hands, they cease to concern themselves further as to her welfare. They go out into the world, and frequently are never heard of again; and, as for the good they ever

do the college, she might as well have never known them. What is the cause of this disinterestedness? Why this inactivity and passive indifference? Why, after four years of her protecting care, during which time they have been the recipients of every good in the power of the college to bestow,—why, we ask, when, finally, it seems that there is no further advantage to be gained, does this spirit of negligence and unconcern become manifest? Can it be the fault of the college; or does the deficiency lie in the men themselves, whose breasts are unsusceptible of the nobler sentiments? These questions and others we have often asked ourselves. The debt which the alumnus owes his college is no less than the debt due a “dear mother,” one which only the best work of a lifetime can satisfy, a debt of lifelong gratitude and endless devotion.

SO FAR the success of THE ARCHIVE has surpassed our most sanguine expectations. We desire especially to thank the Faculty and the students for the hearty support they are giving us. We feel that they are with us, and will stand by us in our efforts to make of THE ARCHIVE a big success in every respect. Their kind words of praise and encouragement are indeed gratifying.

THERE seems to be some anxiety as to whether there will be a course of lectures this year. We learn that it will not be very long now until Stokes Hall will again be open to the public. These lectures have been the source not only of much pleasure but of great benefit as well, both to the students and the citizens of Durham, and it would be a sore disappointment should we be deprived of them now. We trust that the committee has not been idle, and that we shall be favored with the first of the series at the earliest possible date.

THERE is a limit to all things—eternity and infinity perhaps excepted. No less than other things there is also a limit to human endurance. We see no harm, necessarily, in the simple, innocent practical joke, but there is a limit beyond which if pursued the joke loses its original character and often leads to serious results. When it comes to the destruction and the mutilation of property, we think the limit has been reached, and it is time to draw the line. We enjoy a good joke as much as any one, and there is no one for whom we have a greater contempt than the “goody-goody.” But we think that in everything there should be, at least, some reason; and unless one knows where the joke should end, it were better for him and all connected that he let it alone.

WE VENTURE to say that THE ARCHIVE is supported by a larger per cent of the matriculates of the institution than any other college magazine in the South. Very good, just keep it up, boys! If your neighbor is able to take THE ARCHIVE, and is too stingy to do so, don't lend him your copy, but see to it that he *does* subscribe, or make life a burden to him.

UP TO the present time the criticism which THE ARCHIVE has received, at the hands of our contemporaries, has been, on the whole, very favorable. About the only adverse criticism that has been offered is that “there is rather too much heavy prose in comparison with the dearth of poetry and pieces in lighter vein.” This is just and impartial criticism, and we recognize it as such. The editors have especially emphasized the importance of the poem and short story. They not only greatly improve the magazine, making it more readable and more attractive in appearance, but, of all kinds of writing, perhaps this is the most beneficial to the writer. The ability to write a *good*

story is a gift of the highest price. "But," some one would say, "I have not that gift. Nature has not been so kind to me in that respect." You do not know that this is true. Surely you cannot expect to accomplish anything without making some effort. It is only the genius who does this. We have offered inducements to the poet and the story writer, and have urged them to come forward; but as yet they have failed to appear.

JUST a paragraph which we find in the *Trinity Catalogue*: "3. The College Inn.—This is a college building of extraordinary merit, both in architectural design and in point of utility. It is heated by warm air and lighted by electricity. *Its sanitary arrangements are complete, including bath-rooms and water-closets on each main floor.*"

PERHAPS the wisest action of our worthy predecessors was the exclusion of the personal joke from the pages of THE ARCHIVE. We recognized at once the wisdom of this move, and we have been led to see it more clearly as we have become more familiarized with our work and better instructed as to the object and aims of the college magazine. Such a publication should strive to give expression to the best and highest thought of the college community. The light joke and the "personal" are to be found elsewhere; the college magazine has a higher mission to perform. Nor is this the only reason. The "personal" is often painful to the sensitive nature and not unfrequently gives rise to feelings of bitterness. THE ARCHIVE had resolved from the first that in this the policy of the former editors should be strictly upheld, but, unfortunately, through thoughtlessness and carelessness on our part, a "personal," or two managed to slip into its columns. We promise to be more careful in future, and think we can safely say that such will not occur again.

THE ARCHIVE cannot remember when the general conduct of the students was ever better than during the term just drawing to a close. We do not know when they have striven more earnestly to act in accordance with the wishes of the Faculty at all times. There has been very little "kicking"—though heaven knows we have had cause to kick. We have responded promptly and willingly to their every call. There has been no dishonest or unfair dealing with them. And so we might go on. But why enumerate further? What has it all amounted to? It is only another instance of "riding a free horse to death." The recent request that ten days be given, within which to stand examinations and review for same, was unanimous. We were surprised, to say the least, when it was refused. We had seen the paper on "The Relation of the Student Body to the Success of the College," which was read before the Student Conference last June, and which met with such universal approval. We had read therein that "the boy who comes to college should certainly be mature enough for self-control, and should have the same voice in the affairs of the college that the citizen has in the republic;" that "he should feel that he has a part in the management of the college;" and that "the college that trusts the most to its students, is the best governed." We had been taught that we should at all times have an opinion of our own on any point at issue, and that such an opinion would always be accorded its true value. Is it strange then that we should have been somewhat surprised when our request, unanimous as it was and entirely within the bounds of reason, as it appeared to all, was refused? Are five days sufficient time for examinations? We cannot speak for others, but as for ourselves, we have six examinations, and most of them hard ones. Now, when it is considered that we are carrying only fourteen hours, and the other subject necessary to make out the required seventeen would make seven examinations, it can readily be

seen what the result will be with those unfortunate ones who are obliged to carry extra work. Seven examinations and five days within which to review and stand them all! What is a man worth who has passed through a week like this, with all the strain upon the physical and nervous organisms which examinations bring? Only those who have experienced such can answer. But "what's the use?" Why all this waste of pencil and good white paper? You will in all probability advise us to bestow our time upon some subject more fruitful of returns. We grant you are wise. We have not yet reached that mature age when we are wise enough to have an opinion. Young fledglings that we are, we are yet incapable of judging between what is good for us and what will bring us harm. But ah, sad thought! we are not the only one who is so unfortunate. The whole student body is as weak and injudicious as we. The more's the pity!



Literary Notes and Reviews.

B. R. PAYNE,

MANAGER.

The Dial in its issue of November 16th has this very significant note [The following list, containing 214 titles, includes books received by *The Dial* since its last issue, (two weeks before)]. Surely he was right who said, "Of making many books there is no end." It will be the purpose of this department to comment only on those books that have any permanent value to those interested in literary matters?

"Recollections" by John Sherman seems to have called forth much comment in political circles. His long experience in Congress, his prominent position in the councils of his party, and his unquestioned ability make what he has to say very interesting. He is very evidently disappointed at not being elected President, and condemns the members of his own party for defeating him for the nomination. The book is of the same class of books as Blaine's "Twenty Years in Congress."

E. L. Godkin, editor of the *Nation*, has just published "Reflections and Comments 1865-1895." He has had great influence on the thought of the more intelligent people of the country during all this time, and his book will be gladly read by those who have known him in his strong editorials. In the early history of Mr. Godkin's journalistic career, he did not display the bigotry and partinanship that have characterized some of his later writings.

A book that will be eagerly read by the students of English literature is Stedman's "Victorian Anthology." This is a companion volume to his "Victorian Poets," the selections being made with a view to illustrating his criticisms

on the various poets. Selections from 343 poets are given, special attention being given to Tennyson, Browning, Matthew Arnold, Swinburne, Rossetti and Morris. Mr. Stedman is one of the leading critics of America, and this book should be a subject of congratulation to every one who has a pride in American scholarship.

There has been a revival of interest in Coleridge during the past few months owing to the publications of some few "Letters" in the Spring, and now that of "Anima Poetae," "hitherto unpublished apparation, reflections. confessions and soliloquies" collected from his note-books and pocket-books. These notes are edited by the poet's grandson, Ernest Hartly Coleridge. It may be remarked, by the way, that the members of Coleridge's family have guarded well his memory and given to the world every bit of valuable information in their power.

The novelists of the present day seem to have the power of indefinitely repeating themselves. Bret Harte, Anthony Hope, Zan Maclaren and others are working over the same material they have made their reputation upon. Another "Luck," another "Zenda Story," another "Drumtochty Story" are terms too often heard now. This is but an indication of how the publishers are making vast sums of money at the expense of the people.

One of the greatest triumphs of book-making yet seen is to be found in the one volume edition of Browning's complete works. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have conferred a great favor on the literary world by bringing together in one volume the works of the great poet. Heretofore it had been impossible to get his complete works without paying a high price for several volumes. In this connection it may be said that Macmillan & Co. have published the best of the papers read before the Browning Society in London.

Macmillan & Co. announce as ready for sale now the "Letters of Matthew Arnold." They will undoubtedly create a new interest in the life of that much misunderstood author. The same publishers have just issued a new volume of Essays by Walter Pater, and the letters of Edward Fitzgerald to Fanny Kemble.

It is announced by the *Outlook* that Gladstone is now getting out an edition of letters written to him. They number more than 200,000. These will throw an interesting light on contemporary English history. In the same connection it is announced that one of the many interesting points in the biography of Lord Tennyson will be the Laureate's relations with the Queen, as revealed in the letters addressed to the Queen. Tennyson will be as surely connected with the name of Victoria, as Shakespeare is with that of Elizabeth.

The death of Eugene Field has brought forth a deal of comment from newspapers and magazines. He was one of the few authors that lived in Chicago; was well known as a journalist, lecturer and poet. His works will always be the special delight of the young people. His little volume of verses for children, "With Trumpet and Drum" has won its way into the hearts of a host of young and old readers. It was a pity that hack work for newspapers consumed time that might have been devoted to permanent literary work.

THE MAGAZINES.

HARPER'S MONTHLY.

The Christmas number of this magazine comes to us full of excellent articles. To comment on any one would be an injustice to the others. They are all splendid and nearly every one well illustrated. Among the contributors and contributions we notice William Dean Howell's in "A Previous Engagement," Caspar Whitney's description of his jour-

ney in the far-north; Briseis a novel by William Black; "The Paris of South America," by Richard Harding Davis; "Hulda the Prophetess," by Kate Douglass Wiggan, and "By Land and Sea," by Howard Pyle. The articles together with the continued ones on "Joan of Arc" and "The German Struggle for Liberty" make this magazine one of the best.

**CONTEMPORARY
REVIEW.**

Count Leo Tolstoi presents the question of "The Persecution of Christians in Russia," in the November Contemporary Review. He shows how the Russian Government, to exist, must pursue the course which it is now pursuing toward these people who refuse to serve the Government in any acts of force. He puts his whole articles in these words: "Thus whether indulgent or cruel toward men who by their lives proclaim christianity, Government is forwarded to its destruction." When this occurs then "There will be the thing which ought to be, that which is well pleasing to God, which is according to the law he has put in our hearts and revealed to our minds."

**REVIEW OF
REVIEWS.**

The *Review of Reviews* for December has "John Sherman's Story of His Own Career" reviewed. It tells us that Sherman was what we would call "wild" in early youth, that he first studied law and then drifted into politics, for which he finally gave up his law. His actions during the Civil War and his attitude on the money question, both then and now, are set forth.

The "Venezuela Question" by William L. Scruggs. In this we are given a history of the early boundary lines and treaties between Venezuela and England.

Then the bull-dog aggressions of England follow;—how she by force stole the land to which she had no claim

and about which she is unwilling to arbitrate. Mr. Scruggs takes the position that the action of England effects every nation in both Americas, and that the United States should enforce the Monroe doctrine to its fullest extent.

In "Mr. Herbert Spencer," "one who knows him," first tells us that Mr. Spencer effaces his personality from his work, and that he is at present the most widely read, of any Philosopher.

He was in youth a practical man; to-day he knows not the Greek alphabet. To him life was thought, and in its accomplishment he sought the underlying truths and realities of the world. He was a thorough evolutionist, and has always worked to propagate that doctrine. His success was meagre at first, yet his courage never failed him. He was a terrible worker, and knew not failure. To-day his works are known the world over.



**McCLURE'S
MAGAZINE.**

With a few reminiscences of Lincoln's early manhood in Indiana, McClure's Magazine for December brings us to his removal to Illinois, at the age of twenty one. An account is given of the journey to Illinois, and the settlement of the family in Macon county, of that State; the daring and adventurous feats of Abraham as a flat-boatman; his trip to New Orleans; and his "Unconquerable Hate" for slavery.



**THE
FORUM.**

An article by a French writer on the "Condition of American Commercial and Financial Supremacy," show the surprise in France and all Europe at the sloth of our financiers in settling the monetary difficulties of our nation. He attributes our difficulties to the existence of paper money, redeemable in specie, and the hesitation in accepting the gold standard.

Another article by Theodore Roosevelt, justifies and commends the action of Speaker Thomas B. Reed in the Fifty-

first Congress. Instead of being a "Czar" he proved "free debate," and gave to all representative governments rules by which to govern such bodies, in order that they may be law-making instead of filibustering assemblies.

Alfred C. Casset, in his article, "The Monroe Doctrine, Defence not Defiance," says, that the doctrine was never anything more than the expression of a popular sentiment by a popular President; that it is not an enactment of Congress, but was asserted and intended for a state of facts that no longer exists.

THE
CENTURY.

Mrs. Schuyler Van Renssalaer has an interesting article in the November *Century* on "Robert Louis Stevenson and His Writing."

She regards Stevenson as the most perfect master of English style in our time. She brings out the point that only those who have been "taught through brotherhood in effort" can fully appreciate perfection in the art of words. She refers to the training of Stevenson's technical studies, how he combined perseverance with his natural genius, and, by this means, rose far higher than genius alone could have carried him. His attitude towards his art is brought out—his present ideas. Mrs. Van Renssalaer was not a friend of Stevenson's. She had seen him only once. This visit is described. She gives her impressions of him as a man. His extreme cheerfulness and tenderness, notwithstanding his physical weakness, were especially noticeable. She passes from the characteristics of the man to those of his works. Each word was intended to contribute some real part to the whole. In conclusion, she sums up what Stevenson's art in writing has meant to her.

"The Passion Play at Vardar Thiersee" the first article in the December *Century* is highly typical of the high tone of the entire Christmas issue. The title clearly indicates the subject matter of the article. The play took place at Kufstein,

near Munich, in a large, barn-like building. The play itself equals any of Oberammergan.

Leslie Perry brings to the public notice much new material concerning Lincoln's public life in his "Appeals to Lincoln's Clemency."

One of the best Christmas articles is "Tissot's Life of Christ," by Edith Coues. It is well written and beautifully illustrated.

THE
ARENA. "Personal Recollections of America's Seven Poets" is decidedly the literary article of the December *Arena*.

Prof. George D. Herron indicates, and earnestly urges the church to its duty in the "Present Social Crisis."

The "Government Ownership of the Telegraph" is discussed by Prof. Ely, of the University of Wisconsin, and by Judge Walter Clark, of the Supreme Bench of North Carolina.

Many new ideas on the writing of biography are presented by the editor, B. O. Flower, in his "Life of Sir Thomas More."

Without comment, the four articles most prominent in the November *Arena*, dealing with the political, social, economic and religious questions of the day are: "Why the South wants Free Silver," by Senator John T. Morgan; "The Sociality of Jesus' Religion," by Prof. Geo. D. Herron; "The Impending Political Advance," by Ex-Governor James M. Ashley; and "The Unrighteousness of Government," by Chas. Radolf, M. D.

MISSIONARY
REVIEW. All missionary literature is more or less historical, and hence more interesting to the average reader. The articles of this type, and, also, the most interesting of the December *Review*, are: "John Livingston Nevins," by the editor; a contribution on the "Jews in Palestine;" another on "The Educational Work in Egypt;" "The Education of Women in Syrsa;" and "The Druses." The last being perhaps the most interesting in view of the recentness of the subject.

Collegiana.

COLLEGE DIRECTORY.

Hesperian Literary Society.

Meets every Friday twenty minutes after ringing of evening bell.

F. A. LINNEY, Pres. A. S. WEBB, Vice-Pres. J. M. FLOWERS, Sec.

Columbian Literary Society.

Meets every Friday twenty minutes after ringing of evening bell.

J. F. BIVINS, Pres. J. C. HALL, Vice-Pres. A. L. DAVIS, Sec.

Historical Society.

Regular meeting first Saturday of each month at 8:00 P. M.

DR. J. S. BASSETT, President. P. V. ANDERSON, Secretary.

Saturday Night Club.

Meets every Saturday night at 8:00 P. M.

DR. J. S. BASSETT, President. PROF. EDWIN MIMS, Secretary.

Tennis Association.

PROF. EDWIN MIMS, President. B. R. PAYNE, Secretary.

Young Men's Christian Association.

F. S. ALDRIDGE, President. B. R. PAYNE, Secretary.

Regular meeting every Sunday at 2:00 P. M.

LOCALS.

S. E. MERCER, - - - - - MANAGER.

The table added to the reading room, has already proved very beneficial. It tends to prevent students from monopolizing any one paper, as they have to stand while reading.

Two members of the Faculty went hunting recently, and from "reports" we hear that the birds were very badly scared. The Senior Class failed to have its reporter along, consequently the number of shots fired at the birds is not known.

The following is the programme for the field-day exercises :

1. Game of Croquet.
2. Biscuit Race.
3. Throwing at a mark ; distance thirty feet, acorns to be used.
4. An exciting game of Jack-straws.
5. Game of Marbles by members of the Junior Class.
6. Walking Contest, distance one hundred feet.
7. Bean Bag Contest.
8. Game of "Mumble-peg."

A game of Leap-frog was on the programme, but it was thought to be too brutal and the exercise too violent. Only those who have trained under the physical director of the gymnasium will be allowed to compete. That the exercise may not appear so brutal the last event will be a Spelling match between the Freshman and the Sophomores. Since the men have been in training for several months, no one is expected to be hurt in the game of Jack-straws.

The new slate black-boards, recently put in the Mathematical room, are an improvement over the old ones, which were beginning to be worn.

The Trustees held the regular fall meeting, November 21st, in the parlor of the Main Building. The meeting was well attended, and much enthusiasm was shown.

President Kilgo preached in Durham Sunday, November 10th. In the morning at the Presbyterian Church, and in the evening at Trinity Church. Notwithstanding the weather was inclement, the churches were crowded.

It must be the height of some Freshman's ambition to be a railroad engineer, from the way he blows in the hallways. Other people do not enjoy his imitations of the whistle as much as he seems to.

Dr. J. R. Jones, of Tarboro, donated nearly four hun-

dred volumes of valuable books to the library, November 23rd. Dr. E. A. Yates, of Durham, also gave a large number.

“Beefy” Davis, class '91, spent a few days with us while on his way to Conference.

Prof. Mims represented Trinity at the Association of Southern Colleges, held at Atlanta in the early part of November.

From the Librarian's report, we notice that more books are being read this year than any previous year. We are glad to see the literary interest growing.

Prof. Dowd lectured before a large and appreciative audience on “Charity” at Main Street church, November 1st.

Every day gives evidence to the fact that colleges are coming more and more in touch with public life. Prof. Mims' merits as a lecturer are being recognized throughout the State. On November 23rd he delivered his lecture on “Literature and Life,” at Jonesboro, and on the 30th, he lectured at Burlington, on the “Greek and the Puritan.” He also lectured on the 19th before the Main Street Epworth League on Tennyson's “In Memoriam.” This lecture was highly enjoyed by all present.

What we gave thanks for Thanksgiving Day :

That Trinity is so enthusiastic over Athletics.

That we have no loafers in college.

That so many of the students practice singing.

That no member of the Faculty keeps his classes after the bell rings.

That none of the students were hurt playing inter-collegiate foot-ball this year.

That the Senior Class has such an excellent reporter.

That we are to have holiday Christmas.

That the pea crop on the campus was fine, and the prospect for an oat crop is good.

That it doesn't take more than one day for the water to run out of the bath tubs.

That the hot water is not turned off more than 24 hours a day.

That the tennis courts on the campus still leave *some* room for grass.

ALUMNI NOTES.

F. S. ALDRIDGE, - - - - - MANAGER.

We clip the following from the *News and Observer*:

“OAK RIDGE, N. C., Nov. 8, 1895.

“The second lecture in course this year will be delivered on the evening of the 16th inst., by Prof. Chas. L. Raper, of Greensboro Female College. Prof. Raper is a graduate of this institution, a member of the class of '89. From here he went to Trinity College, and graduated first in the class of '92. He is one of the most brilliant among the younger educators of the State, and his coming is hailed with delight by the student body generally. A splendid programme of music is being arranged for the occasion.”

W. F. Wood ('90) is Teller in Winston National Bank.

R. H. Willis ('93) is in Vanderbilt University, where he is taking the Theological Course.

E. C. Brooks ('94) has a very good position in the Treasury Department at Washington, D. C.

C. H. Armfield ('80) is practicing law in Statesville with his father. He is one of the best lawyers in the State.

E. T. Bynum ('92), after taking a course in John Hopkins University, was Professor of History in this College during the absence of Dr. Bassett. Mr. Bynum is still pursuing his course in History in a German University. We feel proud of him as well as several other North Car

olina young men who have realized that our own State needs men as well as others. While it is true that quite a number of the Professors in our own Colleges are North Carolinians, why is it that we still go to other States to get men to fill our most responsible positions, while we have the material which only needs development? And why is it that when one of our young men has equipped himself that he has to seek other than his own State for appreciation?

G. I. Watson ('73) is doing business in Lake Landing. He is one of the first citizens of Hyde county.

E. C. Hackney ('76) has been for a long time one of Durham's leading citizens. He has moved away from Durham this year. He now lives in Colorado, where he has gone for the health of his wife. While in Durham he was connected with one of its best newspapers and was also one of the firm of a large cigar and tobacco factory. Mr. Hackney is a very prosperous business man and a good citizen. While he had to leave a paying business and many friends, we feel sure that he will make friends at his new home and will soon be making himself known in business circles.

T. S. Groom ('89) is engaged in the tobacco business in Rock Hill, S. C.

D. A. Houston ('91) is doing well in the drug business in Mt. Airy. We have been informed that he has been a little careless in his business lately. There is a little boy in his home who is just now claiming a great deal of his time.

G. W. Guilford ('94) is Clerk of the Court in Beaufort county.

J. B. Koonce ('95) is teaching in Hyde county.

Dr. J. Hill ('78), who has for the past five years been

practicing in Arcadia, N. C., has moved to Lexington, where he will continue at his profession.

Prof. J. M. Bandy, who was for several years Professor of Mathematics of Trinity College, is at his home in Old Trinity, Randolph county.

Mr. S. W. Finch ('83) is living in Lexington, and we are told is the centre of very much attraction among the ladies.

Mr. J. A. Elliott ('85) is the proprietor of a very extensive mercantile business in Thomasville.

Prof. F. P. Wyche ('85) is principal of a large school at Gibson Station, N. C.

Mr. T. D. Sumner (here in '88) is living in Thomasville, where he has lately taken to himself a help-meet. THE ARCHIVE extends to him its congratulations, wishing him a long and prosperous life.

F. C. McDowell ('94) is in Harvard University.

J. R. McCrary ('90) is practicing law in Lexington, N. C. He is rapidly coming to the front in his profession.

T. T. James ('93) is teaching at Liberty, N. C.

R. S. Howie ('95) has been the first one of his class to marry. He used to tell us that a single man was not fit for anything, but we did not think that he was as serious about it as he has proven to be. Allow us to congratulate you, "Bob."

Dr. J. B. C. Wright ('60) is one of the most prominent physicians in Timonsville, S. C. He is an active worker in the church and is Superintendent of the Sunday-School.

Prof. W. J. Helms ('89) is Professor of English Language in Columbian Female College, S. C.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

J. A. DAILEY,

MANAGER.

Some weeks ago Mr. F. P. Turner, the State Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., paid us a very pleasant and profitable visit. Mr. Turner met with the official members, and discussed and opened up plans for still better work in our organization. He is wide awake to this great work, and especially in the State, and doubtless his coming among us will greatly strengthen our work here in college.

* * *

It is encouraging, when we contrast this year's work in college with that of last, to realize such a marked improvement. Perhaps never before have the young men turned their attention to and encouraged the work by their presence at its meetings so much as at the present time. We are glad when the bell rings at 2 o'clock for services on Sundays. The young men in a large measure are impressed by duty to heed its call. This is an evidence of the fact that the Y. M. C. A. in Trinity College is performing a grand mission.

* * *

The services of the Y. M. C. A. on the 17th of November was conducted by Prof. Mims. The subject, "Seeking the Best Things," was presented in an intelligent and forcible manner. Many who heard the Professor gave expression to the fact that this was one of the best lectures we have had in our hall this term. We always hear the members of the faculty, who speak for us with intense interest, because they never fail to give some new thought for brain and soul food.

* * *

The topic for last Sunday's (24th) service was conducted by several men, subject being discussions of the International Work. Mr. Wooten took up the association work

in general, and in a few words gave a graphic description of the work in the State as well as out of the State. His remarks were forcible and well taken. Mr. H. Turner represented the Y. M. C. A. among railroad men. We regret we have not space to give a synopsis of his paper and remarks. Mr. Turner being born in London, the birthplace of this Y. M. C. A. movement, we were the more interested in his words. He spoke at length of the increasing concern of the employers for their employees, how they are providing buildings with all necessary arrangements for the comfort of those under their employ. After this a solo was very beautifully rendered by Mr. Ramsey, "Life's Railway to Heaven." Then Mr. Payne presented the work of the International Committee and its claims. Mr. Payne having gone to Knoxville, and having been thrown with the prime movers and supporters of this work, he was forced to catch the fire not only from these giant intellects, but was moved by the profound importance of the work which they are doing. So, by his description of their work so well given, we said we surely are indebted to this impelling force which keeps our Association alive, and, as an expression of our gratitude, we made up a purse, which will be sent to the committee at once.

—...—

HISTORICAL SOCIETY NOTES.

J. C. HALL,

MANAGER.

Mr. N. H. Busey, an artist of Baltimore, Md., lectured before the December meeting of the Historical Society on Art Culture. We regret our space only permits a brief synopsis of his lecture.

Mr. Busey says America has given but little attention, as yet, to art and music, her energy and talent having been expended in the development of her natural resources and in the extension of practical achievements, thus comparing

unfavorably with Europe from an artistic standpoint. Literature has received far more attention than the fine arts. America has but very few art galleries. The expensiveness of the galleries, the accumulation of choice portraits and the lack of popular interest have very much fettered the development of our artistic spirit. Indications are, had not the South been so impoverished by the late war, that a much greater love for art would be manifested here than in the North. But few seem to realize the necessity of art and music in education. The sense of beauty should enter into all literature. The great mass of our people are as ignorant of the higher conception of art and music as the inhabitants of Central Africa are of literature.

Europe, on the other hand, has passed her practical period, and nearly every town and city of any importance has art-galleries and a fair collection of portraits. All classes are admitted to these galleries, and know something of the beauty of art, and can judge intelligently of the productions presented. Art affords the highest enjoyment only to those who have given it a careful study and can observe and appreciate the skill in which it is produced.

Nature has apparently given more attention to beauty than to those things we call practical, presenting us with an ever-changing picture of beauty and symmetry. No critic can but admire nature's taste, and yet there is a great lack of appreciation on the part of nature's inhabitants. To properly understand and appreciate nature's view, the artist must have an eye trained in the expression of æsthetic grandeur. The arts enter into our daily life more than we realize. What we term the magnetism of a speaker is but the expression of the cultivation of the fine arts.

The painter has to deal with many perplexing problems, and it is only through the most careful, painstaking study

and analysis that he achieves success. No artist can truly represent nature in the varieties produced.

The "Impressionist" class of artists conveys only a superficial concept of the landscape, and most commonly their productions originate from the studios, and are surrounded with only a general and casual impression of natural scenery. The "open-air" class of artists produces the symmetrical blending, in detail, of the true colors portrayed by nature.

English painters generally represent scenes of domestic life; American, landscape and out-door scenes; Italians, landscape and the loftiest conceptions of thought and characters.

Paris is the great artistic mistress of the world, and from her studios have originated the greatest works of art. The French for a long time were realistic in their idea of painting, believing anything should be painted if painted well. The French have now gone back to sentimentalism, reaching even to ugliness. While this revolution of the ideas of portraiture may be justly criticised, we believe it a step in the right direction. The French are noted sculptors. The Greeks had no details in their conception of the finer arts, while modern artists have too much. All artists should make as few lines as possible convey the idea or features intended.

Artistic knowledge is the source of French wealth. No nation so encourages and aids artistic spirit, and gives so great stimulus to artistic productions as the French nation. The government purchases and equips their art-galleries with the masterpieces of art, and the tourist, on entering these galleries, is at once struck by the completeness and splendor of the collection.

Italian masterpieces of art are on the decline. The greatest paintings now being found only in Rome. Careful observers note the works show haste and lack of detail. Every nation has made artistic attempts. The Chinese

and Egyptians had no roundness or effectiveness in their art.

The American people have a natural tendency to art, and the American student ranks second only in the highest schools of art in France. John Sargent is probably the leading American artist.

Mr. Busey's lecture throughout showed his familiarity with the subject, his personal contact with the leading artists, and the subject was treated in a most interesting manner.

Two relics of importance were presented the museum. Dr. Harris, of Littleton, presented a piece of wood from the house of Nathaniel Macon. Dr. Fitch, of Durham, presented a proclamation of a fast day, issued in 1756 by the governor of the colony of Connecticut.



Editor's Table.

J. H. SEPAK,

MANAGER.

In the October *Vanderbilt Observer* appears Chancellor Kirkland's annual address to the students. It is one of the most masterly addresses we have ever read. Replete in thought, argument and suggestion, it appeals to the student not only on his emotional side, but also on his intellectual side. He would urge the student to build for himself a strong character founded upon great moral forces, and he emphasizes the fact that if the student would prepare himself for the imperative demands of the world, he must use his every resource in performing to the best of his ability his every duty. The Chancellor shows in this admirable address that he solved the problem of "how and why educate" the young men of our land. As a whole the address is a literary treat. Would that every college man in the South would read it. Another article in *The Observer* that deserves special mention is "A Notable Book and Its Author," by Prof. Edwin Mims.

The Richmond College Messenger for October is an excellent number, the best article being "The True Mission of the College," by President Otis H. Mason. On account of its great length we could not do it justice in a short review. To be fully appreciated it must be read. *The Messenger* is one of our best exchanges.

EVENTIDE.

Low lying, fleecy floats the cloud,
 That veils the glowing West,
 And shrives the sun as in a shroud,
 Ere he sinks down to rest;
 The fading dusk now slowly goes,
 And dips the cloud in blushing rose.

—*Yale Literary Magazine.*

The Randolph-Macon Monthly is before us for November. It contains several well written articles. "Advance of Medical Science" is a good short article. From a scientific point of view it is very suggestive, yet not long enough to be a good treatment of the subject.

The Ozark, the monthly of Arkansas Industrial University, is a well arranged and attractively gotten up magazine. The October number, the final for the scholastic year, contains some good articles.

In the November number of *The Guilford Collegian*, the author of the article entitled "Democracy and Education," beautifully places before us the necessity of educating the youth of our land. He plainly shows that, if Democracy is to triumph, education must fight its battles. The article is well written and is entitled to your most careful consideration. "Summer Rambles in California" is another article that is well worth the attention of those who are interested in narrative writing and natural scenery.

The Davidson Monthly of November contains several articles worthy of notice. "The Modern Aspects of Socialism" is perhaps the best in point of merit and general interest. The writer shows the influence that Socialism is having upon our civilization, and gives some strong reasons why its principles should not be adopted. He is, however, perhaps a little too dogmatic in his assertions as to the evil influences that the adoption of the system of Socialism would bring about, yet his treatise of the subject is interesting in every way.

"Milton and His Masterpiece" is a well written and very interesting article of *The Wofford College Journal*. The author gives an accurate description of the character of Milton and gives the reader an insight into his greatest work. "An English Writer on the Carolinas" is another subject that is well worth the perusal of all true students.

It would be especially interesting and instructive to any one who is acquainted with our people and history.

The Tennessee University Magazine is one of our best exchanges for this month. "Southern Efforts and Influence" is perhaps the best article contained in the journal. The writer heroically defends the South with respect to the efforts it has put forth and the influence it has had in the development of our country. "My Summer Girl" and "George Eliot" are also articles entitled to the attention of the student and general reader.

Among our exchanges we are glad to find *The Athenaeum*, published by the students of West Virginia University. The only article of much interest is on Dean Johnson, one of Virginia's honored lawyers. The character sketch is very good, showing briefly the work of Dean Johnson in that State. We wish *The Athenaeum* great success.

We are glad to see the *College Message* again and we certainly find a very marked improvement in it. We have always had great faith in the *Message*, and are glad it is gaining for itself great popularity. The articles on "The Supernatural in Literature" is full of thought, and would be a credit to any of our College Magazines; the production shows a thorough mastery of the subject, and it is also written in a very attractive style.

The November number of *The Emory Phœnix* is in no way inferior to the former numbers of this magazine. "Moonshine Jim" is a very interesting story; there is nothing tragical about it, and it shows very plainly the fate of moonshiners. *The Phœnix* struck the right subject when it showed the great necessity of young men joining the Literary Societies of their institution. It should be remembered that society work is an essential part of a college education, though the day has come when many of our boys seem to have forgotten this fact.

We have been the recipients of numerous college magazines; we have received them from both North and South, but we are forced to say that in no other magazine do we find any such an innovation as we find in the November number of *The William and Mary College Monthly*. Judging from the above number, the magazine will not be what the students of the College claimed they would make it,—a literary magazine of the highest type,—for we do not believe that any college paper will ever be what it ought to be, when it allows any one of its departments to criticise severely everything that is not in accordance with its ideas. The exchange department of *The William and Mary College Monthly* begins with the “Semi-annual” of Hollins Institute, and criticises every magazine worthy of their notice from that to *The Yale Literary Magazine*, and even Yale does not escape. With the exception of one or two productions, no one of the magazines, they claim, contains anything that has any literary merit whatever. Everything has too great a “stock of adjectives,” is “sectional,” “is too high-flown” or “is written in a rather school-boyish style.” After carefully perusing the articles in the November number, we have utterly failed to detect its exalted superiority, or to discover the high grounds, unless it is ambiguity, from which it hurls its papal anathemas at the heads of all its contemporaries. “Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed, that he is grown so great?” Since she has presumed to set the standard of literary merit, and to turn the batteries of her wrath upon all non-conformists, we would commend to her a faithful study of “English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,” and in the meanwhile to a more prudent husbandry of her resources.

A winning wile, a pleasant smile,
 A feather.
 A tiny talk, a pleasant walk,
 Together.
 A little doubt, a playful pout,
 Capricious.
 A merry miss, a stolen kiss,
 Delicious!
 You ask mamma, you consult papa,
 With pleasure;
 And both repent, each rash event,
 At leisure. —Exchange.

E. A. WRIGHT,

—SPECIALIST IN—


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Yours faithfully
Edward Graham Daves.

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

TRINITY PARK, DURHAM, JANUARY, 1896.

MANAGER'S NOTICE.

All matter for publication must be in by the 20th of the month previous to month of publication.

Direct all matter intended for publication to S. W. SPARGER, Chief Editor, Trinity Park, Durham, North Carolina.

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One Dollar and Twenty-five Cents per scholastic year (nine issues) payable STRICTLY in advance.

ADVERTISING.

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Literary.

J. F. BIVINS,

MANAGER.

RALEIGH'S "NEW FORT IN VIRGINIA"*—1585.

Our many centennial celebrations within the past score of years, culminating in the glories of the 400th anniversary of the voyage of Columbus, have awakened a widespread interest in early American history, and in all the incidents connected with the Genesis of the United States. Patriotic associations, both of men and women, have sprung up throughout the country, whose aim is to encourage research among our annals, and to cherish a spirit of reverence for our historic past. Many, too, are looking anxiously at the possible effect upon our institutions and national character of the dangerous experiment of absorbing into the body politic the heterogeneous elements of all Europe; and the tendency of this trend of thought and

*The quotations in the text, unless otherwise stated, are from *Hakluyt's Voyages*, Vol. III. For a discussion of the fate of the lost colony, see an article by Prof. S. B. Weeks of Trinity College, North Carolina, in the papers of the *American Historical Society*, Vol. V.

study is to emphasize anew the fact of our Anglican origin, and to bring home to us vividly the truth that we owe what we are as a nation to our English blood and traditions.

Monuments have been erected to mark various historic spots, and now on the coast of California, where in 1579 anchored the fleet of Sir Francis Drake, in his memorable circumnavigation of the globe—the next after that of Magellan)—and where his chaplain, Francis Fletcher, held the Anglican service on the shore for the crews and the savage natives—there is rising a large stone cross—a conspicuous landmark as seen from the ocean in bold relief against the sky on a high rocky cliff—which will ever stand as a silent but eloquent memorial of the first American rites of the national church of that people who were destined to be the masters of this great continent.

To me it seemed of supreme importance to rescue from oblivion the sacred place where our fathers first worshiped God on the Atlantic coast, where they made the first English homes in the New World, and where was the cradle of our civilization. It is on North Carolina soil, and will you not uphold my hands in the good work? A small sum will secure possession of the precious site, and we can hand it down as a priceless heirloom to our children.

Let us read together the pathetic old story of romantic adventure, of manly fortitude, of disaster and death, pre-facing it with the striking prediction of one of the early navigators :

“It seemeth probable that the countreys lying North of Florida, God hath reserved to be reduced unto Christian civility by the *English* nation.”

This prophecy was made when Spain still claimed our whole coast under the decree of the Borgia Pope, when France had established herself in the North, and England had as yet no foothold on the continent. It is the utterance of one who describes himself as “Mr. Edward Haies,

gentleman, and principal actour in the voyage attempted in the yeere of our Lord 1583, by Sir Humphrey Gilbert, knight, and who alone continued unto the end, and by God's speciall assistance returned home with his retinue safe and entire."

Hayes' picturesque narrative of Gilbert's ill-starred voyage forms one of the earliest pages in the history of English colonization.

Till the close of the fifteenth century Italy was the most advanced and enlightened of the States of Europe, the chief seat of the arts and sciences; and as mistress of the Mediterranean it was natural that she should give birth to the first great navigators and explorers. Her sons had penetrated the unknown regions of Asia and Africa; they led the way to all the great discoveries, and Marco Polo, John Cabot, Columbus and Amerigo Vespucci are only the most illustrious among many adventurers. But when a new world had been found, when the Atlantic superseded the Mediterranean as the great sea of commerce, then the work of the Italian students and scientists is done, and it is the Spaniard and the Englishman who reap the fruit of the discoveries.

Strange freak of fortune that the genius and enterprise of her sons were to deprive Italy of her maritime supremacy; that Venice and Genoa, the queen-cities of mediæval commerce, should be discrowned by the immortal exploits of their own children!

The coast of North Carolina is a long, narrow chain of sand-hills, locally called the Banks, separating the ocean from the broad, shallow bodies of water, Pamlico and Albemarle sounds, which are the estuaries of the Neuse and Roanoke and other great rivers of the state. At irregular intervals the line of the Banks is broken by narrow and ever-shifting inlets, through which flow the ocean tides,

turning the inner waters into vast salt lakes, very rich in all varieties of sea products.

Within this breastwork of barren downs are few islands ; but there is one of supreme importance in the history of the Anglo-Saxon race in America. Roanoke island, about twenty miles long by three in width, lies between Roanoke and Croatan sounds, the shallow waters which connect Pamlico and Albemarle, and is two miles from the Banks, and thrice that distance from the mainland. Here was established the first English colony ; here was born the first white American ; here was celebrated the first Christian rite within the limits of the Thirteen Colonies. It is the starting point of events as pregnant with great results in the wonderful history of our race, as was the landing of our forefathers on the shores of Kent, when they migrated from their Holstein homes more than a thousand years before.

Yet, interesting and important as is the spot, how little is known of it by the great majority of Americans, or of this first endeavor to plant the sturdy English stock in the soil of the new world ! We are familiar with the bloody atrocities amid which St. Augustine was founded ; we are versed in the story of John Smith's adventures at Jamestown, and of the arrival of the Mayflower at Plymouth ; but this early attempt at English colonization, with all its romantic incidents, has been allowed to sink almost into oblivion. It is not from lack of historical materials, for they are very abundant. While of the explorations of the Cabots we have no account from any one who took part in their voyages, the story of Roanoke has been fully told by Barlowe, Lane, Hariot, and White, leaders in the several expeditions. These precious documents, together with water-colored illustrations of the new country, have all been preserved, and no tale of adventure is fuller of picturesque incident and romantic interest.

The colony bears the name of one of the most remarka-

ble men in a very remarkable age—Raleigh, the cavalier, statesmen, philosopher, historian, poet, mariner, explorer, hero, martyr—

“The courtier’s, scholar’s, soldier’s eye, tongue, sword.”

No character in legend or history is more brilliant or versatile. The period too, is the most interesting period in the life of the English people. “The spacious time of great Elizabeth,” crowded with great deeds, and filled with “those melodious bursts that echo still.” There were intellectual giants in those grand days, and through all classes of the people ran an enthusiasm of adventure and decay, just as the spirit of the Crusades had at one time thrilled through all Europe. Bacon and Shakespeare were budding into manhood; Sidney had written the *Arcadia* and *Defense of Poesie*, and was about to find his apotheosis on the field of Zutphen; while Spencer was dreaming of the land of Faery, among “the green alders by the Mulla’s shore.” Frobisher had made his Arctic explorations, and Drake had returned to amaze all England with his story of the circumnavigation of the globe.

The saving cruelties of Alva, and the massacre of St. Bartholomew, had kindled religious animosity into a fierce flame. The Prince of Orange was about to fall under the assassin’s knife, and plots were thickening about the fair head of Mary Stuart, which were to bring her to the scaffold. The Renaissance and the Reformation had broken the shackles of the intellect, and widened the horizon of thought; while the great discoveries had opened new fields for the display of human energy. Men were giving up speculations about the heavenly world, which had absorbed the intellectual activities of the middle ages, and were turning to the practical conquest of a world beyond the seas. England and Protestantism were gathering their forces for the last great struggle with Spain and the Latin church, for supremacy in the old world, and for mastery in the new.

The English claim to North America, from Newfoundland to Florida, was based upon the discoveries of John and Sebastian Cabot, made under the authority of a patent granted to them by Henry VII, in March, 1496, the oldest American State paper of England. It empowered them to look for and discover new lands "of infidels and pagans whatever, and wherever situated, which before that time had been unknown to all Christians." Strachey, writing of Virginia in 1618, says: "The King of Spaine hath no collour of title to this place. King Henry VII gave his letters pattents unto John Cabot, a Venetian indenized his subject, and to his three sonnes, who discovered for the King the North part of America, and annexed to the crowne of England all that great tract of land stretching from the Cape of Florida unto those parts, mayne and islands, which we call the New-found-land."

John Cabot had come from Italy to England about 1468, and settled in a suburb of Bristol, then, as now, called Cathay, from its trade with the East Indies, and here his son Sebastian was born. After the Norse Vikings no European until the Cabots had set foot on this continent. Sailing in an English ship manned chiefly with English seamen, they reached the American coast at Prima-Vista, First-seen-land, now Cape Breton, on 24th June, 1497, before either Columbus or Amerigo Vespucci had discovered the mainland. They planted a cross upon the shore, and the meteor flag of England is the first that was unfurled on the continent. Coasting for many leagues along what came to be called La Tierra de las Baccalaos, or Codfish-land, later Labrador, which they thought to be the territory of the Grand Khan in Asia, they returned to England at the end of summer, and Henry, swayed possibly by his unkingly passion of avarice, gave *ten pounds* to the adventurers who presented him with a new world!

Cabot is one of the great historic names over which the caprice of Fate has striven to draw the curtain of oblivion.

While the name of Columbus is rightly found everywhere in America, and that of Vespucci—who first crossed the Atlantic when Sebastian Cabot was making his third voyage from England—has been given to the whole Western hemisphere, no river or mountain, bay or promontory bears the name of Cabot. Yet a recent writer, Brownson, on contrasting the results to the world of the English and Spanish explorations, says: “Columbus and Cabot looked for a land of gold and spices. Columbus found the lands rich in precious metals, and the result there have been four centuries of cruelty, slavery, and oppression, of despotism and anarchy. Cabot found a land whose only wealth was in the codfish that swarmed on its coasts; but that land became the cradle of liberty and justice, of resistance to tyranny and oppression, the refuge of the down-trodden and enslaved of every clime. The world, humanity, is better, nobler, happier, for the discovery made by Cabot; has any real benefit to mankind resulted from the lands south of us?”

The fame of the elder Cabot—whom we Anglo-Americans should learn to reverence—has been obscured by the greater glory of his son. English born and bred, Sebastian Cabot, on the death of his father, became the leader of the expedition of 1498, which was a scheme of colonization. By way of Iceland he reached the shores of Labrador, and coasted as far South as Cape Charles or Hatteras, whence from want of provisions he returned to Europe. In 1516 he discovered Hudson's Bay for England, but through the greater part of the troublous reign of Henry VIII, he was in the service of Spain, and explored for her the great Rio de la Plata in South America. Returning to England he was pensioned and honoured by Edward VI. Now an old man, his restless activity was unabated, and the English voyages in the middle of the sixteenth century were due to Cabot's initiative.

In his fatal expedition to the Arctic seas in 1553, Sir

Hugh Willoughby took with him Cabot's instructions for the voyage, which are most interesting as showing alike his wisdom and skill in seamanship, and his deeply religious character. In them the mariner's log-book is first instituted, and minute directions are given with regard to every detail of the art of navigation. The morning and evening prayer of the Church of England are ordered to be read on every ship daily, and the sailors are enjoined always to act "for dutie and conscience sake towards God, under whose mercifull hand navigants above all other creatures naturally bee most nigh and nicine."

Sebastian Cabot died probably in 1557—that lurid epoch when the Protestant martyrs were perishing at the stake—but his place of death and his grave are unknown. England (as Tardneci says) "had no time to remember or mark the sepulchre of the man to whose (powerful) initiative she owes the wealth and power which have placed her among the foremost nations of the world." "Her claims in the New World have uniformly rested on his discoveries. The English language might be spoken in no part of America but for Sebastian Cabot. The commerce of England and her Navy have been deeply his debtors. Yet his birth-place has been denied and his fame has been obscured. He gave a continent to England; yet no one can point to the few feet of earth she has allowed him in return."

I have dwelt at some length on these earliest efforts at English colonization, because they are so generally overlooked and neglected, and because the story of them enforces any point of the exclusively English origin of our civilization.

After Cabot's discovery of the North American Continent, and his taking possession of it for the crown of England, no important expeditions were undertaken for more than half a century. In the reign of Henry VIII all the energies of the nation were absorbed in the great problems of Church and State then pressing for solution, nor

could the king attempt any conquests in the New World without a rupture with his ally, the Spanish monarch. On the accession of his son, Edward VI, the spirit of maritime adventure revived, but he was on his death-bed when the expedition of Willoughby set sail, and no such enterprise was practicable in the reign of Mary, the slave of Spain and of Rome. But with Elizabeth on the throne, and the Reformation triumphant, all great designs seemed possible.

The earliest attempt at colonization in his reign was made in 1578, by Sir Humphrey Gilbert, and to the initiative of these two men the Anglicizing of this continent is due. The settlement of Jamestown and the establishment of the Puritans at Plymouth were only the last successful steps in a long series of great adventures. New England was founded by pursuing the path marked out by Gilbert, and Virginia by following that of Raleigh; the enterprises of these two great men—*par nobile fratrum*—are the true beginnings of Anglo-American history. Raleigh was already conspicuous as a *preux chevalier* and champion of Protestantism. He had set before himself as the one great aim in life the humiliation of Spain, and the weakening of the power of the Latin race and religion. At the early age of seventeen he left the University of Oxford to join a band of a hundred volunteers, who went to the aid of Coligny and the Huguenots—"a gallant company, nobly mounted and accoutred, and bearing for a motto on their standard, 'Let valor decide the contest.'" France was then aflame with the reports of the massacre of the Huguenots in Florida, and the idea germinated in Raleigh's mind that a moral blow might be dealt to the enemy beyond the seas. From the service of Coligny he passed to that of William the Silent, and all the while was growing in him the conviction (which he expressed later in life,) that the possession of America would decide the question of the supremacy of Spain or England. 'For whatsoever Prince shall possess it,' wrote he, "shall bee greatest, and

if the king of Spayne enjoy it, he will become unresistible. I trust in God that he which is Lorde of Lords, will put it into her heart which is Lady of Ladies to possess it." *Paper on Guinea*, 1595.

Raleigh took command of one of the small vessels of Sir Humphrey Gilbert's fleet, with which they hoped to reach our shores, and by establishing a colony check the progress of the Spaniards, and "put a byt into their ancient enemy's mouth." The attempt was a failure; and on the second expedition, in 1583, Raleigh, who had fitted out one of the five ships, was forbidden by the queen to accompany his brother. Gilbert took formal possession of Newfoundland, but he lost his ship off Sable island; and on the return voyage the gallant soldier went down off the Azores, with the Squirrel, his little craft of ten tons, his last noble words being, "Courage, my friends! We are as neere to heaven by sea as by land."

To Raleigh then came the scheme of colonization almost as an inheritance; and on Lady-Day, March 25, 1584, Queen Elizabeth issued to him a patent of discovery, granting him "all prerogatives, commodities, jurisdictions, royalties, privileges, franchises, and pre-eminences, (there-to or thereabouts, both by sea and by land, whatsoever we by our letters patents may grant, and as we or any of our noble progenitors have heretofore granted to any person or persons, bodies politique or corporate.")

He equipped two vessels under command of Amadas and Barlowe, and from the pen of the latter we have an account of the expedition: "The 27 day of Aprill, in the yere of our redemption 1584, we departed the West of England, with two barkes well furnished with men and victuals. . . The tenth of June we were fallen with the Islands of the West Indes. . . The second of July, we found shole water, wher we smelt so sweet and so strong a smel, as if we had been in the midst of some delicate garden abounding with odoriferous flowers, by which we were assured, that the land could not be farre distant."

This characteristic of what Lane afterward called the "Paradise of the world" may have been in Milton's mind when he described the approach of the Evil Spirit to the garden of Eden :

"Now purer air
Meets his approach; . . . now gentle gales
Fanning their odoriferous wings dispense
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
Those balmy spoils. As when to them who sail
Beyond the Cape of Hope, north-east winds blow
Sabean odours from the spicy shore
Of Araby the blest; with such delay
Well pleased they slack their course, and many a league
Cheered with the grateful smell old Ocean smiles."*

"Keeping good watch, and bearing but slacke saile, the fourth of July [America's fated day!] we arrived upon the coast, which we supposed to be a continent, and we sayled along the same 120 miles before we could find any entrance, or river issuing into the sea. The first that appeared unto us we entered, and cast anker about three harquebuz-shot within the haven's mouth: and after thanks given to God for our safe arrivall thither, we manned our boats, and went to view the land next adjoining, and to take possession of the same, in right of the Queenes most excellent Majestie."

The explorers had coasted northward two days along the Banks, and entering probably at New inlet or Trinity harbour, had anchored not far from Roanoke island. "We viewed the land about us, being, whereas we first landed, very sandie and low towards the water side, but so full of grapes. as the very beating and surge of the sea overflowed them, of which we found such plentie, both on the sand and on the green soil on the hills, as well as on the hills, as well on every shrubbe, as also climbing towards the tops of high Cedars, that I thinke in all the world the like abundance is not to be found." This is evidently the lux-

*Paradise Lost, IV, 153-165.

uriant North Carolina Scuppernong grape, whose strong aromatic perfume might well be perceived at some distance from the shore. . . . "There came unto us divers boats, and in one or them the king's brother, with fortie or fiftie men, very handsome and goodly people, and in their behaviour as mannerly and civill as any in Europe. . . . The soile is the most plentifull, sweete, fruitfull and wholesome of all the worlde: (there were above fourteene severall sweete-smelling timber trees, and the most part of their underwoods are Bayes and such like.) . . . Wee came to an Island which they call Roanoke, distant from the harbour by which we entered seven leagues: and at the north end thereof was a village of nine houses, built of Cedar, and fortified round about with sharp trees, to keepe out their enemies, and the entrance into it made like a Turne pike very artificially. . . . The wife of the king's brother came running out to meete us very cheerefully and friendly. When we come into the utter roome, having five roomes in her house, she caused us to sit downe by a great fire, and after tooke off our clothes and washed them, and dried them againe: some of the women plucked off our stockings and washed them, some washed our feete in warme water, shee herselfe making greate haste to dress some meate for us to eate. . . . We were entertained with all love and kindnesse, and with as much bountie as they could possibly devise, We found the people most gentle, loving and faithfull, voide of all guile and treason, and such as live after the manner of the golden age."

It is important to mark this tribute to the character of the Hatteras Indians, and bearing in mind after instances of their kindness and fidelity, we are forced to admit that their final attitude of hostility was entirely due to harsh and cruel treatment of them by the Colonists. It was a stern and ruthless age; the followers of the blessed Gospel of peace and love went ever armed with fire and sword, and admitted no right of any savage or pagan opponent to property, liberty or life.

These first explorers remained in our waters only two months, reaching England again "about the middle of September," bringing with them two of the natives, Wanchese and Manteo. Their arrival excited the greatest interest. Raleigh named the new country Virginia in honor of the queen, and our whole Atlantic coast was now regarded as under the dominion of France, England, and Spain; the three districts of indefinite boundaries being known as Canada, Virginia, and Florida.

This voyage of Amadas was merely one of exploration; but in 1585 Raleigh fitted out a second expedition of seven sail and one hundred and eight men, under command of his cousin Sir Richard Grenville, to plant a colony in the paradise described by Barlowe. Grenville is another of the brilliant heroes of this period, and it is interesting to note the number of remarkable men who were connected with the American voyages. Gilbert, Raleigh, Grenville, Lane, Hariot, White, form as striking a group of adventurous spirits as can be gathered together in history.

Full accounts of the experiences of the colonists are given by Lane. "The 9 day of April 1585 we departed from Plymouth, our Fleete consisting of the number of seven sailes, (to wit the Tyger, of the burden of seven score tunnes, a Flie-boat called the Roe-bucke, of the like burden, the Lyon of a hundred tunnes, the Elizabeth, of fifty tunnes, and the Dorotheie, a small barke: wherunto were also adjoynd for speedy services, two small pinnesses. . . . The 12. day of May wee came to an anker off the island of St. John de Porto Rico. . . . The 24. day we set saile from St. Johns, being many of us stung upon shoare with the Muskitos. . . . The 20 of June we fell in with the maine of Florida. The 23. we were in great danger of wracke on a beach called the Cape of Feare, [the Promontorium tremendum of the old maps.] The 26. we came to anker at Wocokon [Ocracoke]. July 3 we sent word of our arriving at Wocokon to Wingina

[the Indian chief] at Roanoak. The 16. one of the savages having stolen from us a silver cup, we burnt and spoyled their corne and towne, all the people being fled. . . . The 27. our Fleete ankered at Haterask, and there we rested. The 25. August our Generall weyed anker, and set saile for England.’’

Grenville thus remained two months on the Carolina coast, and then putting the colony under the government of Ralph Lane, returned home to join the other “Sea-dogs” who were now making the whole Atlantic unsafe for Spain. His death in 1591 off the Azores, where also Gilbert had perished, is one of the most glorious events in British naval annals. The English squadron consisted of but seven sail; the Spanish fleet numbered fifty-five. Engaged all night at close quarters with many of the largest Spanish galleons, at daylight Grenville found his little ship, the *Revenge*, literally shot to pieces, and not a man on board unhurt. Desperately wounded, he still refused to strike his flag; and when forced by his crew to surrender the sinking hull, he was taken on board the Spanish Admiral to utter the memorable last words: “Here die I, Richard Grenville, with a joyful and quiet mind; for that I have ended my life as a true soldier ought to do, fighting for his country, queen, religion, and honour.”

[CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

THE ORIGIN AND DEVELOPMENT OF THE
KU KLUX CLAN.

The most interesting epoch in the history of the South is that period from 1865 to 1870, known as the "Reconstruction Era." After the surrender at Appomattox our fathers returned to their homes and began to gather up the fragments of the social, civil and political wreck, in order to form them into institutions to suit their new conditions of life. The difficulties under which they labored were extreme. They had to contend, first, with their own prejudices as a proud, though conquered, people; second, the character of those agents of the United States government, who were, many of them, mere adventurers, without the best interests of the South at heart; third, the class of unprincipled men of our own country whom the fortunes of war had placed in power; fourth, the negro race, so recently slaves, now masters of themselves, and without the capability of using their liberty. Add to these the complete upheaval of society, in which some of its worst elements, for a time, floated upon the surface, also the passions of war and lawlessness still rampant in the hearts of men, and you will have some faint idea of the problems that confronted the Southern people.

It was during this period and under these circumstances that the Ku Klux Clan came into existence, spread from Texas to Virginia, and passed out of life, as it had come, shrouded in mystery. As a secret organization it kept its secret, despite the decrees of States, the investigating committee of Congress, and the torture of its individual members.

However much men may become educated, there is still something in their natures over which the wierd and the unknown wields a mysterious power, while over the ignorant and the lawless it is doubly potent. This movement was peculiar to the time and illustrates this power of the silent and the mysterious. It also illustrates how men

may, by the instruments of their own creation, be borne into lines of action wholly foreign to their first intentions.

“The popular idea supposes the Ku Klux movement to have been conceived in malice, and nursed by prejudice and hate, for lawlessness, rapine and murder.” Many of the incidents which occurred during that dark period confirm this view. (Mr. Tourgee’s book treating of this period, and many of the chapters in “Three Decades of Federal Legislation,” by Sunset Cox, strenuously uphold this idea of the Ku Klux organization). The object of this paper is to get at the real facts, and by them arrive at a true estimate of the character and objects of this celebrated organization.

Pulaski, Tennessee, a town of about three thousand inhabitants, was the birthplace of the “Ku Klux Clan.” It is the county seat of Giles, one of the southern counties of Middle Tennessee, and is situated on the Louisville, Nashville and Great Southern R. R., almost directly south of Nashville. Before the war its people were cultured and wealthy. The war destroyed their wealth, but their culture is retained, and it is a town of schools and churches. Its inhabitants show none of those traits which the popular idea would ascribe to the people among whom the Ku Klux originated. “There, in 1866, the name of Ku Klux first fell from human lips.” This organization was the result of the peculiar social, civil and political condition of the South from the close of the war to 1869.

After the struggle was over, the young men of Pulaski, like many other Southern men, passed through a period of inactivity. Business habits were broken up; few had the capital to enter at once upon agricultural or commercial pursuits. There were no amusements or social recreations to relieve the intense reaction which followed the exciting scenes of war. In May, 1866, a few of these young men happened to be together in the office of one of the leading members of the Pulaski bar. Sometime in the evening

during the conversation one of them remarked: "Boys, let us get up a club or society of some description." A lively discussion followed, and before separating they agreed to invite some others, and to meet again in the same place. On the following evening eight or ten young men assembled and effected a temporary organization by the election of a chairman and secretary. The members were all agreed as to the objects of the organization, which were diversion and amusement. They spent the evening in discussing the best methods of attaining these ends. They also appointed two committees, one to select a name, and the other to draw up the rules for the society, and to form the ritual for the initiation of new members. The club then adjourned to meet the following week.

Mr. Tourgee ridicules the idea of amusement connected with this movement, and cites the pride and dignity of the Southern men. He speaks of them as suddenly becoming a "race of jesters, moonlight masqueraders and personators of the dead. It was a funny thing," he says, "for the gravest, most saturnine and self-conscious people on the globe to make themselves ridiculous, ghostly masqueraders by the hundred thousand." He, as well as many others, was laboring under a mistake as to the number of the Ku Klux, nor does he take into account the factors which afterward entered into the organization. He did not understand the character of the movement, nor did he realize that there was a great and noble purpose behind those fantastic gowns. As for his opinions of the Southern people, his views are extremely prejudiced.

During the week following the last meeting, a prominent citizen of Pulaski went to Columbus, Miss., on business, taking his family with him. He invited one of the leading spirits of the movement to take care of and sleep at his house. This young man invited the club to meet with him there, which they did; and the owner, who outlived the Ku Klux Clan, never knew that his house had been their

meeting place. The house afterward came into the hands of Judge H. M. Spofford, and is still the home of his widow.

The committee appointed to select a name had some difficulty in deciding upon one which would represent the character and objects of the society. Among those presented for consideration was that of "Kukloi," from the Greek word Kuklos, meaning a band or circle, whereupon some one exclaimed, call it Ku Klux. Clan was afterwards added to complete the alliteration. Thus, instead of their first intention, they had chosen a name meaningless to themselves as to every one else. It is true that Shakespeare says, "What's in a name? that which we call a rose by any other name would smell as sweet," but it is doubtful if the organization would have ever reached such large proportions and wielded so great a power had it been called by some commonplace name, signifying its character and objects. Strange as it may seem, the members themselves were the first to feel its wierd effect, and began to shape their plans in harmony with the name they had chosen.

Amusement was still their object, but now it was to be sought by means of secrecy and mystery; so, when the committee on rules reported, the plan was modified accordingly. These are the officers of the plan finally adopted: "A Grand Cyclops, or President; a Grand Magi, or Vice-President; a Grand Turk, or Marshal; a Grand Exchequer, or Treasurer, and two Lictors." The latter were the sentinels of the "Den," as they called their place of meeting.

The obligation for membership was to maintain profound secrecy with reference to the order and everything pertaining to it. They were not allowed to tell that they were Ku Klux, nor were they allowed to disclose the name of any member. It was against the constitution to invite any one to join the order. However, a member might say to some desirable man, "I am going to join the Ku Klux."

If the person expressed a desire to do likewise the member would say: "Well, I think I know how to get in. Meet me at such a place, on such a night, at such an hour, and we will join together."

"Each member was required to provide himself with the following outfit: A white mask for the face, with holes for the eyes and nose; a tall fantastic cardboard hat so constructed as to increase the wearer's apparent height; a gown or robe of sufficient length to cover the entire person." As to color and style, each used his individual taste in selecting the most hideous and grotesque patterns. Each member carried a small whistle, by which they communicated with each other according to a selected code of signals. Such preparations bear the stamp of amusement and pranks and not of devilry. Some may wonder where the fun came in. First, in arousing curiosity and then in baffling it; second, in the initiation of members.

The initiations at first took place in the law office, but it was small and situated in the business part of the town, and there was much danger of interruption from outsiders. However, the members soon found a more suitable place for their meetings. On a ridge west of the town there once stood a large mansion, with a brick front or main building, and an "L" built of wood. In December, 1865, a cyclone destroyed the main building, leaving the "L" standing. It consisted of three rooms, from one of which a stairway led to a large cellar beneath. This they selected as their "den," and a ghostly place it must have been; a lonely wind-swept ridge, with the trees uprooted and torn by the storm, standing like gaunt spectres of death overlooking the dark, deserted cellar.

When a meeting was held one Lictor was stationed in front of the house and the other about fifty yards on the road coming out from Pulaski. Each of them, dressed in their fantastic robes, bore a great spear as the badge of their office.

When a candidate was to be initiated, he and the member approached the first Lictor, who, after asking some questions, blew his whistle for the other to come and take charge of the novices. The candidate was then blindfolded, under the impression that his companion was treated likewise. He was then led around through the three rooms and down into the cellar, different objects being placed before him from time to time, which added, at least, to his discomfort. The obligation of secrecy was then administered, and a series of more or less absurd questions was asked. After this the Grand Cyclops commanded: "Place him before the royal altar and adorn his head with the regal crown." The "royal altar" was a looking-glass. The "regal crown" was a huge hat, bedecked with two enormous donkey ears. "In this head-gear the candidate was placed before the mirror and directed to repeat the couplet:"

"O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us."

As he uttered the last words the Grand Turk removed the bandage from his eyes, and he beheld his own ludicrous image in the glass. This was a signal for all the members to engage in shouts of laughter.

In the early history of the order they were very careful about the character of those initiated, as a single unreliable man could have spoiled all the fun by divulging their secrets. Some of their methods in disposing of undesirable candidates are amusing. In one instance they had the candidate to meet them on top of a long slope, just back of the town. Without being blindfolded, he was led before the Grand Cyclops, who, being mounted on a stump so that his robe concealed it, appeared fully ten feet tall. After asking him some questions, the Grand Cyclops ordered the Lictors to blindfold the candidate and proceed; whereupon they proceeded to put him into a large barrel and to start the barrel rolling down the hill.

These details show the early character of the organization, and that its originators had no idea of lawlessness, or of the powerful character it afterwards assumed.

During the months of July and August, 1866, the Ku Klux mystery was the topic of the day in and around Pulaski. Newspapers and excited tongues scattered the news abroad over the country, so that, about the time all the eligible material in the town was used up, young men from the country, impelled by curiosity, came to join the order. These soon asked permission to establish "dens" in the country, which, although no provision had been made for it, was granted. Thus "dens" were established in the surrounding country with various modifications of the Ritual, but with the same injunction of secrecy, mystery, and the character of the men admitted.

During the latter part of the year 1866 the Clan spread rapidly. A stranger, visiting one of the "infected" regions, would be initiated, and return home with permission to establish a "den" in his own neighborhood. Under this method of organization, the links between the various Clans were not very strong; but, by a sort of common agreement, the Grand Cyclops of the Pulaski "den" was considered the head of the order. So far, there was no need of strong organization, as amusement was still the chief end in view. The members enjoyed the wild speculations of the mystified public even more than the rough sport of initiating candidates.

Such is the history of the Ku Klux Clan from June, 1866, to April, 1867; but during all this time it had been gradually taking on new features, which finally transformed it into a band of "Regulators." The transformation was brought about by several causes: "(1) The impression made by the order upon the minds of those who united with it; (2) the impression made upon the public by its wierd and mysterious methods; (3) the anomalous and peculiar condition of affairs in the South at that time."

The popular idea was that the order had a great mission in view, and, with this idea, many sought connection with it, and after initiation this conviction was deepened rather than dissipated by the sport. Though there was nothing in the ritual to indicate it, the high-sounding titles, the wonderful dress and the formidable obligation seemed to indicate more than mere sport.

The second cause of the transformation was the impression of the Clan upon the public. At first there were many travelers along the road by the deserted house upon the hill. These generally passed the grim and ghostly Lictor in silence and as hurriedly as possible. Sometimes one would ask, "Who are you?" "In awful sepulchral tones, the invariable answer was, 'A spirit from the other world. I was killed at Chicamauga.'" An answer like this, amid such surroundings, with the "den" in the distance, from which issued such strange, unearthly sounds, was calculated to inspire fear, especially if the person was a superstitious negro. Such incidents as this, both in the town and country, soon gave rise to innumerable stories, which soon had their effect upon the public. Night travel in Ku Klux localities ceased, and the negroes were especially quiet wherever the Ku Klux made their appearance. In this way the members came to realize the wonderful power of their methods over the minds of men. They soon saw, also, how much good might be done among certain classes for the welfare of the country and the protection of property.

The most powerful of the causes of transformation was the condition of the South, because it furnished the foundation for the other two. Few have realized fully the peculiar state of affairs at the South during this period. The world has passed sentence upon the South and upon the Ku Klux, without considering the circumstances by which they were surrounded. There were two causes of trouble and vexation which the people were not in a mood

to tolerate, one of which was a class of unprincipled men whom the great upheaval had cast upon the surface of society. Not simply because they were Union men, as Mr. Tourgee would have us believe, but because they were traitors to both sides, and sought only their own ends, were they hated. They strove to keep alive the hatred and bitterness between the factions, in order that they might remain in power. Their effect upon the social, civil and political institutions of the South was disastrous in the extreme.

Another class was that of the newly freed negroes. Suddenly passing from slaves to citizens, they mistook liberty for license, and were totally incapable of using their liberty in the right way. The negro looked upon liberty as freeing him, not only from his master, but from the laws made by his master. The Union League was also a very important factor as furnishing a means of uniting the negroes under the leadership of bad white men.

Civil law was very partially executed, and there was an amount of lawlessness hitherto unknown in the South. "Under their fear of the dreaded Ku Klux, the negroes made more progress in a few months in the needed lessons of self-control, industry, respect for the rights of property and general good behavior, than they would have done in as many years, but for this or some equally powerful impulse."

Up to the beginning of the year 1867, the performances of the Ku Klux were mostly within the bounds of reason, but in some cases they had overstepped those bounds. Bad men had gotten into the organization, and, in order to control them, it became imperatively necessary to organize the Clan on a more thorough basis, so as to remedy the evils which had crept into the order. With this object in view, the Grand Cyclops of the Pulaski "den" sent out a request for all the "dens" to send delegates to a convention to be held in Nashville early in the summer of 1867.

The convention met and adopted a plan of organization, which, but for one source of weakness, made this "one of the most perfectly organized orders that ever existed in the world."

The whole territory covered by the Clan was called the "Invisible Empire." This was divided into "realms," corresponding to the States. The realms were divided into "dominions" coterminous with the counties, and the dominions into "dens." Officers were assigned to each department, and, except the supreme officer, their duties were minutely specified. These officers were as follows: "The Grand Wizard of the Invisible Empire and his ten Genii; the Grand Dragon of the Realm and his eight Hydras; the Grand Titan of the Dominion and his six Furies; the Grand Cyclops of the Den and his two Night Hawks; a Grand Monk; a Grand Scribe; a Grand Exchequer; a Grand Turk and a Grand Sentinel."

The most important action taken by the Nashville convention was the declaration of the principles of the order, which was as follows: "We recognize our relations to the United States government; the supremacy of the constitution; the constitutional laws thereof; and the union of the States thereunder." If these men were banded together for the overthrow of all law and government, this is indeed a strange declaration, for it was not meant for general circulation or for its effect. We must accept it as a declaration of their political relations to the government of the land.

This convention also defined the objects of the order, which were as follows:

(1.) "To protect the weak, the innocent, and the defenceless, from the indignities, wrongs and outrages of the lawless, the violent and the brutal; to relieve the injured and the oppressed; to succor the suffering, and especially the widows and orphans of Confederate soldiers.

(2.) "To protect and defend the Constitution of the Unit-

ed States, and all laws passed in conformity thereto, and to protect the states and people thereof from all invasion from any source whatever.

(3.) "To aid and assist in the execution of all constitutional laws, and to protect the people from unlawful seizure, and from trial except by their peers in conformity to the laws of the land,"

This last declaration was the result of the infamous legislation and the more infamous execution of law in the South during that period. Those familiar with the history of our state will acknowledge the great need for some such organization, with just such purpose as the above, during the days when Kirk and his men were part of the executive department of the State. Whatever history may say, the Ku Klux was almost a necessity at the South during the reconstruction for the protection of life, liberty and the rights of prosperity.

As before stated the main object of the Nashville convention was to secure a better control of their own members, so as to prevent outrages credited, whether rightly or not, to the Ku Klux.

Their great object now was to carry out their role of Regulators within the limits of law and order. Their methods were to remain the same. Secrecy and mystery were to be the instruments for securing law and order among the lawless and the ignorant. Steps were taken to deepen the powerful impressions already made on the public. Every device was used to play upon the fears of the superstitious. Therefore the Grand Dragon of the State of Tennessee sent out an order to the chief officers of the 'provinces' for a general parade in the streets of the chief town in each province on the night of July 4, 1867. (The account of this parade in the town of Pulaski will describe them all.)

On the morning of the appointed day, July 4, 1867, the citizens of Pulaski found slips of paper scattered along their sidewalks with the following words printed on them: "The

Ku Klux will parade the streets to-night." This announcement created the wildest excitement. The long pent-up curiosity of the people was to be satisfied. They would, at least, find out who the Ku Klux were. Many people came in from the country to witness the parade. The Ku Klux also started to the town. Having carefully concealed their paraphernalia, they traveled in squads of three or four, and, if questioned, they answered that they were going to Pultaski to see the parade. After dark they assembled, by previous agreement, at four points near the four main roads leading into the town, and put on their disguises and robes. Their horses were also disguised in flashy colored cloth. A sky-rocket sent up was the signal to move. "The different companies met and passed each other in the public square in perfect silence; the discipline appeared perfect. Not a word was spoken. Orders were given by means of the whistles. In single-file, in death-like stillness, with funeral slowness they marched and counter-marched throughout the town." By marching in unbroken circles up one street and down another they created the impression of vast numbers. This was kept up for two hours, and the Ku Klux departed as silently as they came, "The public were more mystified than ever, curiosity had not been satisfied." It had found out absolutely nothing.

One of the principal illusions growing out of this parade was the impression of numbers. The coolest judgments placed it at three thousand, while some went up to ten thousand; when in fact there were only four hundred men in this parade. This has been a common mistake. Gen. Forest before the investigating committee, placed the number of Ku Klux in the South at 550,000, which must be a mistake, as it is hardly probable that the whole male population of the South were Ku Klux, or that a majority of them knew anything about the order, except from common report.

Some of the devices resorted to by the Ku Klux for ter-

rifying the negroes and others were unique. During the parade at Pulaski, as it was passing a corner where a negro was standing, one of the horsemen, dressed in a hideous garb, dismounted and stretched out his bridal rein to the negro as if he wished him to hold his horse. The frightened darky held out his hand to receive it, and, as he did so, the Ku Klux took off his own head, apparently, and offered to place that also in the extended hand. "The negro stood not upon the order of his going but departed with a yell of terror." Another trick was for a ghostly looking horseman to stop before the cabin of some negro needing a wholesome lesson, and ask for a drink of water. If a gourd or dipper was brought it was declined, and a bucket of water demanded. Then, as if burning with thirst, the Ku Klux would press the bucket to his lips until the last drop was drained into an oiled sack concealed beneath his robe. He then returned the empty bucket with the remark, "That's good. It is the first drink of water I have had since I was killed at Shiloh." This, with a few words of admonition as to future conduct, made an impression not soon forgotten by the superstitious darky.

We now come to a second transformation of the Ku Klux; this time from a band of "Regulators" to a combination of desperate men struggling for life and honor against the worst elements of their own order, and against circumstances growing out of their own methods. The causes of this transformation may be classed under three heads: (1.) "Unjust charges. (2.) Misapprehension of the nature and objects of the order on the part of those not members of it. (3.) Unwise and over severe legislation."

What had been their strength become now their weakness. Outsiders and even members themselves made use of their methods of secrecy to practice deception upon other people and upon the Clan itself. Bad men made use of the disguise to perpetrate deeds of violence for personal reasons, and the odium fell upon the Ku Klux. These

men did not do these things under orders of the Clan, nor in connection with it.

The very class whom the Clan was trying to keep in order made use of its methods to commit outrages which were credited to the Clan. These men always declared themselves to be Ku Klux, *which members of the Clan never did*. In every case they proved to be negroes or "radical" supporters of the carpet bagger governments. "No single instance occurred of the arrest of a masked man who proved to be—when stripped of his disguise—a Ku Klux." (See testimony of Gen. Gordon and others before the Investigation Committee.)

However, the Clan was credited with all the disorders in the country, because the disguises which it had invented were used, and it had no way of clearing itself of the accusations. It had sought to clothe itself in mystery, and, as a consequence, people misunderstood its objects. They did not realize the great end it had in view. After the awe of the ignorant and lawless had subsided, hatred of the Clan took its place. The negroes organized and went armed for the purpose of exterminating the Ku Klux, and on several occasions the Clan was fired into. This brought on the vengeance of the Clan, and so it went on, each side believing it was right and the other wrong. This misunderstanding is well brought out in the following order issued by the Grand Dragon of Tennessee, in the fall of 1868:

HEADQUARTERS REALM No. 1,
DREADFUL ERA, BLACK EPOCH,
DREADFUL HOUR. }

General Order No. 1.

WHEREAS, information of an authentic character has reached these headquarters that the blacks in the counties of Marshall, Maury, Giles and Lawrence are organized into military companies, with the avowed purposes to make war upon and exterminate the Ku Klux Clan; said blacks are

hereby solemnly warned and ordered to desist from further action in such organizations, if they exist.

The Grand Dragon regrets the necessity of such an order. But this Clan shall not be outraged and interfered with by lawless negroes and meaner white men, who do not and never have understood our purposes.

In the first place this Clan is not an institution of violence, lawlessness and cruelty; it is not lawless; it is not aggressive; it is not military; it is not revolutionary.

It is essentially, originally and inherently a protective organization. It proposes to execute law instead of resisting it; and to protect all good men, whether white or black, from the outrages and atrocities of bad men of both colors, who have been for the past three years a terror to society, and an injury to us all.

The blacks seem to be impressed with the belief that this Clan is especially their enemy. We are not the enemy of the blacks, as long as they behave themselves, make no threats upon us, and do not attack or interfere with us. But if they make war upon us they must abide the awful retribution that will follow.

This Clan, while in its peaceful movements, and disturbing no one, has been fired into three times. This will not be endured any longer; and if it occurs again, and the parties be discovered, a remorseless vengeance will be wreaked upon them.

We reiterate that we are for peace and law and order. No man, white or black, shall be molested for his political sentiments. This Clan is not a political party; it is not a military party; it is a protective organization, and will never use violence except in resisting violence.

Outrages have been perpetrated by irresponsible parties in the name of this Clan. Should such parties be apprehended, they will be dealt with in a manner to insure us future exemption from such imposition. These impostors have, in some instances, whipped negroes. This is wrong!

wrong! It is denounced by this Clan, as it must be by all good and humane men.

The Clan now, as in the past, is prohibited from doing such things. We are striving to protect all good, peaceful, well-disposed and law-abiding men, whether white or black.

The Grand Dragon deems this order due to the public, due to the Clan, and due to those who are misguided and misinformed. We, therefore, request that all newspapers who are friendly to law and peace and the public welfare, will publish the same. By order of

THE GRAND DRAGON OF REALM No. 1.

By the Grand Scribe.

Matters continued to grow from bad to worse, until it became necessary for the government to interfere, and we have the famous "Anti-Ku Klux law," passed in Tennessee in 1868. This law was severe in the extreme. The following are some of its principle features:

(1.) "It was *ex post facto*."

(2.) "It presented no way in which a man could relieve himself of liability to it, except by turning informer, and, as an inducement to do this, a large bribe was offered."

(3.) It encouraged strife by making every inhabitant of the State an officer extraordinary, with power "to arrest without process," when he had ground to suspect.

(4.) It emphasized loyalty to the government, which meant simply to become a subservient tool; such men as Gov. Brownlow, Gov. Holden and their tribe.

(5.) While the law professed to be aimed at suppression of all lawlessness, it was not so construed and enforced by the party in power. No attempt was made to suppress the "Union" or "Loyal League," which met often and was as lawless as the Ku Klux.

Many of the States passed laws making it easy to secure military rule in any section, which in many cases was done,

and a perfect reign of terror followed. The Ku Klux felt themselves outlawed without an opportunity of defending themselves openly, and hence some of their rashest actions. But be it said to their honor, they bore it more patiently than would have been expected under the circumstances.

Early in the year 1869 it was decided best for the Clan to disband, and a proclamation was issued from the "Grand Wizard of the Empire to his subjects." This proclamation stated the legislation against the Ku Klux, and declared that the order had now accomplished the greater part of the objects for which it had existed. "At a time when the civil law afforded inadequate protection to life and property; when robbery and lawlessness of every description were unrebuked; when all the better elements of society were in constant dread for the safety of their property, persons and families, the Clan had afforded protection and security to many firesides, and in many ways contributed to the public welfare. But greatly to the regret of all good citizens, some members of the Clan had violated positive orders; others, under the name and disguises of the organization, had assumed to do acts of violence, for which the Clan was held responsible."

Members were directed to destroy all the paraphernalia of the order, and were counseled to uphold the law, and aid all good citizens, in the future, as in the past.

The proclamation of disbandment was issued to all the Realms, Dominions, and Dens of the Invisible Empire. But, as the newspapers were forbidden to publish anything from the Ku Klux, and the Dens were scattered over many states, this proclamation was long in reaching some of them. In this state there were many deeds attributed to the Ku Klux long after the proclamation of disbandment, but the order had no organized existence after March, 1869.

"Thus lived, so died, this strange order. Its birth was an accident; its growth a comedy; its death a tragedy. It owed its existence wholly to the anomalous condition of

social and civil affairs in the South during the years immediately succeeding the unfortunate contest in which so many brave men in blue and gray fell, martyrs to their convictions.''

SANDERS DENT.

NOTE.—In the preparation of this paper I have referred freely to "The Ku Klux Klan" by J. C. Lester and D. L. Wilson. S. S. D.

EDWARD GRAHAM DAVES.

One evening in the winter of 1891-'92, in the city of Baltimore, I went to Lehman's Hall to hear George William Curtis deliver an address before the national meeting of the Civil Service Reform Clubs. Among the prominent men on the platform I noticed a tall gentleman of middle age, with a grave and intelligent face, and of a soldierly bearing. This, I was told, was Professor Edward Graham Daves. I had known of him before this on account of his interest in North Carolina history. Both from what I had heard and what I then saw, I was very favorably impressed. A short time afterwards I met him. I found that my anticipation was realized. He was a man of charming manners, and of the purest ideals. He was an earnest, intelligent student of the past, an untiring worker, a patriotic American, and in the true old Southern sense, a gentleman. The previous facts of his life, as I afterwards learned, were as follows:

Professor Daves was a grandson of Major John Daves, of the Revolutionary army, a son of John Pugh Daves, and was born at New Berne, N. C., March 31, 1833. He began his studies at the New Berne Academy, and later prepared for college under private instruction on the plantation of his kinsman, Josiah Collins, near Lake Scuppernong, Washington county, N. C. In 1850 he entered Harvard College, where Jared Sparks was president, and Longfellow and Pierce were professors. For fellow-students he had President Eliot Phillips Brooks, Bishop Perry, and Fur-

ness, the Shakespere scholar. He at once became very popular, and was elected by his classmates to various positions of college prominence.

His tastes ran toward the classics, and under a native Greek he devoted his time especially to the language and literature of Greece. He graduated in 1854 with second honors, and at once entered the Harvard Law School. Two years later he settled himself to practice his profession in Baltimore. Just then came the offer of the Greek professorship in Trinity College, Connecticut. He loved Greek better than law, and the professorship was accepted. Here he staid till 1861, when he went to Europe. For ten years he remained abroad giving instruction to English youth on the shores of Lake Geneva, or traveling with his pupils. In 1870 he returned to Baltimore, where he occupied himself with private teaching and with lecturing on literary topics. In July, 1894, he died quite unexpectedly in a Boston hospital, to which he had gone a short time earlier for a surgical operation.

In the last year of his life, Professor Daves was much interested in two historical memorials. June 8, 1891, he offered a resolution in a meeting of the Maryland Historical Society, which led that society to erect a monument at Guilford Court House in memory of the Maryland line, who fought so effectively with General Greene at that place. He was appointed chairman of the committee to carry the matter through, and when the society came to select an orator who was formally to present the monument, the choice fell on him. The subject of his address was "Maryland and North Carolina in the Campaign of 1780-'81." It was pronounced an admirable address, and in an extended form was published by the Maryland society. It is a valuable contribution to our Revolutionary history.

The other scheme to which he addressed himself was the recovery and preservation of the site of the fort whic

Raleigh's colony planted on Roanoke Island. Mr. Talcott Williams, of Philadelphia, in 1887, made a journey through the waters of Eastern North Carolina, visiting on the way the site of this fort. He mentioned to friends the necessity of preserving this relic of the first English colony in the borders of our country. It seems that Professor Daves from this point became interested in the scheme. His practical zeal became aroused. Through his efforts Dr. S. Weir Mitchell was interested, and readings were given by the two at Bar Harbor, Maine, in order to secure funds. Dr. Mitchell afterwards gave readings in Baltimore, Philadelphia and other cities, and Professor Daves, in the winter of 1892-'93, made a journey through North Carolina, lecturing and receiving subscriptions for the project. Enough money was raised to buy the tract of land containing the site of the fort and to leave a considerable balance. A company was organized, which was called the Roanoke Colony Memorial Association. The first meeting of the stockholders was held in Baltimore, at Professor Daves' house, in May, 1894. By unanimous choice, the faithful promoter of the scheme was made president. His active mind had already made many plans for promoting the welfare of the company, when all were thwarted by his untimely death. At the next meeting of the stockholders of the association it was decided to erect a memorial to Professor Daves, on the site of the old fort. The Guilford monument and the Roanoke association remain a lasting tribute to his patriotic zeal and his untiring devotion to history.

JOHN S. BASSETT.

THE OLD.

I gazed with tender glance upon the old,
Which Craven's matchless zeal had made to stand
A shining beacon-light to all our land
Whose ling'ring, healing rays we still behold.
The names of many here were once enrolled,
Who, under this fond Mother's fostering care,
Have learned to walk in Wisdom's ways so fair,
And fill life's fleeting moments full of gold.
The life that did once animate these walls
Hath gone to other ground. But still a look
Of grandeur stays. Nor have these sacred halls
Been by their wonted charm at all forsook.
Thou monumental mark of duties done
A crown of lasting glory hast thou won.

J. F. B.

Editorial.

SAM W. SPARGER,
JOE F. BIVINS,

CHIEF EDITOR.
ASSISTANT EDITOR.

OUR many appeals to the students for voluntary contributions to THE ARCHIVE have, so far, been of little avail. The Literary manager still has hard work to get up material enough for his department. It seems that the majority of the students in the college never know that a magazine is being published except when its regular monthly appearance brings the fact to mind. If they are conscious at all that we have a college magazine, they seem to think the Senior class has a monopoly on it, and to be perfectly contented to let the whole burden of running the magazine successfully, and filling it with the proper material, rest upon two or three men. We are sorry to say that this stolid indifference has taken hold of some members of the Senior class, as well as the lower classmen. Some Seniors, who are not managers of departments, seem to think that no responsibility whatever rests upon them, but that it all rests upon the few men who are at the head of the different departments. So the whole burden of filling THE ARCHIVE with interesting reading matter has to be borne by a few men, and the magazine is thus not a true organ of the student body. The students do not seem to think it an honor to have their contributions published in THE ARCHIVE, but they must be coaxed, and earnestly entreated before they attempt to write anything. Instead of having several articles from which to select, the Literary manager has hard work to get any at all.

Now as far as finances go THE ARCHIVE has proved a success. It is not as hard to get money as it is to get matter. And of the two needs the latter is the greater and

more important. For without good material with which to fill the magazine, the money would be useless. The magazine is a failure if the students do not support it by writing for it, as well as by paying the subscription price.

We can point to instances within our own observation where college magazines have failed because the material in them came from other sources than the student. Shall ours suffer the same fate? The answer rests with the students of the college. If you want to let your college magazine fail, remain passively idle as you have done, and the end will be accomplished; but if you have any college patriotism in you at all, if you have any desire to benefit yourself and to be a help to us and the college, go to using your spare moments for thinking and writing upon worthy subjects for THE ARCHIVE, and you may be sure it will not then fail, but will reach a higher excellence than it has yet attained.

We desire in closing to remind the members of the Junior class that they must run THE ARCHIVE next year, and that there is no better time than the "living present" to prepare for the work.

WITH the recollection of examinations so fresh in our minds, perhaps a word along this line will not be inappropos. We often wonder if there is another word more powerful to strike terror into the breast of the average college man than this one we hear ringing so constantly in our ears at each term's end. The effects upon the different classes are diverse, but scarcely anyone will deny, we think, that all are united in an intense hatred of examinations. The Senior who, in his four years' experience of college life, has so often and under such varying circumstances encountered this inevitable foe of the college man, is especially affected at this season of the year. He feels a great desire to give expression to some of the many thoughts

which have been so long shut up in his breast, thinking, perhaps, some good may be accomplished for the coming generations. He talks of "relics of barbarism," and the "tyranny of the powerful," and well nigh exhausts his store of epithets in his denunciation of such customs. He knows he cannot possibly pass, there is no questioning that, for all he has run up such an enormous account for the "midnight oil," and is sure he "never studied harder in his life than he has this term." But it's no use; he knows nothing, and is pretty sure he never did know anything, although it has taken him four long years to learn what a fool he really is after all. There is but one thing to do, and that is to trust to the mercies of the Faculty.

But in spite of our lack of love for, and our honest dread of these exams, we must admit that they are not altogether evil. There is a certain result derived from examinations which is beneficial. It is a fact that no matter how well the work may have been done during the year, there is nothing like a thorough review of the term's work to get it well in hand and to obtain a clear concept of the connected whole. Further than this we fail to perceive any very palpable good to be derived from examinations. We think very much as some one before us, who, when asked what exams were, replied that they were "ostensibly a means whereby the Faculty finds out how much a student knows, *really* a means whereby the student conceals from the Faculty how much he does not know." Some truth there; after all it is the class work that counts; no one will question that. Almost anyone of average brilliancy and a moderately good memory can manage to "cram" enough to pass the average examination. Who has not noticed the lazy, easy-going, but thoroughly bright fellow who never studies, is indifferent on class, yet invariably passes on examination, while the dull fellow, who works faithfully all the year, often falls on the finals? It is scarcely necessary, however, to say which of the two

will be the better informed on the same subject a week afterwards. The one studies with nothing but examinations in view, and retains but little of what he has acquired; while the other, who "loves learning for learning's sake," but for whom it is such a task to learn, scarcely ever loses what he has once fairly gotten hold of. And papers are not always graded on merit; often grading is unfair. The man whose paper is most in accordance with the views of the professor, is generally the man who receives the highest grade, and yet the opposite view may be perfectly admissible, and in many cases preferable. No doubt the professor is utterly unconscious of anything of this kind, and yet it is undoubtedly true that it often happens. There are times, also, when the professor's preference will influence him—it is hard for one to ignore this—and we might cite instances where men have been influenced in grading by personal dislikes, but this is unnecessary.

Our final conclusion, then, is that the evil of examinations far overbalances the good, which might be obtained as well by other and more pleasurable means. Why not judge a man by his daily work, with a thorough review of the term's work at the end, and no examination except for those who have fallen below the required daily grade? There seems no doubt that such a system would insure better work, bring forth more satisfactory results and be more acceptable to all.

DURING the last term the athletic interest in the college was practically *nil*. Never before since the introduction of football into the South was Trinity without a team, and generally a creditable one. In striking contrast to this, never before, we believe, has there been a more marked literary interest with us than during the term just passed. In view of these circumstances the question naturally arises, was the absence of a football team the cause; was the greater literary interest the outgrowth of the athletic

inactivity? Such may have been; we cannot tell. If so, we do not regret in the least that matters took the course they did. If a football team would have been detrimental to the literary work and the magazine, then we are truly thankful that we did not put out a team. Left free to choose between the two, allowed only the one or the other, either a football team with the championship of the South and no college magazine, or a magazine and no football team, we would not hesitate one moment in choosing the latter.

Not that we are opposed in the least to athletics; not that at all! On the other hand, we are heartily in favor of them, but we would not have them carried to the extreme to the hurt of more important matters. Personally we believed we might have had both without the other suffering in the least, and hence favored athletics. And we do so still. We want athletics, but only to a certain extent. When the literary interest begins to lag on account of the greater interest in athletics, then we think it is time to call a halt. But we believe that participation in athletics to a certain degree is absolutely essential to health, and is one condition on which good mental work depends. And when we say this, we do it not simply because it sounds nice, and to produce a pleasing effect, but because we are thoroughly convinced of the truth of the statement.

We hope, then, to see a revival of athletic spirit in college. There is no reason why there should not be. We have some good baseball material in college, which might be developed into a team of which we need not by any means be ashamed.

THE editors have decided to place in the Reading-room each month the college magazines which we get as exchanges. This is done in order that all may have access to them, and is a privilege granted the students by THE

ARCHIVE, the appreciation of which we hope will be shown by a greater degree of interest in the literary work of the magazine, and by the submission of a greater number of contributions in future than have been submitted in the past. This, in fact, is one of the objects for placing the magazines in the Reading-room. It is through the college critics chiefly that we learn what is thought of us, where we are strong and wherein we are deficient, and it is hoped that by becoming enlightened on these points the students will be more actively aroused to a sense of the duty devolving upon them as contributors to THE ARCHIVE, and will co-operate with us in striving to remedy what defects may heretofore have been unavoidable. Thus we hope to be benefited as well as to afford instruction and pleasure to the students. These magazines are, however, no public property, but belong exclusively to THE ARCHIVE, and they are not expected to be carried away from the reading-room, nor from the table at which they are placed. We trust no one will abuse this privilege.

THE manager of the "Review Department" in submitting his final report after having completed his management for the fall term makes the following statement: "Owing to the fact that for the first few issues our department was an experiment; the work done may not have been everything that could have been desired; but after having thoroughly tried the experiment we feel sure that if the managers will keep clearly in view the original purpose, that this department will contribute its share to the value of THE ARCHIVE. This department has been conducted more especially for the benefit of the student body, since its purpose was to give them in a condensed form the subject matter of such articles appearing in the leading magazines as would assist them in their parallel work. We see no reason, however, that this work should not assist every reader of the AR-

CHIVE by allowing the reviews to serve as a compend to the magazine articles they may choose to read, thus obviating the necessity of expending a large amount of time in the reading of such articles as may not be of interest to them at all. Keeping this fixed purpose in view we feel that the future magazine shall render an invaluable service to that class of readers in search of current literature bearing upon some special line of study.'''



Literary Notes and Reviews.

B. R. PAYNE,

MANAGER.

Christmas was the fifteenth anniversary of the appearance of "Uncle Remus;" Appleton & Co. brought out a new edition of these charming stories, illustrated by Mr. Frost. The stories of Joel Chandler Harris are growing in interest, and it is now more evident than ever that he is the author who has caught the true character of the ante-bellum plantation negro. The illustrations by Mr. Frost are in the best style. The author of "A Prisoner of Zena," Anthony Hope Hawkins (Anthony Hope), is still a young man. He was borne in Hackney in 1863. His first book was "A Man of Money," published in 1889 at his own expense. It was not a financial success, but it is interesting to note that its recent publication has made ample amends for its first reception. His second book, "Father Stafford," published in 1890, was also a financial failure. "Mr. Vick's Widow," published in 1892, was more successful, and the following year saw "A Change of heart" and "Half a Hero." Then came the "Prisoner of Zenda," and Anthony Hope's reputation was established. The play founded on the last-named novel has created a renewed demand for the book, and is now having a greater sale than ever.

One of the most interesting personalities in New England now is the venerable Edward Everett Hall. As a preacher he has had a marked influence on Boston and the whole country; as a writer of fiction, he has interested many classes of readers; as a man of letters he has stood as a representative of that culture for which Boston is noted. He was the intimate friend of Lowell, Holmes, Emerson, Longfellow and other New England celebrities, and talks

with interest of his association with them. He delivered two lectures recently in Boston on "Men That I Have Known"; besides the men already mentioned, he gave reminiscences of Webster, Choate, Sumner, Grant, John Irving, Adams and others. A very interesting autobiography is now being written for the "Outlook."

It is interesting to notice the part taken in the recent war scare by literary men on both both sides of the Atlantic. Almost to a man they have appealed for peace. A strong appeal to the literary men of this country was signed by John Ruskin, John Morley, Hall Caine, Rider Haygood, Sir Edwin Arnold, George Meredith, Thomas Hardy, R. D. Clackmore, Alfred Austin and others. We give some extracts from this interesting document :

"At this crisis in the history of the Anglo-Saxon race there are two paths. One leads we know not whither, but in the end through war, with all its accompaniments of carnage, unspeakable suffering and hideous desolation to the inevitable sequel of hatred, bitterness and disruption of our race. It is this path we ask you to join us in an effort to make impossible. Not on the grounds of political equity do we address you, but we are united to you by many ties. We are proud of the United States. There is nothing in our history that has earned us more glory than the conquest of the vast American Continent by the Anglo-Saxon race. When our pride is humbled by a report of something that you do better than ourselves, it is also uplifted by the consciousness that you are our kith and kin."

After dwelling upon the intimate ties of relationship and brotherly sentiment, the appeal continues :

"There is an anti-American feeling among Englishmen. It is impossible that there can be any anti-English feeling among Americans. For two such nations to take up arms would be civil war, not differing from your calamitous

struggle of thirty years ago, except that the cause would be immeasurably less human, less tragic and less inevitable."

After referring to the tie that literature makes, the appeal continues :

"If war should occur between England and America, English literature would be dishonored and disfigured for a century to come. Patriotic songs, histories of victory and defeat, records of humiliation and disgrace, stories of burning wrongs and unavenged insults—these would be branded deep in the hearts of our peoples. They would so express themselves in poems, novels and plays as to make it impossible for any of us who live through the fratricidal war to take up again the former love and friendship. For the united Anglo-Saxon race, that owns the great names of Cromwell, Washington, Nelson, Gordon, Grant, Shakespeare and Milton, there is such a feature as no other race has had in the history of the world ; a future that will be built on the confederation of sovereign states, living in the strength of the same liberty."

The document concludes as follows :

"We appeal to all writers in the United States to exercise their far-reaching influence to save our literature from dishonor and our race from lasting injury."

One of the most interesting literary events of the past few months is the appointment of Alfred Austin as Poet-Laureate on New Year's Day. We give some extracts from a sketch of him in the *New York World* :

"The new Laureate was born near Leeds, May 30, 1835, and was graduated from the University of London in 1853. In 1857 he was called to the bar of the Inner Temple, but early manifested a devotion to the muses and a disinclination for the more prosaic career of a lawyer. His first volume of verse appeared in 1851, bearing the title "The Season; A Satire."

Upon the death of his father, in 1861, he left England and went to Italy, where he resided for a long time, varying the line of his poetic writings by contributions to magazines and newspapers. He alternated prose with verse, and while connected with the *Standard* newspaper as correspondent at Rome and in Germany and while contributing occasional articles to the *Quarterly Review*, he found time to publish a number of his best known poems. Thus, in 1871, appeared "The Golden Age, a Satire;" in 1872, "Interludes;" in 1873, "Rome or Death" and "The Madonna's Child;" and in 1874, "The Tower of Babel," a drama. Other volumes of verses appeared during almost every succeeding year.

Austin published three novels—in 1858, "Five Years of It;" in 1864, "An Artist's Proof," and in 1855, "Won by a Hand."

In 1883, in connection with Mr. R. J. Courthope, he founded the *National Review*, and continued to edit that periodical until 1893.

In 1892 he published a collected edition of his poems in six volumes, and since that time there have appeared "Fortmatus the Pessimist," "England's Darling" and a prose work entitled "The Garden that I Love."

THE MAGAZINES.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY. The *Atlantic Monthly* introduces its January self to us with "One of Hawthorne's Unprinted Note-books," by Nathaniel Hawthorne. This collection, besides its value as historic matter, may prove of interest in virtue of the individuality stamped upon it.

Horace E. Scudder announces teaching as a State office for many reasons, among which, that training is required in the extension of the new principle of civil service reform. It is most emphatically a great exponent in American civilization. Its influence is a force in local govern-

ment. Many sound reasons are produced urging a higher recognition of these forces by the government.

“The Christian Socialist Movement” is a history tracing the struggles, failures and victories of the socialism of the middle of this century, by J. M. Ludlow. Beginning originally in France, he traces it through England up to its present situation. Its attempt to christianize itself, to bridge the chasm existing between employee and employer, is but the expression of this altruistic movement toward the elevation of the masses, until at the present date the children come out from the nursery better prepared for great social questions than the wisest of the Socialist leaders in its initiation. The entire essay is intended as a justification of this great movement.

THE FORUM. Adolph Ladenburg has written for the January *Forum* a valuable paper on finance, under the title, “Some Questions of Currency and Banking.” The two main points for which he reasons are, first, a stable financial unit which obtains a legitimate confidence, and second, a system of clearing-house banks to aid in the management of our finance.

Several worthy lessons in the art of naval warfare are drawn from the Japan-China war by Sir Edmund R. Fremantle. The deductions are those of a naval officer, which fact increases their value.

In consequence of the serious complaints arising from discrimination and inconsistencies in the fees for railway transportation, more especially in the Northwest, the article of John W. Midgley on “Railroad Rate Wars: Their Causes and Cures,” is very interesting.

“The Development of Sculpture in America,” “Matthew Arnold’s Letters” and “Reminiscences of an Editor” are three of the most readable contributions of this number of *The Forum*.

McCLURE'S. With a few pleasant incidents in the life of Lincoln while at New Salem, the January issue of *McClure's* treats of his varying experience while in Macon county, Illinois, his very active part in the Black Hawk war, so illustrative of that eager activity in his nature, and concludes this issue with his appearance as a candidate for the General Assembly of the State, for which office he was defeated, this being the only defeat he ever suffered from the popular vote.

COSMOPOLITAN. W. A. Dobson scientifically and clearly explains the construction of "Submarine Boats" in his contribution to the January *Cosmopolitan*. The greater part of the article treats of the technicality of these destructive war ships. This paper is particularly interesting since the U. S. Government is now building a submarine torpedo-boat.

Notwithstanding the essays and novels of "Ouida" and Mrs. L. Linton, in which they have portrayed the character of George Elliot, Julien Gordon asks the question, "Was George Elliot a Hypocrite?" Her paper presents new points and opposite views in contrast with many previous articles.

The four condensed editorials under "Progress of Science," are a part of the good fortune of this issue of *Cosmopolitan*.

MISSIONARY REVIEW. The motive force of missions, says Mr. Meyer in the January number of the *Missionary Review*, is Prayer and Missionary Activity. He says that it is by prayer that the harvests of the mission fields are measured; and that it is by prayer, the return tide emanating in the Father, the desert places are made to rejoice and blossom as the rose. And that the best results may be attained in these fields, prayer and activity

must go hand in hand. He says that the church should be ever active in placing the Light in reach of those who are in spiritual darkness.

HARPER'S. "The United States Naval Academy" is an article in *Harper's Magazine*, by Mr. Lounsbury, in which he calls attention to the poor sanitary arrangement of the institution and the necessity of raising the standard for entrance examinations. He thinks that the present method of apportionment not the best; he says that every one, regardless of his birth or birth-place, who is desirous of availing himself of the advantages offered by the institution, should be allowed to enter.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. The art of war keeps constant pace with the sciences, taking advantage of all discoveries and inventions which may be found of use. In the *North American Review* for January, Lieutenant Cree speculates as to what would be the effect of air-ships on warfare; he says that an air-ship, completely under control, would be an ideal means of observation and reconnoissance. A general in command of an army could, from a position on an air-ship, make better disposition of his forces and meet emergencies more promptly. The air-ship would be useful in the interruption of electrical communications. But the most important field, he thinks, would be its use in offensive operations. It could use light guns for attack upon other air-ships; and with projectiles and torpedoes, war-ships and land fortifications would be powerless against it. Mr. Cree seems to think that the invention of a successful air-ship will cause an entire revolution in the art of war more stupendous than that caused by any invention since that of gunpowder.

Foreign missions are among the leading themes of the

hour. Dr. Judson Smith has a very interesting article in the *Review*, in which he places the subject before the public in the "light of facts." He says that foreign missions are as old as Christianity, and if one would get a thorough knowledge of the movement he must take into account the recorded facts of eighteen hundred years; the happenings of the present generation are no test of the success of the movement. He says that Missionaries do not aim to Americanize or Europeanize the heathen nations, nor is it their purpose to hamper them by any political control. They do their work in loyalty to the existing government, as did Christ and the apostles. They mean to educate and christianize, and do not interfere with the politics of the country where they labor.

REVIEW OF Mr. W. T. Stead has a present, concise
REVIEWS. and pointed character sketch of Abdul
Hamid, Sultan of Turkey in the January
Review of Reviews.

Mr. Stead treats his subject under five different heads: (1) Abdul Hamid before and up to the time of accession; (2) Sultan; (3) what he has done of good; (4) what he has done of ill; (5) the Sultan at home; (6) what is to be done. The gist of Mr. Stead's sketch is to show, (1) That the Sultan rules only by terrorizing his subjects. (2) That he is a weak man and that Turkey is in a precarious condition. (3) That the Sultan considers himself the Commander of the Faithful called by Allah to the reigns of government. (4) That in Turkey, he is supremely all-powerful, managing the most minute details of government himself. (5) That the Armenian atrocities were only a repetition of what has been the means of maintaining the State for centuries, i. e., by completely terrifying all Turkey.

"In South Carolina's New Constitution" Mr. Albert Shaw takes up the peculiar and noticeable points in the

new Constitution and discusses each, especially the sufferance clause.

Mr. Shaw, in the main, only states the facts about each of the articles. He says "it should be observed that by its expressed terms the new Constitution discriminates against nobody." Yet he shows enough statistics to convince that it was framed to discriminate whether it expressly says so or not. Mr. Shaw thinks that the Constitution, as it now stands, will supply a great incentive to the colored race for obtaining the rudiments of an education. The peculiar parts of the new Constitution are given, many of them in this article.

ARENA. The *Arena* for January contains part II of the "Personal Recollection of America's Seven Great Poets." Horace L. Tranbel gives "A few later day notes on Walt Whitman and Rev. Minot J. Savage gives "A Glimpse of Longfellow."

The article on Whitman tends to show that Whitman was a broad, large hearted man. "He held that books owed their life to men as sunbeams to suns," and when a book broke faith with life it instantly had his disfavor. The writer says, "There was no egotism in Whitman,—there was consciousness of great personal power. The writer was evidently profound in acknowledging Whitman's greatness, yet after one reads the article, he is almost forced to say that that greatness lay not in the man but in his peculiarities.

The article on Longfellow presents "the most widely read poet among the people of the English speaking world" in a very pleasant way. He says, and after reading the article one agrees that, "the poetry of Longfellow was the natural expression of the man, "Sweet and genial and lovable, he was the friend of all mankind." His door was always open to whomsoever would enter and his time always at the disposal of any comer.

“Should the Government Control the Telegraph?” is opposed by Postmaster General Wilson and defended by Lyman Abbott and Prof. Frank Parsons. Mr. Abbott argues from the standpoint that “thought intercommunication of a nation ought never to be left to the control of private enterprise” and that theory and experience combine to answer that as the republic can best transmit its own mails, so it can better transmit its own telegraph messages, than by leaving either to be done for it by private enterprise.

Mr. Wilson argues that if the government should obtain control of the telegraph it would not be self-sustaining but would cost the government millions each year. He says that private enterprise will furnish any service which the public deems and will pay for. “Here the cost of any enterprise carried on by the government is greater than it would be in private hands.” In opposing it he sights the annual deficit of two and a half millions which England suffers from the government control of the telegraph.

Prof. Frank Parsons says that the telegraph is now a monopoly run only for dividends, not for the good of the people but for the advantage of a few. His paper will be furnished in a later issue.

MUNSEY. The *Munsey* for January is probably the best issue of the magazine yet published. Besides the several stories it has an article on “Prominent American Families.” The Harrisons are discussed in the number—their chief traits, firmness and courage, being traced to their ancestors as far back as Charles I.

“In the Foot-steps of Byron,” describes Byron’s journeys during which he obtained the material for and wrote *Childe Harold*, *Lara*, *The Corsair*, etc.

Collegiana.

COLLEGE DIRECTORY.

Hesperian Literary Society.

Meets every Friday twenty minutes after ringing of evening bell.

S. E. MERCER, Pres. C. R. CLEGG, Vice-Pres. W. H. ANDERSON, Sec.

Columbian Literary Society.

Meets every Friday twenty minutes after ringing of evening bell.

J. C. HALL, Pres. T. H. BROOKS, Vice-Pres. L. W. CRAWFORD, Jr., Sec.

Historical Society.

Regular meeting first Saturday of each month at 8:00 P. M.

DR. J. S. BASSETT, President. P. V. ANDERSON, Secretary.

Saturday Night Club.

Meets every Saturday night at 8:00 P. M.

DR. J. S. BASSETT, President. PROF. EDWIN MIMS, Secretary.

Tennis Association.

PROF. EDWIN MIMS, President. B. R. PAYNE, Secretary.

Young Men's Christian Association.

F. S. ALDRIDGE, President. B. R. PAYNE, Secretary.

Regular meeting every Sunday at 2:00 P. M.

LOCALS.

S. E. MERCER, - - - - - MANAGER.

Dr. Kilgo preached a very fine sermon on December 29th.

Several new men have entered College and others are expected.

Mr. Horace Payne visited his brother, Bruce, during the holidays.

Prof. George B. Pegram, of Trinity High School, spent a very pleasant vacation on the Park with his parents.

Mrs. Dr. Craven, Miss Kate Craven and Miss Emma White, of Trinity, visited friends on the Park during the holidays.

Dr. and Mrs. Cranford, in company with Mrs. Edwards, Mrs. Merritt, Misses Ida and Fannie Carr and Mamie Jenkins, attended the Atlanta Exposition during the holidays.

Miss Isla Tyer has accepted the position of Stenographer and Typewriter to the College. Miss Tyer is a graduate of Greensboro Female College, where she made a very fine record.

Prof. Pegram gave a lecture on Astronomy, in League Hall, January 2d. The lecture was finely illustrated by stereoscopic views. It was highly enjoyed by all fortunate enough to be present.

Rev. A. P. Tyer has been selected by the two conferences as Financial Agent of Trinity College. Mr. Tyer is a tried and true friend of the College, and is eminently qualified for the position to which he has been appointed. We hope he will find room in his grip for a few copies of THE ARCHIVE as he walks up and down in the earth.

Prof. Edwin Mims attended, during the Xmas vacation, the meeting of the Modern Language Association of America at New Haven. While on this trip he paid flying visits to Washington, New York, Boston, Cambridge and Concord. While in Cambridge he visited the homes and graves of Longfellow and Lowell; in Concord those of Emerson, Hawthorne, Thoreau and the Alcotts. THE ARCHIVE would appreciate an account of this trip.

ALUMNI NOTES.

F. S. ALDRIDGE, MANAGER.

A. L. Ormond ('92) will preach on the Goldsboro circuit.

W. C. Norman ('72) goes to Edenton Street church, Raleigh.

Dr. A. Cheatham ('85) is one of the first physicians of Durham.

Capt. W. A. Bobbitt ('75) is a prominent tobacco buyer of Oxford.

W. H. Willis ('92) is pastor of in Asheville.

W. W. Cole (here in '93 and '94) is principal of Pamlico Male and Female Academy.

A. H. Bangart (here in '92) is in New Berne. We are not certain what he is doing.

T. C. Daniels ('91) has retired from athletics, and is practicing law in New Berne, N. C.

D. D. Bryant ('71) is living in Paris, Texas, and is one of the judges of the Superior Court of that State.

R. L. Davis ('92) was received into the North Carolina Conference last month. He is no longer "Beefy," but has changed his name to one more *reverend*.

Mr. George Pell has been promoted to the Division of Public Documents in the position of Editor of the Comprehensive Library Catalogue of Public Documents.

F. A. Linney ('96) was with us till Christmas. He is now at the University taking the Law course. We were very sorry to lose him, but we hope "our loss will be his gain."

Cards are out announcing the marriage of Mr. John

Daniel Hodges ('73) to Miss Sallie Thomas, January 9, 1896. THE ARCHIVE sends congratulations to the *youthful* brother.

J. H. Scarboro ('87), who taught for several years at Middleburg, N. C., is now principal of Collins Institute, Indian Territory. Prof. Scarboro is one among the best educators of the Territory.

Rev. Samuel T. Moyle, a member of the North Carolina Conference, and for several years a promising student of Trinity College, was sent last conference to East Durham, where he will preach this year. We are glad to have him so near us.

J. H. Westbrook (here in '93 and '94) has purchased a truck farm on the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad, and is getting ready to supply the market next year with strawberries. He is very often called to Durham in connection with his business. We are always glad to see him on the Park.

Rev. F. A. Bishop (here from '68 to '71) was our pastor in Durham the first two years after the College was moved to this place. All of us who know him love him, and we are glad to know that he is pastor of Centenary church in New Berne. THE ARCHIVE wishes him a successful year, and we congratulate Centenary church that it had the good fortune to have him sent to her this year.

D. A. Houston ('91), after having been in the drug business three years, passed his Pharmacy examination before the State Board in December last, coming out second in the class on the all around average. The one man who made a higher average was a graduate of the Baltimore College of Pharmacy, and only surpassed Mr. Houston by one-half a point. This speaks well for Mr. Houston, who never attended any regular College of Pharmacy, but pursued his studies privately. His grade in Chemistry was

far above that of any other man in the class, which reflects especial credit on Prof. Pegram, who was his instructor in Chemistry while at Trinity.

Since the last number of THE ARCHIVE we have heard of the death of A. Haskins, a student for three years and entered for the fourth, but was compelled to leave college on account of ill health. Mr. Haskins was in the class of '90, and was a faithful, earnest student. The news of his death will be sad to all who knew him. As he was faithful in his college life, so he was after leaving college. He has been, ever since leaving, Register of Deeds for Jones county, and no man has ever filled a public position in his county who has been truer to the confidence placed in him than our friend, Mr. Haskins, notwithstanding the cruel disease of consumption was preying upon him for two or three years. As his light on earth was waning, and finally flickered and went out in December, it was only that it might burn more brightly on the other shore.

"He has outsoared the shadow of our night,
He lives, he wakes—'tis Death is dead, not he."

Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

J. A. DAILEY,

MANAGER.

The Twentieth Annual State Convention of the Young Men's Christian Associations of North Carolina will be held March 19-22 at Charlotte. An interesting programme is being prepared. Some strong speakers have already agreed to be present. Every association in the State should be represented by as many delegates as possible.

* * *

The exercises of December 1st were devoted to the mission cause. Rev. Mr. Doub, of Main Street Church, who, an enthusiastic and at the same time a hard worker for the

cause, was with us as leader and made some practical points about missions. It was very interesting to hear him discuss the development of missions in foreign fields, especially with regard to the esteem in which the ruling authorities hold the missions. With all the flattering reports, we are forced to believe after a while all these places of heathen darkness will be broken up and the Gospel light will shed its beams in every corner of the globe. May the day speedily come when this shall be a reality.

* * *

It is gratifying to us to know that the association is attracting the whole college community. Dr. Kilgo said some time ago, "Your Y. M. C. A. is contributing largely to the life and power of the college." We are glad the Faculty feel such a deep interest in the work. They have shown their appreciation by becoming members, all, possibly except one or two. During the past term we have had the pleasure of hearing several of the Faculty lecture on various subjects of Christian work in our hall, and they have always left their impress upon our lives. Well we may be proud to have such noble, true, and worthy Christian gentlemen as members of our body when they with willing hands and hearts have done and are doing so much for our edification. We trust the Faculty will continue to lend us their sympathy and aid. We believe they will not only do us much good while in college, but when we are well out in life's struggles we expect their words to be our council and our help.

* * *

We had a glorious meeting in our hall on the 15th of December, the last service for the fall term. It was a Gospel feast, especially to our souls. We have no regular leader but every man was given an opportunity to speak and give a bit of his experience. Many responded and we had a most glorious time. I think I shall never forget that meeting. It made an impression upon my

heart for good. It was a serious hour. It had been looked forward to with much anxiety by some who had been praying. It was an hour of thanksgiving and praise to Almighty God for His bounteous love and tender, fatherly care during the term which was just closing. We had had but little sickness and no deaths, and why should we not be grateful? This occasion was one of pleasure to those who had engaged in personal work. They were here to see the results of their labors, and their eyes were moved to tears to see ungodly men acknowledging their sins and desiring to become religious. May this result in great good to all present and a deeper longing for a purer and better life.



Editor's Table.

J. H. SEPARK,

MANAGER.

In looking over our pile of exchanges, we chance first to examine the *Nassau Lit.* In point of literary excellence, arrangement of departments and mechanical make-up, we consider it the foremost magazine of all. The literary matter is well sifted and ordered, so that only articles of the highest literary merit are found within its pages. "An Episode in the Life of Mr. Douglas Erton" is good, and "The Present Degeneracy" is exceptionally interesting and suggestive. The Editor's Table is well conducted and shows that at its head there is an inventive and ingenious brain.

The December *Richmond College Messenger* is not up to some of the former numbers. There is evidently a little lack of care on the part of some one. For instance, "Immanent Realities" is poorly written, while many good and appropriate thoughts are suggested. Again, "Wanted" and "How Are You Going to Spend Your Xmas?" are entirely too tame and school-boyish. The Exchange Department is well conducted.

We note with pleasure that the *College Message* gets better and better each issue. Two articles that deserve special mention are, "The Uses and Abuses of Novel-Reading," and the one on Eugene Field. In the former the writer shows a thorough acquaintance with her subject and a power to judiciously use her material. In the latter, the author exhibits the tact of condensing what otherwise would have made a long article.

We have received *The Chisel*, the magazine of Women's College, Richmond, and it is all in all an excellent issue.

"Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush" is a worthy review of the book of the same name. We read with much pleasure "A Trip to Atlanta." It is well written and reflects much credit upon its author, who is, by the way, a resident of our city. Another readable article is "Hamlet and Macbeth."

The Fiction number of the *University of Tennessee Magazine* is an excellent issue. We by no means discountenance the short story. They are pleasant reading matter, and at the same time very much benefit the writer. Yet too many stories in any one issue, except in case of a Fiction number, brands the magazine as light. Would that we had space to notice some of the good stories in this issue.

The *Randolph-Macon Monthly* is well up to its former self. The last issue contains some strong and instructive articles. One especially worthy of note is, "Birth and Progress of Universal Peace." It also contains an excellent translation of one of Homer's Satires.

The *Hampden-Sidney* for December contains several fine articles. "The Sea on Canvas" and "The Wine Cellar" we very much enjoyed reading. The Editorias and Reviews are especially good.

The December number of the *Davidson Monthly* contains several intereriting articles, with "The Dying Day" as, perhaps, one of the best. It shows a vivid imagination and careful thought. "A Realistic 'Possum Hunt" is a very interesting story, which shows that the writer has a tact for story-telling. Another article worthy of special notice is "Ships that Pass in the Night."

The *Guilford Collegian* has several strong and instructive articles. "Reading" is the title of a contribution which shows careful preparation and well-defined thought. "The Bible in the College Curriculum" is an article that

is especially worthy of note. The writer gives strong and conclusive arguments in favor of a systematic study of the Bible.

The *Wake Forest Student* for December has a neat appearance and several good contributions, though some of its articles are somewhat dull and laborious to read. "Melton's Mystery" and "Salvation" are, perhaps, the two best articles in the magazine. They are stories of such a nature that should receive more attention from our leading journals. "Tears of Joy" is a story of pre-revolutionary times, which will be interesting and instructive to any one acquainted with the history of the time.

The *Wofford College Journal* for December is up to its usual standard. It discusses several interesting subjects, and most of them in a very clear, concise manner. We are glad to see that it keeps constantly before its readers the great idea of education. It shows the great need of good preparatory schools, schools that will fit a student for the Freshman class in our Southern Colleges. We wish *The Journal* for '96 great success.

The *Yale Literary Magazine* is certainly worthy of our highest encomiums. It is never wanting in originality or in high literary expression. The short discussion of Thoreau's Journals is especially good, showing us their chief merits without entering too much into details. An article on Edward Rowland Sill shows that the writer is in close touch with the development of American thought. He gives to Sill a high place among the thinkers and producers of lofty sentiment, and claims that by his little book of verse he is entitled to live in the hearts of the American people. Yale never fails to bring before the world something new, and every College Magazine should try to find some idea that will impress itself on its readers.

We are glad to find among our exchanges *The Tulane Collegian*. It contains some very interesting stories. The

one on "The Photograph" is very well written, as is also the one on "A Dream." Aside from these stories, there are several other good productions. In fact, *The Collegian* holds a very exalted position among literary magazines.

The Christmas number of *The Emory Phoenix* is particularly attractive. Among the best productions it contains is an article on Poe's poetry. We are always glad to see brought to light any merit of a Southern writer. Our great trouble, however, consists in a constant search for flaws and defects, instead of a lookout for something original and praiseworthy. An article on "The Influence of the Exposition" holds some very reasonable views, and we are glad to see *The Phoenix* set forth such advanced ideas as it does about the benefits of the Exposition.

HER REPLY.

I was a son of the Sunny South—
 She a maiden fair—
 From the far, far North, with a kissable mouth,
 Blue eyes and flaxen hair.

I wooed her as a Southerner should,
 With my heart looking through my eyes,
 But she only patted her dog, "the brute,"
 With an air of calm surprise.

How can I move you, fair, cold one?
 I finally asked her one day;
 "Don't you know," she explained, "if the ice and the sun
 Do but kiss, that the ice melts away."
—Chisel.

THE NORTHLAND.

Song of the ancient world of fire and snow,
 Land of eternal mist and gloomy shore,
 Realm of old Wooden and the Thunderer,
 Mother of poets, nurse of hoary bands
 Singing heroic deeds in words of fire
 To the chill music of the Northern wind.

We love thy fierce strong hearts, thy men and maids,
 Who lived and loved among the ancient woods,

Thy rough-hand warriors and their royal lives,
 The gloom upon thy vast sad Polar sea,
 Thy poets breathe the spirit of their land,
 The dreary forest and the winter rain.

Their time is gone. What matter now their deeds,
 The winter wind still sweeps around the capes
 And still the long surf beats upon the sand,
 The mists still linger and the cold rain falls
 Upon the marshes where they rest the while,
 Between the South wind and the gray North sea.

—*Nassau Lit.*

MY LOVE OF LONG AGO.

Once in the time of long ago,
 In a land that is past compare,
 When the sad night winds murmur low
 Words whose memory it is hard to know,
 And rose's perfume fills the air:

A maiden dwelt, whose eyes of night
 Were full of a nameless, winning grace,
 Like those great stars that mark the flight
 Of time, but are themselves so bright
 That naught their lustre can efface.

Fair was this maid of long ago,
 Witching, and fair, and sweet to see.
 Her breast was white as driven snow,
 O'er her pale cheeks the rosy glow
 Of innocence, came fitfully.

Carved lips, soft as an angel's wing
 And sweet as happiness to men,—
 It seemed that only truth could spring
 And purity from them, and bring
 The hope of perfect love again.

Oh, me! I loved this maid and well,
 My love was deep, and fond, and true;
 E'en now in me the memories swell,
 Memories of her, that with me dwell
 And ne'er will die, till I die too.

Nor then! Beyond the grave I see
 My own true love of long ago,
 And she is waiting there for me:
 In that bright land our souls shall be
 United, and forever so.

—*U. Va. Magazine.*

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

TRINITY PARK, DURHAM, FEBRUARY, 1896.

MANAGER'S NOTICE.

All matter for publication must be in by the 20th of the month previous to month of publication.

Direct all matter intended for publication to S. W. SPARGER, Chief Editor, Trinity Park, Durham, North Carolina.

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RALEIGH'S "NEW FORT IN VIRGINIA"—1585.

[CONCLUDED.]

On September 3, 1585, Governor Lane wrote to Richard Hakluyt from "the New Fort in Virginia," which he had built at the northern end of Roanoke island, on the site of the fortified Indian village found there by Amadas: "Since Sir Richard Grenville's departure, we have discovered the maine to be the goodliest soyle under the cope of heaven, so abounding with sweete trees, and grapes of such greatnesse, yet wilde. . . . And we have found here Maiz or Guinie wheat, whose eare yeeldeth corne for bread 400 upon one eare. . . . It is the goodliest and most pleasing Territorie of the world: for the continent is of an huge and unknowen greatnesse, and the climate is wholesome. . . . If Virginia had but horses and kine, I dare assure myselfe, being inhabited with English, *no realme in Christendome were comparable to it.*"

He describes the whole neighboring country, and deter-

mines to change the site of the colony to a better port, for "the harborough of Roanoak was very naught;" but the hostility of some of the Indian tribes rendered all his efforts futile. Conspiracies were formed against the English, and their situation grew so precarious, that many turned a longing eye homeward. On June 10, 1586, Sir Francis Drake anchored off the coast with a fleet of twenty-three sail, and furnished Lane with a "very proper barke of seventy tun, and tooke present order for bringing of victual aboard her for 100 men for four moneths." But on the 13th there arose a great storm which drove her to sea, with many of the chief colonists on board, and she did not return. Despairing of any remedy for this disaster, and unable to pass another winter without succor from home, Lane determined to abandon the colony. The men were bestowed among Drake's fleet, and arrived at Portsmouth on the 27th of July.

"Immediately after the departing of our English colony out of this paradise of the world," writes Lane, "the ship sent at the charges of Sir Walter Raleigh, fraughted with all maner of things in most plentiful maner, arrived at Hatorask; who after some time spent in seeking our Colony up in the countrey, and not finding them, returned with all the aforesayd provision into England. About foureteene days after the departure of the aforesayd shippe, Sir Richard Grenville Generall of Virginia arrived there; who not hearing any newes of the Colony, and finding the places which they inhabited desolate, yet unwilling to loose the possession of the countrey, determined to leave some men behinde to reteine it: whereupon he landed fiftene men in the Isle of Roanoak, furnished plentifully with all maner of provisions for two yeeres."

Besides Lane's narrative of his explorations in the waters of North Carolina, of his relations with the Indians, and of the various adventures and vicissitudes of the first colony, we have a "Briefe and true report of the new found

land of Virginia" by Thomas Hariot, "a man no lesse for his honesty than learning commendable," the scholar of the expedition, and the inventor of the algebraic system of notation, described in his epitaph as :

Doctissimus ille Harriotus,
 Qui omnes scientias coluit,
 Qui in omnibus excelluit.
 Mathematicis, philosophicis, theologicis,
 Veritatis indagator studiosissimus.

His report, addressed to "the Adventurers, Favourers, and Welwillers of the enterprise for the inhabiting and planting in Virginia," is a very full and interesting account of the varied products of the new country, and of the manners and customs of the natives. "There is a kind of grasse in the country, upon the blades whereof there groweth very good silks. . . . There are two kindes of grapes that the soile doth yeeld, the one small and sowre, of the ordinary bignesse, the other farre greater and of himselfe lushious sweet [the Scuppernong]. . . . A kinde of graine called by the inhabitants Pagatowr [Indian corn], about the bignesse of English peaze; but of divers colours; white, red, yellow and blew. All yeeld a very white and sweete flowre. . . . There is an herbe called by the inhabitants Uppowoe; the Spaniards call it Tabacco. The leaves thereof being brought into pouders, they used to take the smoake thereof, by sucking it thorow pipes made of clay, into their stomacke and heade; from whence it purgeth superfluous fleame and other grosse humours: whereby their bodies are notably preserved in health, and know not many grievous diseases, wherewithall we in England are afflicted. They thinke their gods are marvelously delighted therewith: whereupon they make hallowed fires, and cast some of the pouders therein for sacrifice: being in a storm, to pacifie their gods, they cast some into the waters: also after an escape from danger, they cast some into the aire. . . . We our selves used to sucke

it after their maner, and have found many wonderfull experiments of the vertues thereof: the use of it by so many of late, men and women of great calling, is sufficient witness. . . . Openauk are a kinde of roots of round forme [the potato] found in moist and marish grounds: being boiled or sodden, they are very good meat. . . . The naturall inhabitants are a people clothed with loose mantles made of deere skinnes, and aprons of the same round about their middle, all els naked. . . . For mankinde they say a woman was made first, which by the working of one of the gods, conceived and brought forth children; and in such sort they had their beginning. . . . Some of the people could not tell whether to thinke us gods or men, the rather because there was no man of ours knowen to die, or that was specially sicke: they noted also that we had no women among us. Some therefore were of opinion that we were not borne of women, and therefore not mortal, but that we were men of an old generation many yeeres past, then risen againe to immortalitie. Some would likewise prophecie that there were more of our generation *yet to come to kill theirs and take their places.*”

In no wise discouraged by the failure of this costly experiment at colonization, Raleigh fitted out another expedition of three vessels in the following year, under command of John White, to whom we are indebted for the story of this second colony. For the first time the enterprise had an element of permanence, by including among the emigrants women and children. The intention was to make a settlement on the shores of the Chesapeake, but through the treachery of a pilot, as is said, Roanoke island again became the home of the colonists.

“In the yeere of our Lord 1587, Sir Walter Raleigh intending to persevere in the planting of his Countrey of Virginia, prepared a newe Colonie of one hundred and fifty men to be sent thither, under the charge of John White,

whom hee appointed Governour, and also appointed unto him twelve Assistants, unto whom he gave a Charter, and incorporated them by the name of Governour and Assistants of the Citie of Raleigh in Virginia. Our Fleete being in number three saile, the Admirall a shippe of one hundred and twenty Tunnes, a Flie-boat, and a Pinnosse, departed the 26 of April from Portsmouth. . . . About the 16 of July we fel with the maine of Virginia, and bare along the coast, where in the night, had not Captaine Stafford bene carefull, we had bene all castaway upon the breach, called the Cape of Feare. The 22 of July wee arrived at Hatorask: the Governour went aboard the pinnesse, with fortie of his best men, intending to passe up to Roanok fourthwith, hoping there to finde those fifteene men, which Sir Richard Grenville had left there the yeere before. . . . The same night at sunne-set he went aland, and the next day walked to the North ende of the Island, where Master Ralfe Lane had his forte, with sundry dwellings, made by his men about it the yeere before, where wee hoped to find some signes of our fifteene men. We found the forte rased downe, but all the houses standing unhurt, saving that the neather roomes of them, and also of the forte, were overgrowen with Melons, and Deere within them feeding: so wee returned to our company, without hope of ever seeing any of the fifteene men living. The same day order was given for the repaying of those houses, and also to make other new Cottages."

The settlers, numbering ninety-one men, seventeen women, and nine children, set to work to rebuild the fort, and to make for themselves an English home. Soon after their arrival occurred two incidents of extreme importance in the life of the colony.

"The 13 of August our Savage Manteo was christened in Roanoak, and called Lord thereof and of Dasamonguepeuk, in reward of his faithfull service. The 18, Elenor, daughter to the Governour, and wife to Ananias Dare, one

of the Assistants, was delivered of a daughter in Roanoak, and the same was christened there the Sunday following, and because this child was the first Christian borne in Virginia, shee was named Virginia.”

The baptism of Manteo and of the first Anglo-American child are the beginnings of the life of the English church in the new world. The name Dare has been given to a county of North Carolina on Pamlico sound, and its county-seat is the village of Manteo on Roanoke island; a happy and permanent association of these Indian and English names with the locality where they were first brought into interesting conjunction.

What became of Virginia Dare?—the first American girl—that pattern of sweet womanhood now recognized as a distinctive type, and one as fair and winsome as the *Mirandas* or *Violas* of poetry! Did she die in infancy, and does her dust, mingled with the soil of her birth-place, blossom there into flowers that blush unseen? Did her little feet join in the wandering of the settlers from Roanoke to Croatan? Did she grow to womanhood in their second home, and did her life end in tragedy amid the darkness which enshrouds the fate of the Colony? What a subject for imaginative speculation!—and I wonder that no Carolina writer has made her story the theme of a romance.

A pretty Indian legend is that for her grace and gentleness she was known among the Red Men as the “White Fawn,” and after death her spirit assumed that form—an elfin Fawn, which, clad in immortal beauty, would at times be seen haunting, like a tender memory, the place of her birth, or gazing wistfully over the sea, as with pathetic yearning for the distant mother-land.

Shall not the name of Virginia Dare, the White Fawn of Carolina, grow more dear, more familiar to us all? The women of our dear old State will see to it, I am sure, that the memory of this first Carolina girl, and of Eleanor Dare,

the first Carolina mother, be tenderly cherished and honoured.

"The 22 of August the whole company came to the Governour, and with one voice requested him to return himselfe into England, for the obtaining of supplies and other necessaries for them; but he refused it, and alleaged many sufficient causes why he would not. . . . At the last, through their extreame intreating constrayned to return, he departed from Roanoak the 27 of August." The next day he set sail, destined never again to see his daughter and grandchild, and after a terrible voyage reached the coast of Ireland on the 16th of October.

This is the last that is known of the lost colony, whose fate has given rise to so much interesting speculation, and whose blood it is thought may be traced to-day in the Croatan or Hatteras Indians of Robeson county, North Carolina. It was three years before succour came from the old world, for England in the meantime had needed every ship and every sailor in her life-and-death struggle with Spain and the invincible Armada. Efforts were made to reach the colony, but they were unsuccessful, and not until the summer of 1590 did Governor White again arrive off the North Carolina coast.

"The 20 of March the three shippes, the Hopewell, the John Evangelist, and the little John, put to sea from Plymouth. . . . The 23 of July we had sight of the Cape of Florida, and the broken Ilands thereof. . . . The 15 of August we came to an anker at Hatorask, and saw a great smoke rise in the Ile Roanoke neere the place where I left our Colony in the yeere 1587. . . . The next morning our two boates went ashore, and we saw another great smoke; but when we came to it, we found no man nor signe that any had bene there lately. . . . The 17 of August our boates were prepared againe to goe up to Roanoak. . . . Toward the North ende of the Island we espied the light of a great fire thorow the woods: when

we came right over against it, we sounded with a trumpet a Call, and afterwarde many familiar English tunes and Songs, and called to them friendly; but we had no answer; we therefore landed, and coming to the fire, we found the grasse and sundry rotten trees burning about the place. . . . As we entered up the sandy banke, upon a tree, in the very browe thereof were curiously carved these faire Romane letters, C R O: which letters we knew to signifie the place where I should find the planters seated, according to a secret token agreed upon betweene them and me, at my last departure from them, which was that they should not faile to write or carve on the trees or posts of the dores the name of the place where they should be seated: and if they should be distressed, that then they should carve over the letters a Crosse -- in this forme, but we found no such sign of distresse. . . . We found the houses taken downe, and the place strongly enclosed with a high palisado of great trees, with cortynes and flankers very Fortlike, and one of the chief trees at the right side of the entrance had the barke taken off, and five foote from the ground in fayre Capitall letters was graven CROATOAN, without any crosse or signe of distress." . . . No further trace was found of the colonists, except buried chests which had been dug up and rifled by the Indians, "bookes torne from the covers, the frames of pictures and Mappes rotten and spoyled with rayne, and armour almost eaten through with rust. . . . The season was so unfit, and weather so foule, that we were constrayned of force to forsake that coast, having not seene any of our planters, with losse of one of our ship-boates, and seven of our chiefest men. . . . The 24 of October we came in safetie, God be thanked, to an anker at Plymmouth. . . . Thus committing the reliefe of my discomfortable company, the planters in Virginia, to the merciful help of the Almighty, whom I most humbly beseech to helpe and comfort them, according to his most holy will and their good desire, I take my leave."

Thus ended in disaster all of Raleigh's great schemes for planting the English race on our shores. They had cost him £40,000, and the result was apparent failure; yet his greatest glory is these attempts at colonization. The seed was sown which was eventually to yield the richest harvest: the direct fruit of these efforts was the colony of Jamestown, and Raleigh is the real pioneer of American civilization. It was he, and not King James, who, as Shakspeare says, was destined to "make new* nations," and to whom rightly belongs the proud title of *imperii Atlantici conditor*.

"It was through Raleigh's failures that success at length became possible; and his name is better entitled than any other to rank as the founder of the Anglo-American nation."—*Payne*.

The misfortunes of the Roanoke settlers postponed the peopling of our State for more than a generation, but the fame of its beauty, fertility and rich resources had gone forth to the old world. Hear with what quaint expressions of enthusiasm a London writer speaks of *Carolina* in 1650: "Nature regards this Ornament of the new world with a more indulgent eye than she hath cast upon many other countreys. . . . It is all of so delectable an aspect, that the melanchollyest eye cannot look upon it without contentment, nor content himself without admiration. . . . Nature has crowned the Virgin Brow of this unexampled Countrey with universal plenty. . . . Winter Snowes, Frosts, and other excesses, are here only remembered, never known: the furling Springs and wanton Rivers everywhere kissing the happy soyle into a perpetuall verdure. . . . This fertility-labouring Countrey, especially in its Southerne beauties, in its Roanoke excellencies, like to a Princesse, all composed of Beauty, suffers no addresse to be made unsatisfied. . . . Why, being

*King Henry VIII, V. 4, 53.

capable to crown her browes with Garlands of Roses, hath she sate desolate amongst the Willowes of neglect? . . . But the incomparable Virgin hath raised her dejected head, and now, like the Eldest Daughter of Nature, expresseth a priority in her Dowry. Her browes encircled with opulency, she may with as great justice as any Countrey the Sunne honours with his eye-beames, entitle herself to an affinity with Eden, to an absolute perfection above all but Paradise. . . . The incomparable Roanoke like a Queene of the Ocean, encircled with an hundred attendant Islands, and the most Majestick Carolana shall in such an ample and noble gratitude repay her Adventurers with an Interest far transcending the Principall.”—*Force Tracts, III, XI. E. Williams.*

For more than half a century the name of the first settlement, the so-called “City of Raleigh,” disappears from our annals; until in 1654 a company of explorers from Virginia reached Roanoke, and saw what they termed the “ruins of Sir Walter Raleigh’s fort.” The lapse of time has probably altered its appearance but little from what it then was, except for the changes wrought by a luxuriant vegetation. Its present condition is thus described in *Harper’s Magazine* for May, 1860: “The trench is clearly traceable in a square about forty yards each way. Midway of one side another trench, perhaps flanking the gateway, runs inward fifteen or twenty feet. On the right of the same face of the enclosures, the corner is apparently thrown out in the form of a small bastion. The ditch is generally two feet deep, though in many places scarcely perceptible. The whole site is overgrown with pine, live-oak, vines, and a variety of other plants. A flourishing tree, draped with vines, stands sentinel near the centre. A fragment or two of stone or brick may be discovered in the grass, and then all is told of the existing relics of the city of Raleigh.”

Surely, these interesting historic remains should be

saved from further decay, and kept intact for all time to come. No spot in the country should be dearer or more sacred to us than that which was marked by the first footprints of the English race in America. In this year of the great Exhibition at Chicago, and in these days of enthusiasm about Columbus and his explorations, it is especially important not to lose sight of the fact that he did not discover the continent of North America, and that the United States owe nothing to Spanish civilization. That influence was to mould the destiny of the peoples who gathered in the new world south of the Gulf of Mexico; but Cabot with his English explorers was the first to set foot on our Atlantic coast, and it is to English enterprise, English moral standards, English political ideas, and English civil and religious liberty, that we owe the manifold blessings we now enjoy, and to which we must gratefully ascribe the marvelous progress and prosperity of our beloved country.

And now we sons of Carolina, whose lot is cast beyond her borders, appeal to you at home for help in our patriotic undertaking. Perhaps those who are privileged to hang ever on the mother's breast do not so fully realize how dear she is as we who yearn for her from afar. But however this may be, our love for the dear old mother State is deep and tender; we are proud of her glory, jealous of her honor; eager to work for her, to plead for her; and ready I trust, if God will, to die for her.

Her record is illustrious, but the world does not know it,—her history is full of good deeds, great deeds, noble deeds, but it is largely unwritten. Shall this ever be so? Shall no stepping-stone mark her grand progress across the waters of time? Are no statues to rise in honor of our immortals,—no monuments to our heroic dead,—no memorials of great epochs in our history?

To put these questions is to answer them, and we can no longer remain unmindful of our worthy past. The times are full of hopeful signs: associations are forming

for patriotic purposes; historical societies are springing up in our principal towns; a few men have found that they have no time to make money, and are spending happy laborious days in turning over old manuscripts and publishing forgotten papers. Our Colonial Records have been printed, chiefly through the noble efforts of William Saunders. All honor to him who, though a cripple from wounds and a martyr to pain, bravely carried through his colossal work! Go to Greensborough, and see what the devotion of one man can accomplish. Six years ago Guilford battle-field,—the scene of the only pitched battle fought within our borders by regular armies during the Revolutionary war,—was an almost unknown wilderness. To-day, through the energies of David Schenck, it is a beautiful park adorned with noble monuments, and it has become a Mecca of patriotism for thousands of pilgrims. As the years roll on it will become more and more a centre of historic interest to our children's children, until Guilford will be as familiar a name as Bunker Hill, and its significance in the great struggle will be as fully recognized as that of Yorktown, to which it was the necessary prelude.

Thus should we cherish the memory of every important fact in our history. Let us devoutly study the Genesis of our beloved State, the development of our institutions, the formation of our special character,—for we Tar Heels, like the Hebrews of old, are a peculiar people,—we may even say in a limited sense God's chosen people. Let us remember how the English pioneers from the borders of the Chesapeake peopled the Albemarle district,—how the French Huguenots settled on Pamlico Sound and on the fertile lands between the Neuse and Trent,—the Swiss and the persecuted refugees from the Palatinate found a home at New Berne,—the Scotch Highlanders occupied the banks of the Cape Fear,—the sturdy Irish Protestants and the Germans filled the centre of the State, and the industrious Moravians the country between the Dan and Yadkin.

From the mingling of these varied elements has grown a homogeneous people—simple, unpretentious, modest, unostentatious, hardy, patient under suffering, obedient to law divine and human—a nation of brave, honest men and pure, tender women, unsurpassed in the world for their sterling qualities. As ready to resist tyranny as loyally submissive to rightful authority, their political acts have been marked by the highest wisdom, and if "there be any," says Bancroft, "who doubt man's capacity for self-government, let them study the history of North Carolina."

Over sixty years under the government of the Lords Proprietors, and nearly as long under the rule of royal Governors, our fathers showed from the outset an earnest love of liberty and a determined spirit of independence. All oppression of the home government and every abuse of the royal prerogative were stoutly resisted, and when the day of inevitable conflict came, Mecklenburg pointed out to the sister Colonies the path to independence, and North Carolina soldiers shed their blood for the common safety from Stony Point on the Hudson to our extreme Southern border in Georgia. The cause which their valour had helped to win in the field was upheld by their wisdom in the council-chamber, and in nothing are our ancestors worthier of admiration than in the measures adopted for the formation of a State government and the conditions prescribed for the acceptance of the Federal Constitution.

Then followed two generations of happy, prosperous development, when again our country was desolated by a cruel civil war,—for the outbreak of which North Carolina was in no way responsible,—and yet how nobly she responded to every call of duty and honour!—till her best blood was reddening every battlefield, and our dear mother offered up more of the precious lives of her children than did any other State.

With what interest, what pride should we dwell upon all these things! But especially should we love and adorn

the sacred spot which was the birthplace of American civilization. Let Roanoke Island become as familiar and as dear to us as is Plymouth Rock to the New Englander; make Fort Raleigh as widely known as Jamestown; let there gather around Virginia Dare the romantic interest that attaches to the name of Pocahontas.

Let us men and women give to this, and to all such patriotic movements, our substantial aid and hearty sympathy; and let all the young be taught to know and feel what a proud privilege it is to be a child of Carolina.

EDWARD GRAHAM DAVES.

NOTE.—This article was prepared by Professor Daves for use as a lecture. As such it was delivered by him in a lecturing tour throughout North Carolina, in the winter of 1892-'93, in the interest of the Roanoke Colony Memorial Association scheme.—EDITOR.



THE LEAP YEAR MAID.

A maid she was and ah how fair!
 With eyes of blue and flaxen hair,
 A blushing, bashful youth was I,
 Of modest mien, and very shy.

I leaned upon my arm and gazed,
 Upon her beauty, rapt, and mazed,
 Those eyes so soft, those arms so round,
 What wonder that my blood did bound!

“My hopes, my life I'd gladly give,”
 Thought I, “content no more to live
 Could I but tell this winsome maid
 What deep within my heart is laid.”

“A boon 'twould be from him above,
 The strength to tell her of this love,
 Courage to woo this witching Miss,
 To snatch from her a single kiss.”

“But ah, ah me! it cannot be,
 Such Heav'nly bliss is not for me,
 Weak am I as the trembling hare—
 'None but the brave deserve the fair!’”

And could this maid so well divine
 The thoughts thus running in my mind?
 I cannot tell; I did not seek,
 That kiss upon my upturned cheek.

Then trembled I with tim'rous fear,
 So terrified I scarce did hear
 What words she spake when she did see
 How nigh to death she'd frightened me.

“Be not surprised” she said, “my dear,
 But with the coming of Leap Year,
 'Tis quite the proper thing I'm told
 For maidens thus to grow o'er bold.”

W. S.

THREE MONTHS IN RUSSIA.

In a letter which I wrote about three months ago, while in Russia, I promised the manager of THE ARCHIVE to send him a description of my travels and experiences in that most interesting of all the European countries which it has been my good fortune and pleasure to visit. Only the pressure of work, preparatory to my examination, has prevented a speedy fulfillment of this engagement. I was invited last summer by a young Russian friend and fellow-student here in Halle to spend the vacation with him on a large estate in the land of the Cossacks in South Russia. I accepted the invitation, not without some hesitation knowing that his political opinions were extremely liberal, and that his father had been in disfavor with the government at St. Petersburg. I satisfied myself, however, fully from the Russian students, that in such an undertaking I incurred no risk whatever, and then I proceeded to make the necessary arrangements for my departure.

The Russian Consul demanded an express statement from the American Consul in Leipzig as to my religious confession and some other things, all of which I secured quite easily except the religious confession; first, because I had no certificate of that nature with me, and secondly, because the American Consul insisted that, religion being a private matter in the United States, he had no right whatever to make a statement of that kind. The Russian Consul was not to be persuaded otherwise, and finally on my statement the American Consul wrote on the back of my passport that I had been baptized and was a member of a Protestant church.

This was the only unpleasantness I had with the officials, except afterwards in Moscow, where I was detained by the police for a short time, for which I was entirely responsible. We crossed the frontier at Thorn, and the journey led us through Warsaw, the ancient capital of Poland, and Keiff, (pronounce Ke-yef), the so-called mother of Russian cities.

Our destination was Rostoff, at the mouth of the Don, and our tickets limited us to seven days. As the journey could be made in five days, we spent a day in each of the cities, Warsaw and Kieff, the latter offering more objects of interest to the traveller than any other place I have ever seen. My experiences, or more properly, adventures which I met with in this Mecca of all the Russias, I hope to find time to describe hereafter. My friend is a young nobleman and is heir to quite extensive estates in the valley of the Don, commonly designated as "The Black Lands of Russia." I never before saw such expert horsemanship as that displayed by the Cossack riders, and my friend and his two sisters, both young ladies, were not exceptions to the general rule.

I will pass over much that would doubtless prove interesting, because I want to write especially of the government and administration, about which there prevail so many false impressions in America. First, a word as to social conditions. There are three sharply defined social casts, the nobles, the merchants and the peasants who were delivered from a state of serfdom in 1861. The nobles or "high born," as they are usually styled, are the large land owners, and possess a degree of character not inferior to that in any other country in the world. In the northern provinces of the empire there are very many Russian merchants, and many are very rich, and are to a certain extent cultured. In the western provinces, especially Poland and Bessarabia, this stratum of society is composed of Jews; and in the southern provinces, the Greeks and Armenians this middle stand, as it is sometimes called.

By far the most interesting part of the population to me were the peasants, and I had excellent opportunity for observing the conditions in which they live. The interest I had for this class was chiefly due to the interesting comparison to be made between these Russian freedmen and the negroes with us, who were liberated from slavery about the same time.

Such a comparison presents the negro in a very favorable light. To cite instances showing the stated ignorance of the Russian peasant can perhaps reveal this fact more clearly. Madame Routscheurco, the mother of my friend, knowing that none of these people had ever heard of America, told her coachmen a gentlemen from the *other world* was coming to see them. This simple-minded creature, thinking she had reference to a Heavenly apparition, spread this report through the village and many of the neighboring villages, and it was with considerable pains on her part that the excitement was allayed before my arrival. A certain Jew had shortly been through that section selling tickets to the planet Jupiter, and had collected quite a considerable amount of money in this way from the peasants.

About three months before my arrival a woman in a neighboring village imagined that she saw a picture of the Virgin Mary in a spring where she was drawing water, and ran through the village spreading this report. The peasants who arrived first and did not see the picture were assured that only the pure in heart, or good Christian people could see it, whereupon every one professed to be able to see it. The priest came and pronounced it genuine. An enclosure was built about the spring, admission was fixed at 50 copeks, and 38,000 rubles were collected in this way. This amount was invested in a large church where I attended services which offered food for reflection as to whether such was really to be termed Christianity.

I made a special point to ascertain if any of these people had ever heard of America, and I failed to find one who had. The most of them believed that the world is flat, and rests on the backs of four large elephants. It is impossible to exaggerate this state of things; but, in justice to Russia, I ought to offer, by way of explanation, that in the southwestern part of Russia, there are few people, except peasants, and they learn absolutely nothing from contact

with others. In other parts of Russia the conditions are different, and in the Baltic provinces where serfdom was abolished about seventy-five years ago, the peasants are relatively very intelligent. The estates on which these people live are for the most part perfectly vast, and one plantation which I have seen has 1,000,000 acres, and the tenants number over 10,000.

In the last few years the government has established many free schools for the peasants, but they seem not to have produced any appreciable effect as yet. It was my intention to write principally about Russian administration and, incidently, exile system, but I shall reserve this for another time, as this article is already longer than I had expected to have it.

ERNEST T. BYNUM.

SNUBS' LOVE CASE.

Snubs was the ugliest boy in college. His mouth reached almost from ear to ear, and was adorned above and below with lips that would have done honor to any gentleman of the colored persuasion. The next prominent feature about his visage was his nose, which began in a rather small way just below his eyes, but increased in size as it did in length, until at the culminating point, just over his mouth, it presented enormous proportions. Besides these marks of beauty, Snubs possessed his share of ears—his expansive auricular appendages stood out from his head like the wings of a great bat, making it appear as if Snubs' cranium were always meditating a flight to some happier clime. Snubs' pate, adorned with these landmarks, and covered with a mass of unkempt curly locks, was connected by a slender neck to a loosely united frame. Snubs had long, slender arms and longer, slenderer legs, and his whole body suggested a frame on the point of collapsing into nothingness.

Yes, Snubs was ugly and he didn't deny it. The boys had told him of the fact so often that his conscience had become dulled to it, so to speak. Although Snubs didn't deny it, he certainly was not fond of the idea. He was sorry he was ugly on account of one thing, which the boys had informed him, and that was that being ugly forever and eternally knocked up his chances of marrying any fair maiden. Snubs had never studied into the character of the fair sex sufficiently to see the falsity of this statement. He was not aware of the fact that fair ladies often fall in love with masculine shapes wearing asses' heads like Bottom of old. Snubs was too lazy to investigate the facts in the case, and so took the statement of his friends as the gospel truth.

In truth, Snubs was as lazy as he was ugly. He was proud of the fact too, and boasted that he'd never seen a sunrise in his life. His friends had often advised him to start to his recitations an hour beforehand in order to get there on time. Snub's wouldn't hear to such a monstrosity, so he was rarely ever seen in the class-room. It was reported around that a good strong run would kill Snubs. So he never took much violent exercise. He played tennis, football and baseball, it is true, but always managed to go through his part without much exertion. Snubs' highest ideal in these games was to reduce the necessary exertion to a minimum quantity. And he succeeded admirably, too, in some things, especially tennis. Here his long, slender arms and longer, slenderer legs came into play, and enabled Snubs to step about over his court and do better playing than many who do a great deal more of running.

In running bases in baseball, Snubs never got out of a tolerably respectable trot. And whenever he was put out, as he often was, he would always say, "Blame if I keer, I'm not going to kill myself." Snubs' favorite position in the field was first base because he thought there was little running to be done by one holding that position.

One day our team played a match game of baseball with the boys of another institution. As usual, first base was given to Snubs to hold down. And Snubs held it down in true baseball style, often, in leisure moments, utilizing the soft sand bag for a seat on which to rest his weary frame. The scores were about even. The last half of the ninth inning was being played with the visiting team at the bat, Snubs of course being on first. Three men were on the bases and Slingman, the heaviest batter of the whole section, was the next at the bat. This was a trying moment, and Snubs arose from his seat with at least a half degree more of animation in his demeanor. The poor fellow by this time, you must remember, was tired and weary. He had made at least a dozen strenuous efforts to make first base, and though he failed each time, it had cost him a good deal of breath. Well, Snubs was on first, three men on bases, and Slingman at the bat. The pitcher was on his mettle and Slingman had been knocking fouls for several minutes. It looked as if he were going to keep up that thing, so Snubs could not refrain from indulging in a short snooze while standing erect. Pretty soon Slingman hit the ball with a sharp "whack." The sound woke Snubs and he saw the ball making straight towards him. He threw up his gloved hand just in time to prevent the ball from hitting him, but the tremendous jar caused him to describe three beautiful somersets for the amusement of the spectators—Snubs lay still two or three seconds, then pulled himself together, and arose, saying, "Dern if he didn't swipe me!" The ball in the meantime went on, and four men went in home. This put the visitors ahead. When Snubs realized the situation he said "I *certainly* am not going to hold down first any more."

There was no denying that Snubs was smart in some things, if he was ugly and lazy. His favorite studies were mathematics, physics and chemistry. He always made good marks on these studies. But it seemed as if he knew

them by some kind of instinct or intuition, he certainly never studied them. Snubs did not believe in studying. As was said, he seemed to know mathematics by intuition.

Often the boys would carry hard problems to him to get him to work them. Snubs' first exclamation when a problem was presented would be, "Aw, I can't work it. Lemme see it." He would then proceed to work the problem as follows: First, he would read the example and throw the book, pencil and paper on the table; then he'd light a cigarette, lean back in his chair, put his thumbs in his vest pockets, and place his number twelves on the table; next he would blow a whiff of smoke through his nostrils, and another compact stream from his mouth up toward the ceiling; then he would take down his number twelves, lean over on the table, beat a short rat-tat-too, take up the pencil and go to writing; and in a short time he would hand the problem over correctly solved. Ah, yes, Snubs was good in math; as the boys said, "It was natural with the brute."

We have thus far given a few of the many interesting points about Snubs' character in order that the reader might become well enough acquainted with him to appreciate his efforts at love making.

One Sunday Snubs decided to fix up and go to church—a very unusual thing for him to do. He always said he liked the little Sunday School and preaching he held in his own room better than any other form of worship. But it seems as if fate decreed for him to go to church on this particular day. He had just found a nice back seat and settled himself for a few snatches of sleep when, much to his consternation, he saw a young lady coming toward him. There was only a very small space between Snubs and the end of the seat, but the little woman saw it and nestled into it, causing Snubs to wiggle considerably in order to make room. She was a pretty, rosy-cheeked, hazel-eyed, dark-haired little lady, apparently about twenty-two years

old. As she pressed into the seat beside Snubs, she gave him a most pleasant smile, thereby causing the bashful boy to turn red as a beet.

No sleeping for Snubs during that sermon. That smile had captured his soul and body. People who happened to glance at him would often see him looking through the corner of his eye at the fair object by his side. Once she happened to catch his eye and gave him another pleasant smile, and Snubs once more turned a carnation countenance toward the preacher. After the sermon was over and the congregation was standing to sing the last hymn, the little woman held out her hymn book for Snubs to hold one side of it. Snubs awkwardly grabbed hold of it with his large hand as if it were an unruly horse he wanted to hold in check. Well, the sermon that day was too short for Snubs. He did not remember anything the preacher had said, but he went away from the church with a new spring in his step and a brighter sparkle in his eye. He felt like life had a new meaning to him after that service.

Several of Snubs' interested friends who had seen the little episode in the church decided to have some fun. They called on Snubs and congratulated him on having the prettiest girl they had ever laid eyes on to sit by him. Snubs told them she sat there because she couldn't get any other place. But the boys told him they had seen too much of women and their ways to believe such stuff as that. They told him that they could see in the little woman's eyes and in the sweet smiles she bestowed on him, that she had great admiration for him. Snubs hooted at the idea for awhile, but finally, in view of the fact that the boys had much larger experience in such affairs than himself, he accepted their version as true. In fact, Snubs had a great desire that it might be true, and so believed it all the sooner.

That night Snubs, in a dream, saw the vision of a pretty

little angel coming and taking a seat by his side and smiling sweetly at him. He was much disappointed when he awoke and found it only a dream. During the day, however, he saw the subject of his dreams, and much to his delight received not only a smile, but a few words from her. It was a wet muddy day, and while she was attempting to cross the streets one of her overshoes pulled off in the sticky mud. She had just made one vain attempt to pull it out when she heard some one splashing through the mud behind her. It proved to be our hero who was fast learning how to be gallant.

“Can’t I get that shoe out of the mud for you?” he said.

“Oh, thank you, sir,” she replied, “I shall be ever so much obliged if you will do so.”

Snubs got a small lever and soon rescued the overshoe. He then asked the little woman to let him carry her bundles for her, for which he received another bright smile. He walked along with her to her place of residence. On the way she told him she was visiting in the city and would leave the following Friday. She asked him several questions about his college work, friends, etc., all of which Snubs answered as best he could. He told her about the victories of the college team and what it hoped to accomplish, in all of which she seemed to take great interest, and said she hoped the team would carry off the laurels that year. This raised her one hundred per cent in Snubs’ estimation. I neglected to state that pretty soon after starting, Snubs told her his name was Samuel Sumner, (Snubs was only a nickname), and learned that her name was something that sounded to him like Miss Etta Fremont.

When Snubs reached the college he immediately became the centre of a circle of admiring friends. They told him that he was the hero of the hour—the most successful ladiesman of the whole school. Then they raved for a while on the beauty of the young lady Snubs had met, called her the queen of beauty, the fairest of the fair. A few of Snubs’

particular friends then took him up to his room and told him they wanted to give him some advice. They told him there was no doubt but that he had won the fair one's love, and that the time had come for him to propose. This almost took Snubs' breath away. He couldn't think of such a thing, but the boys told him he was a man of honor, and that his honor alone would compel him to make the proposal. Besides this he was certain to be accepted if he proposed.

Snubs pondered these points long and seriously that night. He believed the boys meant what they said, and that they knew more about such things than he did. Then they had touched on honor—he must not go back on the principles of honor. Snubs had read of men dying for honor, and he decided it would not do for him to violate such a sacred thing. To make a long story short, he decided to propose before Friday night, and memorized a little speech to say to the idol of his heart. His chemistry and physics supplied him with the necessary words.

Next day he told one of the boys who boarded in the city near where Miss Etta stopped to ask her if he might call that night. She seemed very much surprised when the question was put to her, but when she found out it was Snubs wanted to call, she said, "Tell him I shall be glad to see him." She asked the young man several things about Snubs, what studies he liked best, etc., etc.

That night Snubs left the college with a look of determination on his face. The greatest trial of his life had come. He was dressed accordingly. A brisk walk soon brought him to the house. The young lady met him at the door and invited him in, telling him she was very glad to see him again before she left. Snubs swallowed that at a gulp. They then began to talk on the weather, football, baseball, the college and everything in general, nothing in particular. The young lady had heard from Snubs' friend that morning what interested Snubs, and she endeavored

to dwell on the subjects on which Snubs was most conversant. She was very entertaining and pleasant, and Snubs began to feel comparatively comfortable.

Finally the supreme moment came. Snubs had just been waxing eloquent on Sir John Newton and his great universal law of gravitation, in which the young lady seemed very much interested. He was so warmed up over this discussion that he thought the time had come, and so he walked over in front of Miss Fremont, and began his speech.

“Miss Etta, since seeing you some unexplainable magnetism has been drawing me to you. It seems that a strong current of affection has been running on invisible wires around my heart, and has so charged it with love that I cannot prevent it from escaping. Under the stress of this force, I can hardly refrain from precipitating myself at your feet and telling you that the residue of my uneventful life will be full of dark clouds of bitter sorrow if you do not see fit to—er—er—er—ah—O pshaw, I love you and want you to marry me. Will you?”

Snubs forgot his speech but he finished it anyway in his best style, and who will not say it was a manly effort for the first trial. He had hardly looked at the young lady during the course of his remarks. If he had done so he would have seen her smile at first, as if thinking he were trying a joke, but before he finished his earnest appeal, he would have seen a serious, pained expression come over her countenance. He now glanced at her for the acceptance of his proposition.

She did not speak for a moment, and then began in calm, gentle tones, “Mr. Sumner, there is some mistake, somebody has misled you; O, I never dreamed of this. I am so sorry. I thought you knew it all the time. I thought you knew that I am married and am only visiting in town. I thought I told you my name was Mrs. Etta Fremont. I have been married over a year.”

Snubs turned white, red, and blue in the face. His eyes wandered around the room as if in search of a knot hole. Suddenly while the young lady was telling something about how she appreciated his friendship, he sprang from his seat, grabbed his hat, said "Good-bye," and departed at a gait which threatened his dissolution. Had you been there, you could have heard him exclaim when he entered his room and locked the door, "I certainly am not going to make love any more. Dem it, I'm a blame fool anyway."

F. P. J. = g 7 1200

REV. MOSES HESTER.

Sketch of a Quaint Negro Preacher in North Carolina.

Durham, North Carolina has two of the largest tobacco manufacturing establishments in the world. It is the home of the "Durham Bull Smoking Tobacco," and the "Duke of Durham Cigarettes." Most of the labor in the tobacco factories here is done by the negroes, and hence they form a large proportion of the population. The city stretches along the North Carolina railroad for several miles, being in shape much like a shoestring. The white people live at the east end and the black folks at the west end.

The west end population is situated in a low basin on the south side of the railroad. The houses are all small, many of them containing only one room and few having as many as three. The houses are uniformly unpainted and take on the natural coloring which results from a combination of rain and sunshine. There are no fences, and no streets, except one which faces the railroad. Standing on the railroad and overlooking the settlement, one sees smoke curling from hundreds of little chimneys, forming a sort of fog, which spreads out and hangs over the houses as if they were all under a canopy. Many children may be seen playing about the doors of these houses or huts. All sorts of garments, male and female, may be seen strung upon clothes

lines. Here and there is a pig-pen, while many chickens are seen scratching about for worms. This part of the city is known as Smoky Hollow.

One afternoon in September, a professor in Trinity College put on his hat, coat and gloves, and taking his cane in hand, left his study for his usual daily exercise. As the side-walks were somewhat muddy, he took to the railroad and walked out toward Smoky Hollow. As he stood upon the railroad embankment viewing the settlement, one of the houses especially attracted his attention and excited his curiosity. It was situated near the bottom of the hollow on the street which paralleled the railroad but at a point where the inclination of the street was pretty sharp and where the railroad embankment in front was correspondingly high. The house was almost a perfect square, comprising one story and a basement. A piazza supported by large posts stretched across the front and east side of the house. The low, flat roof, sloping in four directions from the centre, gave the structure quite a Corinthian effect. The east end of the house rested on the ground, and the west end, owing to the slope of the hill, rested upon high pillars. By excavating somewhat and enclosing the space between the pillars, a comfortable basement room had been added. The door and window frames of the house were painted in stripes of red and green. The body of the house was whitewashed. On the side of the house were two posts about 15 feet high, and at the top of each was a large bell, which had probably done service on a railroad engine. An old man was cutting wood in the rear. The professor could not resist the temptation to inquire into this singular habitation. He descended the embankment, walked down the hill and into the yard where this old man was at work.

“Good evening, Uncle!” said the professor.

The darkey turned around, and in a surprised and pleased expression, replied :

“Why, how do you do, sir. I hope you are well—but I declar I don’t believe I knows you.”

The professor introduced himself and stated that he came simply out of curiosity to see who lived in this queer house.

“Yes, yes,” said the darkey, smiling, “I’m al’ys glad to welcome and accommodate any gentlemens of the learned profession. My name is Moses Hester; I’m a minister of the Christian church.”

“Where do you preach Uncle Mose?”

“I preaches, sir, right here in the basement of my house on Sunday afternoons at 3 o’clock.”

“Oh, yes, I understand now why you have those bells, but I don’t yet see the reason for two of them.”

“Well, you understand, most of these folks here in Smoky Hollow works in the factories, and I rings the fust bell, you see, at 5 o’clock in the morning to rouse ’em up; then I rings again at 12 o’clock for dinner, and 6 o’clock for supper. I rings the other bell on Sundays and whenever I have divine service. One bell, you understand, is secular and the other religious.”

The professor laughed pretty heartily, but commended the preacher for his reverence for that which was religious.

“A man who regards the Sabbath as sacredly as that, surely must be made of solid stuff. By the way, Uncle Mose, would you object if I should come around next Sunday with some of my friends and hear you preach?”

“Bless your life, no,” answered the preacher, his countenance beaming with pride and satisfaction; “very often some uv my white frinds does me the honor to listen to one of my discourses, and I’m al’ys glad to welcome them. Now, on next Sunday, beance it’s most Xmas, I’m gwine to preach a special sarmon on ‘The Birth of Christ.’”

“Thank you, Uncle Mose, I will be sure to come and bring some of my friends.” Turning around he noticed a little pig in a pen near by: “Ah, I see you have a fine young pig.”

“Yes, sir; yes, sir; that’s er fine pig. I didn’t give but \$1.25 for ’im. I’v had him just a week, and I wus offered \$1.75 for him to-day.”

Moses walked up to the pen with a proud step, holding his axe in one hand and jesticulating with the other. The professor followed and both looked at the pig, and the pig looked at them. The little animal reached up its fore feet and offered to shake hands, and set to grunting at a great rate.

“’Gin I slop him up and do him about a few month, he’ll make fine pork, and plenty uv it. I don’t know as I’m right or not,” said Moses, looking at the pig with profound gravity, “but, you understand, in pig’s feet there is a hole whar they say snake pison comes out. You know snakes can’t pison a pig. Now, in the fifth chapter of St. Mark and the 13th vus, the Scriptur says: ‘And the unclean spiruts went out and entered into the swine: and the herd ran violently down a steep place into the sea; they were about two thousand, and were choked in the sea.’ Now, you understand, I have al’ys thought that thur unclean spiruts entered the swine whar these holes is in their feet.”

The professor professed his ignorance of pig physiology, and of course ventured no opinion on the subject.

“Do you live alone in that house, Uncle Mose?”

“Oh no, sir; my chillun livè with me. Three daughters. One of ’em cooks for one of our prominent ladies down town; another one, she nusses for the superintendent of the cotton mill, and the other one she works in the cigarette factory. They gits their board whar they work, except the one in the factory. She eats at home with me. The three allows me nine dollars a month to sorter help me along, ’cause, you understand, niggers, nowadays, is gòt fashion in their religion, like the white folks, and they won’t come to a humble church like mine.”

Moses leaned upon the hog-pen and looked altogether

melancholy as he spoke the last sentence. The professor could not help taking a survey of his person as he stood in this striking attitude. In statue he was low and heavy set. As he gazed at some far-away object, his large white eyeballs, enclosing small black pupils, gave sharp relief to a face of unusual darkness. His forehead was low, but well rounded off, and bald at the top. His nose was large and flat, spreading to wide dimensions at the openings of the nostrils. His mouth was wide in proportion and his lips heavy, the upper one being long and covered with short, stubby hair, the lower one curling over on a receding chin, which was relieved by a grayish goatee. His teeth were like a broken skirmish line. His hat was an old cloth one, which had colored with age. The front part of the flabby rim was turned under in order to enable him to see. His coat, which was a short cut-away, had in time been perhaps black or blue, but now was in the sear and yellow leaf of its existence. The right sleeve had happened to an accident at some period of its career, and had been sewed from the outside with coarse white cotton yarn. His vest pocket had also met with violence, and had been sewed up in the same substantial manner. His shirt was white, or had been, and he wore a standing collar, which was much inclined to lie down. His cravat was an old black bow, covering much of his bosom, and rising to a position of decided prominence at the back. His trousers were broadcloth, and looked comparatively new. They, however, were several inches too long, and folded themselves at the bottom, reminding one of the creases in an old-time accordeon. One of his shoes was rather long and sharp, while the other was broad and more rounded.

“Your wife is dead, I presume?” inquired the professor.

“Yes, yes, sir; she’s bin dead now going on nine year.”

“Where did you live during slavery?”

“In Alamance county. My master was Col. ——. He is now engaged in some work for the gov’ment. Last

summer he sent we some money to come to see him, and I went up thar."

"That was very kind of him. What did you do up there?"

"Well, I sorter knocked around and about, seeing the luxuries of the capital. I went up on Washington monument, you understand, and I went to the place whar they make laws. I saw the curiosities in one of the big houses, I don't ricollect what you call it. Then I went out in a boat one day to Hampton Roads, and saw the very place whar the er—er Thermometer, I believe, sunk the Tokahunta."

The professor laughed and remarked that the pig seemed to be growing very restless. The little animal had tried in every way possible to enter the conversation, and was now in the act of turning over the trough to convince us that it was empty.

However, Uncle Mose could not conclude about his trip without alluding to the generosity of his old master in giving him the pair of pants he had on and money besides.

"He would uv give me work, but, you understand, I'm old and can't stir about much. Besides," he added in a rather whispering tone, "I'm ruptured, and I couldn't do around like them young Washington niggers."

"Well," said the professor, "I presume you are as happy here in your humble home as if you were a millionaire."

"Yes, indeed. You know in the 10th chapter uv St. Mark and 23d vus, Christ says: 'How hardly shall they that have riches enter the Kingdom of God.' Riches, I tell you, is a snare and temptation, and I often thinks that we niggers is might'ly blessed in our poverty. Our leanings are might'ly towards sin, anyhow. Uv course, capital is a good thing, and I believes that thar's plenty of good men, you understand, who's bin blessed with an abundance of this world's goods. But I don't envy any of 'em. My,

my! what would I do with the money Mr. Vanderbilt's got? Why, I seen in a paper that he give his daughter seventy-five thousand dollars."

The professor suggested that the sum was perhaps seventy-five million.

"Well, maby it mought uv bin, I won't be sure about it. I read it seventy-five thousand, but I never was much on naughts no how. I want all my treasures to be laid up in heaven, where moth nor rust doth corrupt."

The red-faced sun had just dropped behind the horizon, and the shadows of night began to fall upon Smoky Hollow. The express train bound for Greensboro went by like a flash of lightning, while the little pig scampered about his pen in an uneasy state of mind. This interruption to the conversation furnished the professor an excuse to take leave. As he turned to go away he handed the preacher a newspaper, and said :

"This paper contains one of Talmage's sermons. Perhaps you would like to read it. I suppose you have read some of his sermons, have you not?"

"Well, ah, I'v sorter struck at 'em. Talmage, you understand, is a mighty soarin' preacher. The fact is, he's most too astrometic for me."

The professor smiled, and added that Moses might expect him at service next Sunday. As the professor reached the top of the railroad embankment, he looked back and saw the preacher, with his arms full of wood, enter the door of his house.

THE SERMON.

Sunday afternoon about half past three o'clock, the aforesaid professor, accompanied by one of his co-workers in the college, was walking up the railroad in the direction of Smoky Hollow. As the gentlemen neared the home of Rev. Moses Hester, they heard the sound of his bell an-

nouncing the hour of worship. On reaching the house, they descended a few steps, which led to the basement door. Here they hesitated, and looked in with decided irresolution.

The preacher and his three daughters were sitting around an open fireplace on the opposite side of the room. The preacher arose at the sight of his visitors, and in a cordial, but rather embarrassed manner, offered them chairs. They sat down about the middle of the room, facing the fire. Several large sticks of wood were piled upon each other, and were burning with a bright and cheerful blaze. However, the chimney, like some preachers, had no drawing qualities, and the smoke was coming out in graceful folds, and stealing its way up the walls, and floating around the ceiling looking for a place of exit. A door several feet to the left of the fireplace, opening out into the back yard, had been left ajar, presumably to facilitate the escape of the smoke. The preacher was much embarrassed over the slender audience, and began to make some apologies. He said that the old devil knew that this was no place for him to do business, and so whispered it into the ears of niggers to stay away. After these remarks he excused himself, and went out in the yard and began to ring his religious bell in a very vigorous fashion. In a few moments he returned in company with another gentleman of his race. With this re-enforcement, he began the service. He arose by the side of a table, which was at the left end of the room, and announced a hymn. His dress on this occasion was some different from that he wore on week days. He looked quite clerical in a long black frock coat, which reached below his knees. He had on a clean white shirt, and seemed to be in great misery over his high collar, which his short neck would not permit to stand up. He led off—reading each line of the hymn, and then singing it after the manner of old. The other negroes present joined heartily in the song, and all of them threw into it

much feeling and soul, swelling the volume and bringing out the melody in a way that excited the emotions of the visitors, and made it hard for the most callous nature to withhold the eye-drop.

At the conclusion of the song all knelt down, while the preacher offered a fervent prayer, asking God to be present at this humble gathering, and so guide the words of the preacher that good might be done to some one present and all be brought into closer communion with the Heavenly Father. He asked that the Almighty might be pleased to bless all the races of the earth, and bring them to an eternal inheritance.

As the prayer concluded, a dozen or more negro women, who had perhaps been attracted by the singing, entered and seated themselves in a promiscuous fashion about the room.

The preacher then opened his Bible, which lay upon the table, and began to turn the leaves. It was a large book, and had evidently done service for many years. The binding was all gone, and the leaves were soiled, worn and curled up at the corners.

“My text,” said the preacher, “is contained in the second chapter of St. Luke and the 7th vs: ‘And she brought forth her first born son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn.’

“Now, then, every year when the birthday uv our Saviour comes, we have Christmas. Now, Christmas is no time for making a big noise and drinking and carousin’ and popping of fire crackers and spilin’ the peace of the community. It is a time for humility and for singing praises to God. Christmas is most here, and that is why I takes this text to dictate to you a few remarks on this subject.”

The preacher adjusted his spectacles on his nose, which, by the way, were made of nickle with long prongs reaching behind the ears. They happened to be put on upside down,

so that the nose-bridge was inverted. He looked intently at the text for a moment, and then proceeded.

“Now Mary and Joseph went down to Bethlehem, you understand, but there wasn’t no place in Bethlehem for a poor creatur like Mary. The town was full of pride, and pride, you understand, goeth before destruction. They wouldn’t take Mary in any of thar fine houses. So she had to go to the manger; that, you understand, means a stable. But I bound you,” the preacher said, shaking his hand with great earnestness, and repeating, “I bound you they took her taxes. If you will read the pretext,” meaning the preceding verse, “you will see that they went down thar to pay taxes. The next pint that I will dictate to you on is the word swaddling. Now, I never could make out s’actly what that was—but thar’s some rough cloth at the cotton mill up yonder what they use to make bags, and as near as I can make out, that is what Jesus was wrapped in. Now the Scriptur says, ‘Better is it to be of an humble spirit with the lowly, than to divide the spoil with the proud.’ But the people of Bethlehem wouldn’t be humble. They were too proud to notice any poor folks. Herod, you understand, pretended he wanted to find Jesus to worship him, but he didn’t. He was hypocritical. The anger of Herod filled the er—er atmosphere all around and settled down on the whole town. I s’pect thar’s hypocritical people here in Durham. Some uv ’em wouldn’t speak to Jesus if dey seen him in the streets; not if he was dressed in swaddling clothes and lived among the lowly. If he came in a fine carriage and fine clothes, then I bound they’d take him in. In the blowin of whistles and the rush and roar of trade, they drown out the voice of Jesus. Some uv ’em would sell thar religion for five cents. That minds me to tell you of er anecdote of the Yankee and his dog. The Yankee had a dog and he thoright more of his dog than uv his own children, and one day he was coming along the road—

At this point an elderly white gentleman wearing a high stiff hat, appeared at the door. He was several times a millionaire, and was well known to all those present. The preacher stopped in his discussion, and hurried to the farther end of the room, bringing back a large rocking chair, and offering it to the distinguished auditor. He remarked that he was always glad to welcome that gentleman because he had given him the new floor to his basement and also one of his bells.

The late arrival being seated, the preacher began anew, reading his text, and going over much of the same ground. In attempting to resume the broken thread of his discourse, the story of the Yankee and the dog slipped his memory, and he proceeded as follows:

“Now those hypocritical people had no room for Mary. Are we any better than them people? I tell you we all have room in our houses for pleasure; but we haven’t got no room for Jesus. Jesus, you understand, is coming again. Now are we ready for him to come? Are the Euro-peans ready? Is the nation of North Carolina ready? Is Durham ready? Some uv us niggers s’pect to go right on with our devilment until we see Christ a-coming. We are blind. But I tell you the devil—he aint blind, and you better look out. He uses one of these old long barrel guns, you understand, and he can bring a nigger down from long law. You better be ready if you don’t want to be driv into outer darkness, and see the sparks fly up from God’s vengeance and come down on you. The sinners will all be anni-hi-lated with fire.

“Now how you gwine to get ready? The preacher he can’t save you. You are fallen into the despite of the Lord. You are captives of the devil. I tell you he’s a wus master than you ever had in slavery. You can’t be saved by morality. That will do as a regulator, but it wont save you. You can’t be saved by sects. Jesus didn’t set up but one sect, and that was for all his followers, And

you can't be saved, you understand, by baptism. Baptism I reckon is for obedience. Immersion is the best. I was baptised in Franklin's pond thirty-five years ago. But, you understand, baptism is what you call mode. Now you can't get to Heaven by mode. Afore the war, my master he used to send me to market to Petersburg. Now thar was two roads to Petersburg; one of 'em was the turnpike road and the other one wus the old dirt road that went around the country. Now when you git to Petersburg, you understand, they did'nt ax you whether you come the turnpike road, but they ax you what kind o' grain you got.

The listeners looked at each other with an approving eye; then they smiled, and finally all broke out into a generous laugh, which the preacher was quick to discern. The response enthused him and caused him to shrug his shoulders and chuckle with triumphant delight. But his attention was diverted, and he was about to lose his bearings. He pulled at his spectacles and looked intently at the Scripture. In the meantime an old Plymouth Rock rooster, passing near the door, which had been left ajar, stopped and looked in with a sidelong glance and a very inquiring turn of mind. Finally the chicken faced about and walked away, seemingly much abashed. The preacher soon regained composure and resumed.

"And I tell you, you can't be saved by larnin neither. That's a good thing and I respects people that stands on a mound of intelligence; but I tell you all, your trust must be in this book," spreading his large bony fingers on the open Bible. "The Scriptur will make you wise unto salvation. Godly sorrow worketh repentance unto salvation. Jesus is salvation to all that repenteth and believeth. You must have faith. In the fifth chapter of Luke, twentieth vus, it says, 'And when he saw their faith he said unto him, man thy sins are forgiven thee.' The heart is purified by faith. In the Sermon on the Mount, Jesus

pours more blessins on the people than any whar else. Now, you understand, he did'nt say blessed are the proud, or blessed are the smart folks, or blessed is those born in high places, but he sez, blessed the poor in spirit; blessed they that mourn; blessed the meek; blessed the merciful; blessed are the poor in heart; blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness. Now, we niggers, you understand, ain't got much larnin. We ain't got the high places neither. The white folks beats us and gets thar fust. I sorter picked up some educashun and I darts along through the Scriptur and preaches the best I kin. Sometimes I come across things that I can't make out, but I jist does like an old nigger preacher once tol'd me to do. When I sees a word I can't make out, I jist calls it Peter and pass on. But if we hunger and thirst after righteousness we shall be blest. Above all, you understand, we must have humanity. Them people of Bethlehem had no place for a humble woman like Mary. 'Who-so mocketh the poor reproacheth his Maker.' I's glad to see our white friends with us to-day; glad to see some gentlemens here of riches. The Scriptur says, you understand, that 'the rich and the poor met together: the Lord is the maker of them all.' We must 'serve the Lord with all humility of mind;' but I tell you we live in strange times; the world is getting away from humility. Niggers used to come here to this meetin-house; now you understand, they have jined sects and run off after style, whar they have choirs and windows with fancy picters, and wear store clothes and things like that.

"In the secon chapter uv John and fifteenth verse, I read this: 'Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him. For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world; and the world passeth away and the lust thereof; but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever.'"

The preacher sat down without any announcement, and leaning back in his chair with eyes fixed upon the ceiling, began to sing. Others of his race present joined in with great fervor. The melancholy notes, as they died away at the close of each line, seemed to partake of the nature of prayer. There was a solemnness and longing expressed in the faces of the singers which meant far more than the mere words of the hymn. At the conclusion of the song, the preacher arose with upstretched arms and pronounced the following benediction :

“To the God of our salvation, whom has given unto us Thy servant’s grace by the confession of a true faith, to acknowledge the glory of the eternal Trinity, and in, thy divine majesty, to worship the unity, O, would Thou keep us steadfast in the faith and defend us against every adversary, Thou who live and reigneth one God, world without end; Amen.”

The preacher turned to the white people of the audience and said: “I appreciate you honorable gentlemen’s coming out, and I thank you all for your attractful attention.

“Well, how did you like my discourse?” he added looking at one of the professors.

“O, the sermon was very good. There were some excellent ideas in it,” was the reply.

“Well, you understand,” said the preacher with a scholarly and dignified air, “I just dashed through my subject touching only the high places. Of course you understand, I didn’t aim to go into the etymology.”

Everybody laughed.

“I notice you are not much of a Methodist” said one of the professors, “you didn’t take up a collection.”

“Bless you,” replied the preacher, “I’m no pauper. I never takes up any collection. The Lord provides for me.” Nevertheless there was quite a little sum of silver laid upon the table as the audience passed out, and all who contributed felt that they had paid too poorly for the lessons of pure faith and genuine piety, which the occasion had impressed.

JEROME DOWD. (?)

Editorial.

SAM W. SPARGER,
JOE F. BIVINS,

CHIEF EDITOR.
ASSISTANT EDITOR.

THERE is a tendency of recent years towards professionalism in college athletics, which cannot but be regarded with disfavor by all true lovers of amateur sport. It is a state of affairs much to be deplored and one which, if it continues to exist, must bring disastrous results to college athletics. Professionalism tends, not only to discourage the amateur, to exclude him, as it were, from participation in athletics to the fullest extent, but, when the professional element dominates, college athletics become degraded. Then is there lacking that truly patriotic spirit which only college men can feel.

We hope that the time is not far distant when all that smacks of professionalism will be banished from our colleges, and athletics, in their pure form, will be insured that exalted position which they so well deserve.

We are, and have ever been, opposed to this tendency, and we heartily condemn the hiring of men for college teams; men who do absolutely nothing but lie around colleges and play ball. Many of them are unfit to be the associates of college men.

WE regret very much that we are compelled again to call attention to a matter that we have so often mentioned before.

In spite of our repeated requests that closer attention be given to the affairs of the Inn, and especially that there be an improvement in our bathing facilities, we have as yet been unable to detect the slightest change for the better—and if any change at all it has been for the worse; in

view of which, we think we are now justified in speaking and in speaking plainly. The occasion demands no mincing of words. The matter cannot be trifled with longer.

Since the opening of the present term we cannot recall a single time when there has been a supply of hot water in our bath rooms. Often we have been unable to get even cold water. Another thing: There are four tubs on the second floor of the Inn. Of these four tubs there is but one which can be used at all. The others are leaky, or the pipes are stopped up, and all of them are in a state of cleanliness to which this term does not by any means apply. "An unpleasant, though unvoidable state of affairs" say some. An imposition on the student-body, growing out of a spirit of negligence and procrastination manifest on more than one occasion is what we prefer to term it, nothing more nor less. There may often be cause for delays, but surely there can be no excuse for that negligence of smaller things which we have noticed for some time past. Is the student to be held accountable for every sudden drop of the mercury? Are they to suffer for the failure of those, whose duty it is to attend to these matters, to perform that duty? The present conditions would argue as much. Too much is practically left to take care of itself.

Yes, our walks and beautiful drives are all very nice, but what about our empty water pipes, and our filthy and unrepaired bath-tubs? The proportions which our campus is beginning to assume under the skilful direction of the landscape gardner are very pleasing, but for all this, it can scarcely be said that our chilly rooms are any more comfortable on some Sunday afternoon when the engineer chooses to go off for a lark.

No, we have not exaggerated, and yet we admit that many would have used milder language than we have in this. However it expresses our sentiments. The student who spends several hours on the athletic grounds, on an unusually warm day, and, after working himself into a per-

spiring state of uncomfortableness, rushes for a bath only to find one-half of the tubs in a state of unrepair and the other half filthy, and not a drop of water either hot or cold, can hardly be expected to take as unprejudiced a view as one who is not put to this inconvenience. To be reduced to the necessity of bathing in a basin of such diminutive dimensions as to scarcely hold a sufficient quantity of water for the full saturation of a good sized sponge is calculated to somewhat disturb one's equanimity.

We have taken up considerable space with these remarks; we hope they will not be fruitless. We trust, at least, that something more will result than did from our former ones.

PERHAPS it is no more than in the nature of things that one should have his friends and favorites. Nor is it surprising that he should feel more inclined towards them than towards others. In this respect the college professor is by no means an exception to the general rule.

We would censure no one for the simple fact that he may have his favorites; we would rather look with disfavor upon one who could not lay claim to his special friends. But there are times when men's propensities get the better of them, and lead them to commit serious mistakes. There is such a thing as allowing one's feelings and inclinations to carry him too far—farther often than he thinks and farther than is wise. While many a man similarly disposed is wise enough to subdue all such inclinations, and carefully guards against showing the least spirit of preference, there are others who have not yet learned that most valuable of all lessons; certainly the one which the professor should learn first of all. Unconsciously he is continually betraying himself and giving evidence of favoritism. Were he to observe himself closely, he would soon learn that there are certain men of all others to whom he directs his most important questions, and to whom he gen-

erally addresses himself. That these are they for whose opinion he most frequently calls, by whose decision he usually abides, and with whom he invariably agrees. It does not take long for a body of students to learn this, and it does not take long for such a professor to become unpopular among them. Nor is the instructor alone affected. The preferred students are often injured and unjustly criticised. They are held accountable for circumstances for which they are in no wise to blame, but for which the professor is altogether responsible. On the other hand it is unjust to the other men of the class. The favorites, as a rule, are the strongest men in the class, and while they are receiving special attention the other men are neglected. Thus the strong are lifted while the weak are hindered. By just such neglect many men are unjustly rated. They are underrated simply because they are never given the opportunity of showing what is in them. It is absolutely impossible to estimate the value of a man and the quality of work he is doing when he is never called upon oftener than once a term.

We are glad indeed that there is so little of this among us; we would that there were none of it.



Collegiana.

COLLEGE DIRECTORY.

Hesperian Literary Society.

Meets every Friday twenty minutes after ringing of evening bell.

S. E. MERCER, Pres. C. R. CLEGG, Vice-Pres. W. H. ANDERSON, Sec.

Columbian Literary Society.

Meets every Friday twenty minutes after ringing of evening bell.

J. C. HALL, Pres. T. H. BROOKS, Vice-Pres. L. W. CRAWFORD, Jr., Sec.

Historical Society.

Regular meeting first Saturday of each month at 8:00 P. M.

DR. J. S. BASSETT, President. P. V. ANDERSON, Secretary.

Saturday Night Club.

Meets every Saturday night at 8:00 P. M.

DR. J. S. BASSETT, President. PROF. EDWIN MIMS, Secretary.

Tennis Association.

PROF. EDWIN MIMS, President. B. R. PAYNE, Secretary.

Young Men's Christian Association.

F. S. ALDRIDGE, President. B. R. PAYNE, Secretary.

Regular meeting every Sunday at 2:00 P. M.

LOCALS.

A. S. WEBB, - - - - - MANAGER.

Mr. J. H. Separk's smiling countenance was greatly missed from the Park for a few days. Been to Richmond on business.

All his old friends were glad to see Mr. Murray on the Park again. He paid us a very short visit, but it is hoped he will come again.

Prof. Pegram repeated his lecture on Astronomy in the Chapel on the evening of Feb. 3, for the benefit of the

student-body. We are all under obligations to Prof. Pegram for his highly interesting and very instructive lecture and to Prof. Merritt for his services in manipulating the stereopticon.

The grip has had his bony fingers on the student-body with a vengeance for the past month. He seems to be no respecter of persons, as the strong and healthy, as well as the delicate and frail, the professor, as well as the freshman, have had to lay aside their work for a day or so and diet on quinine. We are glad to say however that no one has been seriously ill.

Prof. Mims paid a flying visit to Trinity, and gave a lecture to the Epworth League. He reports the High School in a flourishing condition. The Professor was highly pleased with his visit to this classic little town that is so dear to the hearts of all of us. We have heard incidentally that the good people of Trinity were carried away with the Professor and his lecture.

Saturday, January the 25th, will be a memorable day in the calendar of the Senior Class. On that day Mr. T. S. Troy invited all his class-mates to his home near the Park. At 2:20 a sumptuous dinner was served and was heartily enjoyed by every one. After dinner speeches were called for but every one seemed to be "too full for utterance." Mr. Troy and his kind mother will always have the thanks of '96.

On Wednesday night, the 22nd, Memorial Exercises in memory of the lamented Bishop Haygood were held in the Chapel. A very strong paper on the life and works of this broad-minded, liberal-minded educator and minister, was read by Dr. Bassett. Prof. Pegram spoke very feelingly of his acquaintance with Dr. Haygood. Very fortunate for us, Mr. Brockman, also a native of Georgia, was here at this time, and added much to the meeting by his earnest

talk. Dr. Kilgo made a very telling speech, as he had been intimately acquainted with the Bishop, and he gave us many glimpses of the inner life of this great man. The meeting was well attended and everybody present seemed to gain new life and inspiration from it.

Prof. Edwin Mims is giving a very interesting series of lectures on American Literature, at Trinity Church, on each alternate Tuesday night at 7:30. The people of Durham are cordially invited to be present.

1. Nathaniel Hawthorne, January 21.
2. Emerson, February 4.
3. Longfellow, February 18.
4. James Russell Lowell, March 3.
5. Southern Literature, March 17.
6. General Remarks on American Literature, March 31.

The Public Debate this year will be moved from commencement back to its old time in April. There were several reasons for this; commencements have been too long and there is a tendency to shorten them; the debaters always had part in the Commencement proper and this put too much work on them at one time.

The debaters for the Columbian Society are, J. F. Bivins and G. H. Humber; orator Mr. J. C. Hall.

The debaters for the Hesperian Society are, S. E. Mercer and O. S. Newlin; orator Mr. Z. F. Curtis.

The question will be announced later. The old students in particular and the public in general may rest assured that we will have a debate worthy of the Hesperian and Columbian Societies, and if we just had Capt. Daniels, of precious memory, here to get us up a Field Day exercise we would feel like we were "in it" once more.

Saturday, January 25th, was a red-letter day in the history of the Class of '97. The members assembled in the dining-room of the College Inn, at 9:00 p. m., to look

over matters of interest to the Class and partake of a sumptuous supper prepared by Mrs. Carr.

After the cravings of the inner man had been satisfied the business of the evening was considered.

Mr. W. E. Nicholson tendered his resignation as President of the class, which was accepted after several speeches were made, expressing appreciation of his former services, and regret at his withdrawal from office.

Mr. Nicholson resigned because he felt that, living away from the college campus, he could not give the attention to the duties which devolved upon him.

Mr. M. T. Dickinson was elected to fill the vacancy, with Mr. G. O. Green for Vice-President.

Every member present spoke on this occasion, each one expressing in well chosen words his faith in the possibilities of his class, and pledging his support in all that was for the interest of his class-mates and the good of Trinity College.

Alumni Notes and Personals.

John McMinn (here in '90) is farming near Middleburg, N. C.

N. E. Coltrane ('76) is now pastor of Carr Chapel, East Durham.

T. V. Rowland (here in '89) is merchandising in Middleburg, N. C.

J. A. Johnson ('84) is in the grocery business at High Point, N. C.

W. C. Carr (here in '87) is in the insurance business at Greensboro, N. C.

A. J. Bynum (here in '95) is clerking for Julius Lewis & Co., Raleigh, N. C.

Melville Troy (here in '95) is stenographer for W. D. McKinley, Richmond Va.

"Tootsie" Miller (here in '93) is assistant clerk of the Court at Waynesville, N. C.

M. Blackman (here in '95) is principal of Falling Creek Academy, Grantham's Store, N. C.

B. B. Nicholson ('90) has a large practice in his chosen profession—law, at Washington, N. C.

C. O. Sherrell (here in '95) has a position with S. L. Alderman, Photographer, Greensboro, N. C.

C. N. English (here in '89) is living a bachelor life and "holding down" the depot at Old Trinity.

G. F. Ivey ('90) has recently been appointed Superintendent of a large cotton mill at Granite Falls, N. C.

Rev. W. D. Sasser ('92) was married on February 5th to Miss Bohannon, of Rockford, N. C. They have THE ARCHIVE'S best wishes.

Mr. H. S. Sedberry (here in '90) was married to Miss Emma Gaster on Jan. 24th in Fayetteville, N. C. THE ARCHIVE sends congratulations.

J. F. Hollingsworth, after leaving college in '93 went to Poughkeepsie, N. Y., where he took a business course. He is now in the general mercantile business at Mt. Airy, N. C.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

Z. F. CURTIS.

MANAGER.

Mr. F. P. Turner, State Secretary made us a short visit about the middle of January.

* * *

Mr. Harold Turner was elected Vice-President of the Association at our last business meeting.

* * *

Our Missionary class is making a careful study of comparative religions. A number of the students are devoting a part of their time to this work.

* * *

The Bible classes meet weekly, and are now making a systematic study of St. Paul. Much interest is shown in this study of the Bible, and great good is resulting from it.

* * *

We have had some very able talks this year. Professors Flowers, Mims, Merritt and Cranford have spoken to us on subjects of great importance. We feel encouraged to have the members of the Faculty take such an active part in the Association.

* * *

Mr. Brockman, College Secretary of the International Y. M. C. A., visited us on the 22d of last month, and met the officials of our association. That was the evening of our Haygood Memorial Service, and, consequently, we were disappointed in not having an earnest talk on the general work of the Y. M. C. A.

* * *

Rev. Mr. Watson, of Anderson, S. C., will begin a meeting in the College Chapel on the 9th. We hope every member of the Y. M. C. A., as well as all students of the College, will find it convenient to spend an hour each even-

ing in this work. We have been planning for some time for this meeting, and we trust that it will be of great benefit to the student-body.

* * *

We are going to put forth strenuous efforts to send several young men to the Summer School at Knoxville this year. Every college in the South should look on this as one of the greatest factors in upbuilding a college Y. M. C. A. The representatives last year came back full of new ideas, and new plans, and the new organization can feel itself taking on new life.

HISTORICAL SOCIETY NOTES.

The month of January was one of unusual interest to those concerned in historical research, and who were so fortunate as to attend the meetings of the Historical Society. Contrary to custom, two meetings were held instead of one. These papers were read: one by Mr. S. S. Dent on the "Origin and Development of the Ku Klux Klan," another by Dr. Bassett on the "History of Suffrage in North Carolina," and a third by Prof. Dowd on the Rev. Moses Hunter, a negro preacher of Durham. As Mr. Dent's article was published in the January of THE ARCHIVE and Prof. Dowd's appears in this issue comments on their merits are useless.

Dr. Bassett's paper was also read before the Historical Society which convened in Washington City during the Xmas holidays. It was an able paper and exhibited close study as the following outline, so kindly furnished by Dr. Bassett will show:

"At the time of the Revolution the North Carolina government came into the hands of a number of men who represented the leading families in the several counties.

These leaders constituted a colonial gentry, who organ-

ized the Revolution and won it on the battle-field. When they met to construct a constitution they found all the offices except Assemblymen, vacated by the failure of the Governor and the other agents of the royal authority. They did not leave these vacant offices to be filled by popular election; but made them all depend on the Assembly. The Assembly they put in the hands of the land-owner class, by requiring that only owners of fifty acres of land could vote for members of the Senate. The Senate had a veto on the bills of the other house. Thus the government was in the control of the aristocratic land-holding classes of the various counties. This Constitution, 1776, was not submitted to the people, because it was thought that there were so many Tories in the State that it would be rejected through their influence.

It was 1835, when there was a Constitutional Convention, that the matter of suffrage was again brought up. At that time the only changes made were the election of the Governor by the people and the disfranchisement of the free negro. The former was not a matter of much debate, the delegates seeming to be pretty well united on it. The latter aroused a lengthy discussion. The issue, however, was between the restriction of negro voting to owners of \$250 worth of property and the entire abolition of it. The latter won by a small majority. The West largely appeared as the advocate of restriction.

The most important move in reference to suffrage, however, was the abolition of the property qualification. This was a long struggle. It began in 1848, and did not terminate until 1857. David S. Reid had just been nominated for the governorship by the Democrats. He would not accept the nomination until he had been assured that he would be allowed to make the canvass on the issue of equal suffrage. In the first campaign he was beaten. In 1850 he was successful. In 1852 the measure passed the Assembly as a constitutional amendment. In 1854 it again came

before that body. It failed to get a two-thirds vote by only one vote. The Democrats were not discouraged. They brought it up again in 1854, and in 1856 it passed at last through the Assembly. In 1857 it was ratified by the people by an overwhelming majority. This victory was the making of the Democratic party in the State. It brought many young men into its ranks and especially rallied the landless class to its support."

Many valuable donations were made to our rapidly increasing museum. Though only a year old it is now able to furnish us with many useful illustrations of by-gone days. Dr. Kilgo has presented us with another case for the deposit of relics; and a room is soon to be fitted up for the special use of the museum. Let all friends of Trinity and of North Carolina history, contribute to its growth.



Editor's Table.

J. F. BIVINS,

MANAGER.

The college magazines for January are up to the standard, though nearly all are in some respects inferior to the quality shown in the December issues. It seemed to have been a general effort on the part of the managers of the various college publications, to make the December issue of their respective magazines especially interesting and meritorious. This was certainly a commendable spirit, and should still be kept up in respect to every monthly issue from now till June. It seems to us that college magazines have a decidedly important place in the periodical literature of our country. They are not, or should not, be run simply for temporary pastime, but should contribute something really valuable to the general stock of literature. They represent the greatest intellectual centres of the land, and surely, they should be able to send out intellectual and valuable matter. Not only should they publish the poem and the short story to give the reader a few moments' innocent pleasure, but should also make it a great point to add something to the reader's education; something new and valuable; something which will be well worth the reading.

The *Tennessee University Magazine* for January is replete with verse and short story. In fact, it seems to us that this issue is characterized by extreme "lightness." A judicious inter-mixture of light and solid matter is refreshing, but a college magazine is missing its mission when its matter is essentially light and ephemeral. We hope to see more "ballast" in the table of contents of our contemporary.

Literary Notes and Reviews.

J. S. MAYTUBBY,

MANAGER.

The February *Forum* contains several valuable articles on **FORUM**. leading topics of the hour. The most noticeable of which are: "Some Aspects of Civilization in America," by Charles E. Norton; "The President's Monroe Doctrine," by Theodore S. Woolsey; "Lord Salisbury and the Monroe Doctrine," by Hon. Oscar S. Straus; and "The Duty of Congress," by Isaac L. Rice.

Mr. Norton sums up briefly a few of the existing evils in America: (1) Ignorance of foreign immigrants, and the growing up of native born children with little or no education; (2) evils of inter-collegiate games in both college and national life; (3) lack of a higher order of intellectual or moral education among local journalists; (4) bribery of votes and false returns of the polls; (5) deterioration in the character of chosen representatives; (6) breeding of suspicion and ill will between friendly nations by political swaggers.

The President is attacked very severely for his construction of the Monroe Doctrine, by Mr. Woolsey, in an article, "The President's Monroe Doctrine." Mr. Woolsey, after quoting several commentators on the Doctrine, concludes by saying: "The Monroe Doctrine is not a law; it binds us to no action; it was a policy devised to meet a particular case. That case was the forcible substitution of monarchical for republican forms of government in American States by European action. It was an act of self-defence, on no other grounds justifiable. It was not backed by threats of force."

Mr. Straus, in "Lord Salisbury and the Monroe Doctrine," calls attention to what called forth the Monroe Doctrine and to the part played by Great Britain in suggesting the advisability of such a doctrine.

Mr. Rice gives a thorough discussion of the Venezuela affair and the applicability of the Monroe Doctrine to the dispute, in his article, "The Duty of Congress." He concludes his article by setting forth the duty of Congress in dealing with the Venezuela question under four main heads: (1) On report of the boundary Commission it is the duty of Congress to refrain from any declaration of war "unless they not only be unanimous, but also that their conclusions be entirely free from doubt or qualification; for, if there be any doubt or qualifications, our country should have the benefit thereof." (2) In case the report be unanimously opposed to the contention of Great Britain, "it will be the duty of Congress to define the Monroe Doctrine, and declare in what manner it has become the law of the land." (3) "Before declaring war, Congress must assure itself that no coalition of South American as well as of European powers, will be effected for the purpose of generally opposing our Pan-American supremacy." (4) If be-

fore the Commission reports, the President be reliably assured of European neutrality and that the South American Republics will accept unhesitatingly whatever conditions of partial dependency we may be forced to make in exchange for our protection, so that the contest will be dull between us and England,—“it will be the duty of Congress to be deliberate with the utmost solemnity before declaring war.”

There is a very excellent paper in February number of **HARPER'S MONTHLY**. *Harper's Monthly*, “The New Baltimore,” by Stephen Bonsal. He says that the well known fame of Baltimore rests upon: (1) The valor of its citizens; (2) the beauty of its women; (3) the excellence of its cookery; (4) the number and beauty of its historic monuments; (5) the possession of an excellent Mayor, who has presided over the destinies of the city for sixteen years; (6) the homes of the well-to-do laboring classes rather than upon the lofty and imposing palaces of the few who have attained great estate. From these have grown a city second to none in commercial activity; in educational interest, which has been so magnificently the life-long interest, and has been to a great degree stimulated by Johns Hopkins and George Peabody; it is a city of churches; and lastly, is one of the few great cities that have no slum districts.

The work of missions, says Rev. N. S. Burton in the **MISSIONARY REVIEW**. February number of *Missionary Review*, is the chief business of the church. The church is the organization appointed by Christ for the carrying out of the commission to preach the Gospel to every creature.

He further says that the reason the church does not do more for the missionary cause, is the fact that it is ignorant on the subject. The way to get people interested on any subject is to give them knowledge. That it is not human nature not to feel an interest in that of which we know nothing. He suggests that ministers should acquaint themselves more on the subject, then they will be more zealous to teach others.

“The Religious History of China,” by W. P. Mars, is one worthy of careful reading and study. He mentions four steps taken by the Chinese from a once belief in the Supreme, Omniscient, Omnipresent God.

As early as 600 B. C., Lao-tsze and Chwang-tsze founded the religion of Taoism; a system which carried men to the very verge of that impassible gulf, over which he can cross only by the light of the revelation of God in Christ and by the power of the Holy Spirit. The first step downward was the formulating and acceptance of the religion of Confucius; the *second step* was the extinction of Taoism; *third* was the development of *self-righteousness*, and *fourth* was to the point where we now find them, *religious indifference and agnosticism*.

With individuals as with nations, in private as in public life, the beginning of evil is forgetfulness of God, the end is helpless slavery to the world, the flesh and the devil.

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

TRINITY PARK, DURHAM, MARCH, 1896.

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H. B. CRAVEN, MANAGER.

SOME ASPECTS OF A STATE'S LITERATURE.

One of the leading men of North Carolina, in a speech recently delivered in this State, said, among other things: "Of the forty-five stars that illumine our flag, the brightest there, is the one that glitters to the name of North Carolina. In grand old North Carolina the spark of Civil Liberty was born, and on her sacred soil originated the movement which culminated in the Declaration of Independence." Speaking of the Taj Mahal in India, he said: "That Indian palace, in all the glory of marble and decorative wood and splendid gems, might have been erected and adorned in North Carolina without going beyond her border." We can well imagine the enthusiasm which these glowing words evoked in the hearts of patriotic North Carolinians. While the patriotic citizens of other States might be disposed to deny these statements, and while not a few in this State would not agree with the speaker in his claims for precedence in historical great-

ness, it would be hard to convince the average North Carolinian that all these are not true. Leaving aside the many questions that might arise in connection with these thoughts, the writer would ask, changing somewhat the celebrated question of Sydney Smith's, Who reads a North Carolina book? The prosperity of our material interests has been the subject of many an eloquent flight of pen or voice. We have produced great men in many lines of life and thought—we are proud of these—but where are our authors? In the line of eternal art, what have we done? These are questions that suggest themselves to one who looks beneath the temporal to that which is eternal. A century from now, when the present generation has passed away, when our wealth may be as a tale that is told, when other ideals hover before the minds of men, will the higher life of our people be enshrined in the song of the poet or in the work of genius?

William Watson, who is now one of the leading poets in England, has written a poem entitled, "England, My Mother," which, with slight changes, ought to burn itself into the hearts of all lovers of country or state:

England, my mother,
Wardress of waters,
Builder of peoples,
Maker of men,—

Hast thou yet leisure
Left for the Muses?
Heed'st thou the songsmith
Forging the rhyme?

In the midst of all the strife of the people, when faction is strident and "Demos is loud," when labor and capital threaten each other, the poet still forges his rhyme on "life's anvil." England must heed these songs, for song is eternal. All nature is but an endless strife towards music:

God on His throne is
Eldest of poets;
Unto His measures
Moveth the whole.

All other things shall pass away, "Song shall not fly."
Song is "Youth's one elixir:"

Song is no bauble—
Slight not the songsmith,
England, my mother,
Maker of men.

To the practical man of to-day the writer of poems or essays or novels may be of no significance compared with the farmer or the merchant. In the minds of many men of that age, Corinth, with its material prosperity, may have been a greater city than Athens, with her philosophers, poets, orators and artists; but it is on the ruins of Athens that the traveler stands to-day and sighs for a greatness that is gone; it is from the rich stores of her wisdom that men will draw inspiration till the end of time. North Carolina cannot afford to ignore the claims of those who are trying to keep alive on earth the sparks of heavenly genius. It is to these men that we must do honor, as well as to others.

A century ago or more Sydney Smith said, with a contemptuous sneer, "Who reads an American book?" The charge has often been made against America by the nations of the Old World, that she lacks culture; there is none of the æsthetic in our nature. Leigh Hunt expressed what was probably the opinion of most Europeans, when he said that he could never think of America without seeing "a gigantic counter stretched all along the seaboard." The Frenchman, with his polish and culture, at one time spoke contemptuously of "the barbarians of the West."

In reply to all this, it may be said that America has had practical problems to solve, before there could be a nation, and, therefore, a literature. Our early manhood expressed itself in Miles Standish or Daniel Boone, the adventurers and pioneers of civilization; bridges must be built over the madly rushing rivers, roads must be cut through the forests, Indians must be subdued. Later, the independent

spirit of freedom found expression in George Washington, the leader of his countrymen against their tyrants; in Hamilton and Jefferson, the formulators of new theories of government, the inaugurators of vast schemes of financial and political policies. We have witnessed what Lowell calls "the apotheosis of dogged work."

That time has passed in the history of our country, when the practical altogether predominates. The frontiers have been removed to the far West, and we enjoy now the results of peace, civilization and culture. No sooner had Mr. Smith asked his question than Washington Irving stood at the doors of England with the "Sketch Book" in his hand, and the Hudson river became classic. A youth living in New England at that time felt the charm of this delightful book, and heard the promptings of genius calling him to be the poet of his country. Longfellow and Emerson, Hawthorne and Lowell gave to the world a literature that it has cherished. It may be safely said that "Evangeline," "The Scarlet Letter," the "Essays" and "Biglow Papers," are classics. Concord and Cambridge are visited by Englishmen to-day as if they were their own sacred towns. Now Mr. Smith's question may be answered by every lover of American literature, "England, France, Germany—all the civilized world read American books, and find in them an originality, an inspiration, that entitle them to universal praise."

New England has undoubtedly given us our only distinctive school of authors. When the "Saturday Club" met monthly in Boston, there might be seen, with two or three exceptions, all the great authors of America. Poe has been claimed by the South; in so far as he was arrayed against New England, he was southern in his nature. There is in his poems the fire, the passion of the Southern heart. It may be doubted if Poe belongs to any section—he was one of those rare geniuses that have no country except that of their own wierd dreamland. He

stood on the wide open threshold of dreams, "dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared dream before." Why is it, then, that the South has had no literature? (We refer especially now to ante-bellum literature.) In a short article like this, the writer cannot hope to answer this question fully or satisfactorily. The whole question of the difference in the two races that settled in New England and the South is involved. In New England the township was the centre of the people's life. There was developed that spirit of local government that made it so difficult to give it up for national government. Every community had its church, its school-house (what a charming description Lowell gives us in his "New England Two Centuries Ago") and, later, its library. Culture and morality flourished together. The readers of the biographies of the New England writers are frequently struck with the fact that in their ancestors for several generations had been developed the instincts for good books and high moral character. Many of them, as Dr. Holmes said of Lowell, "tumbled about in a library." Out of this long development of culture came finally that period in which we see the blossoming of New England civilization; when "sweetness and light" entered as an element into their life.

In the South a totally different state of affairs presents itself. No one can deny that there was culture in the South; where could refinement be better illustrated than in the homes of the rich southern planters? One can still meet up with the typical old Southern gentleman who enjoyed his Shakespeare and Pope, or reveled in the romances of Walter Scott. The planters, however, lived far apart; there was no community life. Beneath the rich were the "poor white trash," who had no education, no refinement. The rich sent their boys to England or France for education; it was a long time before common schools were successful in the South, and a long time, if ever, before colleges have been equal to the emergencies of what higher

education demands. How many cities in the South to-day under 20,000 inhabitants, have public libraries? Nashville, Tennessee, which is, probably, the centre of culture in the South, with a population of nearly 100,000, has one public library, and that is not circulating. No one realizes more than the writer of this paper the fineness of the Southern nature; the chivalry, humanity and generosity of the South have become proverbial, and cannot be exaggerated. But we must recognize, sooner or later, that the South is not cultured. The man who realizes this, and tries to do what he can to change this state of affairs, is a truer lover of the South than the one who shuts his eyes to the true condition of affairs, and proudly proclaims that we are the greatest people on the earth. There must be a *renaissance* in the South; it is already here, and the next twenty-five years will see a revolution in the life and thought of the South.

Despite all these obstacles, we have had a literature since the war that we may be proud of. Sidney Lanier, Joel Chandler Harris, Thomas Nelson Page, Charles Egbert Craddock, George W. Cable, James Lane Allen and others have made the name of the South honored in the reading world. With the record that these writers have made, it is useless for Southern writers to say that they have not attained to success, because the North will not recognize the genius of the South. These writers have received nearly all of their encouragement from Northern periodicals; some of them have gone North to live, because there was no "literary atmosphere" in the South. Richard Watson Gilder, the editor of the "Century," said, in the presence of this writer, that whenever anything good turned up in the "Century" office, the first question was, "Is it from the South?" The glorious days of the old plantation negro, the romantic lives of the dwellers in the mountains of East Tennessee, the prosaic life of the Georgia "crackers," the legends of the Creoles, have all found

their way into the pages of literature. How lasting will be the fame of these writers cannot yet be decided; certainly none of them have the gift of genius that Poe, Hawthorne or Emerson had.

After this rather long discussion of different phases of American and Southern literature, we now come to consider briefly some points in connection with our North Carolina writers. The general points that have been already made will certainly bear upon the particular field we have to consider. It must be evident that we have not produced a writer who ranks even in the second-class of American authors; none whose reputation is established outside of this State. In criticism there is a tendency to provincialism that wishes to assert supremacy for a local author. It is the aim of the articles in this number of *THE ARCHIVE*, to keep as far as possible from exaggeration. If there has been a seeming exaggeration in some, the reader must attribute it to an over-zealous devotion to the author under consideration. Certainly the authors themselves would be the last to appreciate fulsome flattery. We believe that we have in this State several writers of unusual ability, and take this opportunity to pay them the tribute they so richly deserve.

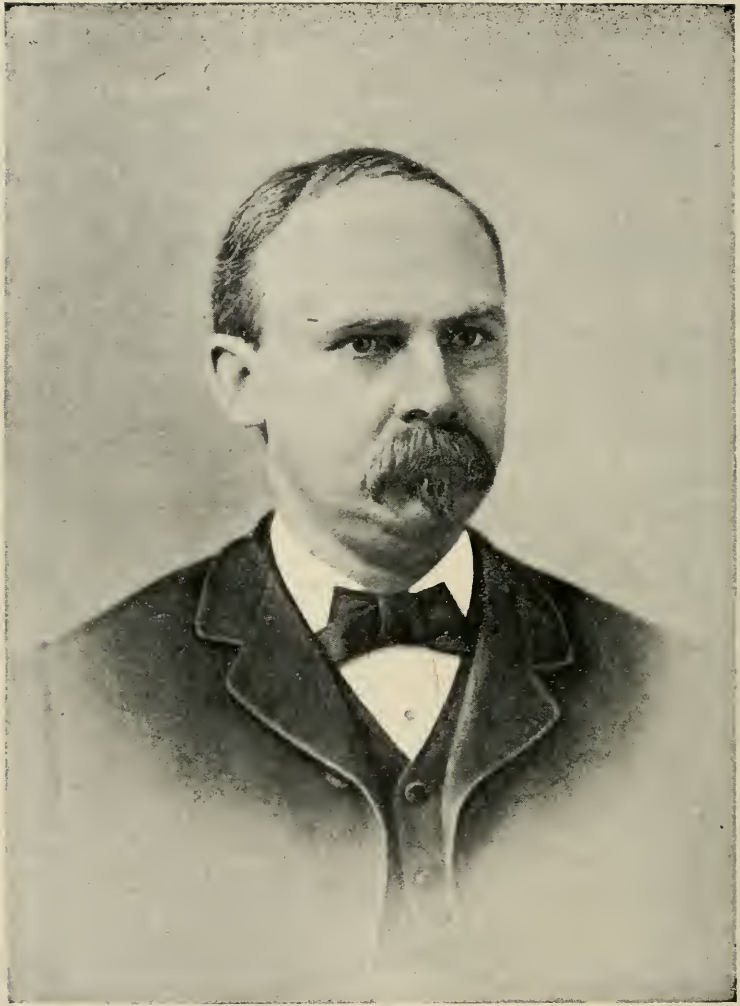
North Carolina literature will never flourish until more interest is taken in literature by the people. The teaching of literature in our various colleges, which has been so marked in the past few years; the establishment of public libraries in the leading towns of the State; the organization and successful working of Literary clubs of various kinds; the growing demand for literary lectures—all these will have their influence in arousing an enthusiasm for literary work. The recognition of the supreme value of this work will tend to enthuse the men who are keeping sacred the traditions of the muses. We shall then hold sacred the memory of the gifted Edwin W. Fuller, and the versatile Dr. Hawkes; we shall honor the man who has for

so many years given to the readers of his paper such fine literary criticism; we shall honor Judge Clark as a literary man as much as we honor him as a jurist; Christian Reid will be to us the revealer of some of the romances of the "Land of the Sky;" Mr. Hill will sing in our homes the poems of religious devotion and nature; and the man who has written some all but perfect sonnets will not have to make a vain appeal to people of his native State to help him get out an edition of his poems! All honor to the men who, without appreciation and recognition, have kept alive "the interior divinity" in their bosoms!

"It takes a great deal of history to make a little literature." If we would ever have a literature that shall put us before the world, we must begin to look forward to that day. There are some who are continually indulging in pessimistic utterances about the death of fine literature. There has been an abundance of that kind of talk in the last few weeks, due to the appointment of Alfred Austin as Poet-laureate. We may now be in a transition period, but "the poetry of earth is never dead." As Emerson has finely said, speaking of the poet, "Wherever snow falls, or water flows, or birds fly, wherever day and night meet in twilight, wherever the blue heaven is hung by clouds or sown with stars, wherever are outlets into celestial space, wherever is danger, and awe, and love, there is Beauty, plenteous as rain, shed for thee." We may look forward to a time when writers shall make the mountains of Western North Carolina as sacred as those where William Tell wrought out his marvelous deeds; when all the beauties of landscape shall be a background for the romances of the lover and the feats of the hero; when the world may look to the people of this State as those who prize a poem more than a factory, a work of imagination more than many mills.

"May these things be."

EDWIN MIMS.



Walter Clark

JUDGE WALTER CLARK.

A gentleman, in an address a few months ago, said: "A nation is not the aggregate of individuals, but it is the incarnation of an idea." If we go back a little and trace the origin of the idea, it will be found to emanate from a few men. In every State, the masses of the people look to a few heads to do their thinking for them and furnish them with ideas. And as eminent among the thinkers of North Carolina, Judge Clark has done much in disseminating new thoughts and new ideas among the people of his State.

Judge Clark was born in Halifax county, North Carolina, August 19, 1846. He was a student in Colonel Tew's Military Academy at Hillsboro, when the war broke out; and in the Spring of 1861, at the age of fourteen years, he left the academy and entered the army. He joined Pettigrew's Regiment, 22d North Carolina, as drill master, and went with the regiment to Richmond, and to Evansport, on the Potomac. The next year he was appointed Adjutant of the 35th North Carolina, under Col. M. W. Ransom. He served in the first Maryland campaign, being at the capture of Harper's Ferry, at Sharpsburg and Fredericksburg. At the battle of Fredericksburg, he was commended for gallantry in his desperate assaults on Mary's Heights and in rolling back the repeated attacks of the enemy. In the Spring of 1863, the brigade returned to North Carolina to recruit, and the young Adjutant resigned to take up his literary study at the University.

Like a man who is destined to lead in the thought of his State, young Clark did not let the din of battle divert his attention from his books. He carried his Homer and Virgil in his campaigns, and kept up his study in camp. He entered the University of North Carolina in July, 1863, joining the senior class; and was graduated at that insti-

tution June 2, 1864, with first honor. The next day after graduation, June 3d, he re-entered the army as Major of the 6th Battalion of Junior Reserves; and a few days later, then seventeen years of age, he was made Lieutenant-Colonel of the 70th North Carolina Regiment, attached to Hoke's Division. He fought at South Creek, near Kinston, and at Bentonsville, and surrendered, with the rest of Johnston's army, at High Point, N. C., May 2, 1865.

At the close of the war, he went to New York and took up the study of the Law under Judge Battle, at a law office in Wall street, and afterwards studied in the Columbia Law College, Washington, D. C. He obtained license to practice in January, 1868, and located first at Scotland Neck, N. C.; but later he removed to Halifax, N. C., and formed a co-partnership with J. M. Mullen, in law firm of Clark & Mullen. During this time he was twice a candidate for the Legislature, and notwithstanding the usual large Republican majority in Halifax county, he was defeated by only a small vote. In January, 1874, he married the only daughter of Hon. W. A. Graham. After his marriage he removed to Raleigh, where he has resided ever since.

Judge Clark is a member of the M. E. Church, South, and has always lent a ready hand to the furtherance of the cause of Christianity. North Carolina Methodism is well acquainted with Judge Clark, and can well look to him for help. In 1881 he was sent as a lay delegate to the Methodist Ecumenical Council in London. In 1890 he was sent as a delegate to the General Conference in St. Louis; and again, in 1894, he was sent as a delegate to the General Conference in Memphis. At the latter conference he was active in securing the transfer of Albemarle District from the Virginia Conference to the North Carolina Conference. When Dr. Crowell resigned the presidency of Trinity College, in 1894, Judge Clark was favorably spoken of among the trustees of the college, and among others who were

interested in Christian education, as a suitable man to succeed Dr. Crowell.

In 1885 Governor Scales appointed him Judge of the Superior Court; and in 1886 he was nominated for the same office by acclamation by the convention at Smithfield, and was elected, leading the rest of the Superior Court ticket. In 1889, on the death of Chief Justice Smith, he was appointed to the Supreme Court by Governor Fowle, to succeed Judge Merrimon, who at the same time was promoted to Chief Justice. And in 1890 he was elected to fill the unexpired term. In 1895 he was nominated by acclamation by the Democratic State Convention for the same office, for the full term of eight years, was unanimously endorsed by both the Republican and Populist parties, and was unanimously elected by the people.

Judge Clark has contributed much to North Carolina literature, but the bulk of his productions is in the columns of magazines and newspapers. He is of the class of men who think and see deeply into affairs of State. As a politician he is one of those men who know politics, yet do not handle policies. As a historian, possibly few men have done as much in bringing to light "dusty" points in North Carolina history, as he has. He has done more than any other one man, in the same length of time, to instill business principles into the courts of North Carolina.

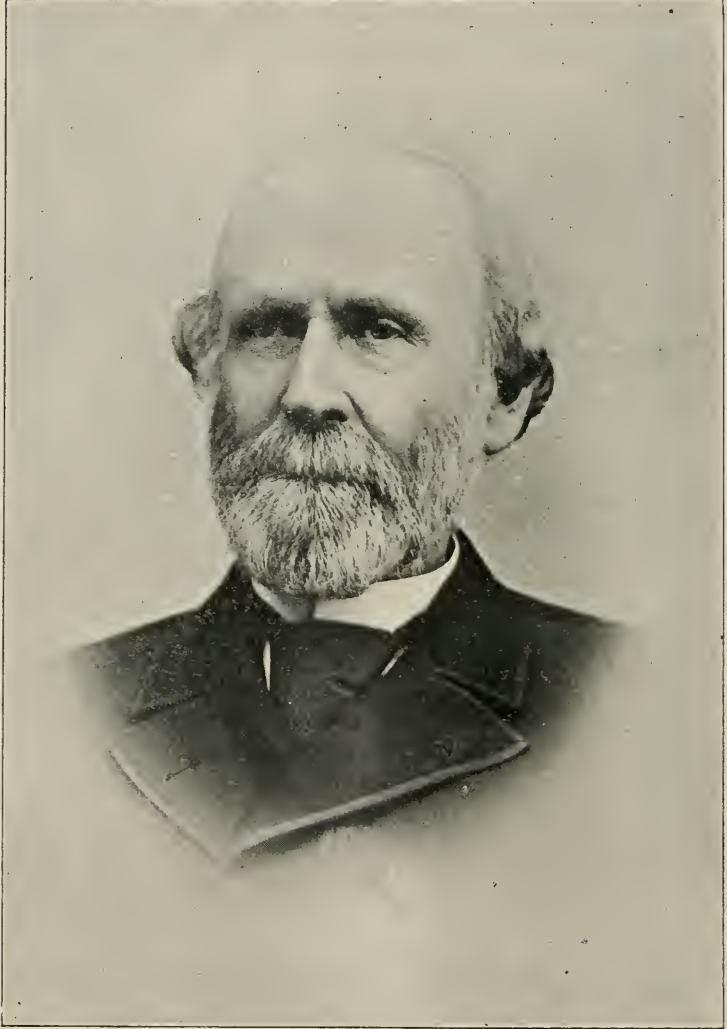
He has traveled extensively both in America and in Europe. In 1871, while on a tour to the West, he wrote a series of articles, "From Ocean to Ocean," which attracted favorable attention from the press and the public. And while in Europe he picked up, in an old bookstore in Paris, a work, "The Private Life of Napoleon," which, until it reached his hands, was unknown to the English reading public. He became interested in the work, and when he returned to America, he translated it into the English language, thus giving us a better insight into the private life of Europe's greatest general.

He is the author of "Overruled Cases," "Laws for Business Men," and "Clark's Annotated Code of Civil Procedure." And he has in preparation an illustrated school history of North Carolina. He is collecting and arranging for publication the State Records of North Carolina from 1776 to 1790, which will make about eight folio volumes; he is also editing a history of the North Carolina Regiments in C. S. service, written by a survivor of each regiment. And he is preparing for the C. S. Veterans' Association a history of North Carolina during the period of the Civil War, 1861-'65.

Among the magazine articles, perhaps, his best are: "Government Control of the Telegraph;" "Election of Postmasters by the People," in which he calls attention to the abuse of the appointing power; "Election of the President and United States Senators by the Popular Vote." In his sketches of the lives of Gen. W. R. Davie and Gen. James Hogun, he has done much to restore to proper appreciation two of North Carolina's greatest heroes. Valuable to North Carolina history is his sketch of the North Carolina Supreme Court. The Winter of 1895-'96 he spent in Mexico writing a series of articles on that country for the Arena.

With the deep interest that Judge Clark is taking in historical investigations, North Carolina may favorably look to him as one of her best historians. And "surely such a man as this deserves the gratitude of his country."

JOE MAYTUBBY.



DR. T. B. KINGSBURY.

THEODORE B. KINGSBURY.

In the histories of all literatures can be found the names of men who, while they have left little from which to be judged by the world, have yet become famous. They have ruled, in a sense, over the literary world of their day, and their influence ceased not when they no longer moved in that sphere, but has continued to be felt long after their bodies have been laid away. Their lives have been spent in endless toil, without remuneration and little appreciation from the world they so graciously served. Through adversity, poverty, ill-health and the most disheartening circumstances, they have toiled on, unceasingly, untiringly, satisfied to live in that higher realm, with the occasional utterance of a lofty thought with which they have become inspired, expecting nothing from the world, and too often not disappointed in this expectation. Only here and there has there arisen a man fully conscious of their true worth, and it is to the devotion and admiration of such as these that posterity is indebted, in great part, for what is known of these master minds. It has not been permitted them to leave numerous volumes attestative of creative genius, but they have possessed a gift as rare as it is priceless, namely, the gift of appreciation of all that is good in the writers of their time. And who can say after all that such an one is not the truly great man? Next to the great writer, and scarcely inferior to him, is he who can appreciate the writer's efforts; next to the inspired genius is he who can appreciate the songs of the inspired. And indeed what grander title can be applied to a man than that of a man-of-letters? "Few shapes of heroism can be more unexpected. * * * He is uttering forth in such a way as he has the inspired soul of him. The Hero is he who lives in the inward sphere of things, in the True, Divine and Eternal, which exists always, unseen to

most, under the temporary, trivial. * * * His life is a piece of everlasting nature herself.”

It is in such a class as this that I would place Dr. Kingsbury. His province has always been that which has characterized the men of this type. His life has been spent in the cause of truth and enlightenment. He has striven to make his fellow-citizen a larger and a better man, and has labored that the world might be better that he has lived. What Dr. Johnson was to England, what Lowell was, in a sense, to New England, that has Dr. Kingsbury been to North Carolina.

He was born at Raleigh in the old Guion Hotel, August 29, 1828. His father, Russell Kingsbury, came from Connecticut to North Carolina between the years 1812 and 1815. His mother was Mary Bryant Sumner, of Scotland Neck, Halifax county, N. C. His kin are numerous and include many men of distinction in New England. Henry Kingsbury, an ancestor of Dr. Kingsbury, was connected by marriage with Governor Winthrop, with whom he came over from England in 1630. He is of kin to Col. James Kingsbury, a man of much distinction in continental times. He is related to Judge John B. Kingsbury, Hon. F. J. Kingsbury and Gen. Chas. P. Kingsbury, all men of prominence. The wife of Col. Henry W. Kingsbury was a daughter of President Zackary Taylor, while his sister married Simon Buckner, the hero of Fort Donelson, and Governor of Kentucky. Through his mother Dr. Kingsbury is related to many of the most prominent families of Eastern North Carolina, including the Suttons, Thompsons and Cottons. His wife was Miss Sallie Jones Atkinson, daughter of Gen. Robert Atkinson, of Virginia. She is descended from Richard Bland, of Virginia, and is of kin to Thomas Jefferson, the Randolphs, Lees, Pryors, Poytresses and Mayos, and the Blounts, Cheshires, Pettigrews and Littlejohns, of North Carolina.

The early education of Dr. Kingsbury was obtained at

Oxford Academy and Lovejoy Military Academy. From the latter place he went to the University, but did not remain there till graduation. The next few years were spent in the mercantile business with his father at Oxford, but it is not surprising that a man of his abilities and aspirations should soon tire of this life. Soon afterwards he founded the *Leisure Hour*, which he edited for some time. In 1871 he was offered a position on the editorial staff of *Harper's Magazine*. He was then collecting material for a one-volume history of North Carolina, somewhat after the plan of Green's "History of the English People," and declined this offer, not caring to leave the State. Not long after this he was offered an editorial position with *Butterick's Fashion Journal*, of New York. It was the purpose of this publication to send him to London and Paris as foreign correspondent. This offer he also declined, "not desiring," he says, "to leave this country." He has been connected with many North Carolina publications, dailies, weeklies and monthlies, among them the *Raleigh Sentinel*, the *Raleigh Advocate*, the *North Carolina Educational Journal*, the *Indicator*, the *Tarboro Southerner*, and *Our Living and Our Dead*. The latter, a historical, literary and educational magazine, was the organ of the North Carolina Branch of the Southern Historical Society. The original purpose of this journal was to gather documents and to preserve the memorials of the Civil War. After the first issue, Dr. Kingsbury became connected with the magazine as editor. A literary department was soon added to render it more acceptable to the reading public, and to this department he became the principal contributor. In his plans for publishing the North Carolina History, much depended on this connection, and it was a bitter disappointment to him when the discontinuance of the journal forced him to forever abandon his long-cherished idea. He had collected much material, had issued a prospectus and was within a week or so of begin-

ning work, when the management became involved and he was obliged to seek other means of livelihood.

He has delivered several literary addresses throughout the State at different times. Shortly after the war he delivered an address, by invitation of the Border Agricultural Fair, at Danville, Va., and another before the Oxford Baptist Female College about the same time. He was urged to publish the address delivered at Danville, but refused to do so. In 1876 he delivered an address on Granville County, which was published only in part; if published in full it would make a pamphlet of 75 or 100 pages. He also delivered an address at Wilson, N. C., in 1882. He has had perhaps a dozen invitations to deliver other addresses, among them one on University Day at Chapel Hill, some years ago, but has been obliged to decline on account of a throat affection.

In 1876 he accepted the position of editor of the *Morning Star*, Wilmington, N. C., which position he filled for many years. Since 1889 he has edited the *Wilmington Messenger*.

Dr. Kingsbury is a many sided and, in many respects, a wonderful man. He is a writer of much power. Possessing a strong, vigorous and convincing style, he never fails to attract the cultured and thoughtful reader. His writings are rich in expression, and are full of the highest and deepest thought. He has read largely, not superficially, but deeply, and he shows a degree of information truly marvelous. Indeed, when we remember the continual drudge work and unceasing toil that have been his lot, we can hardly understand how he has been able to obtain such a wide range of knowledge in so many and so different lines. He has been a close student of literature, and has familiarized himself with the greatest masters of prose and verse, of whatever age and nationality. Throughout he shows a degree of appreciation rarely to be found.

But perhaps it is as a critic that Dr. Kingsbury is most

powerful. In this capacity more than in any other does he show his superior ability; here, more than elsewhere, does his extended knowledge make itself known. His literary criticisms are received by every intelligent Carolinian. He is authority throughout the State for what is good and bad in literature. He is strong in denunciation and equally strong in praise; yet he is just and impartial; investigative rather than judicial in his criticism; wedded to no established custom, and condemning not the innovation, that which is not in strict conformity with the past, but rather stretching out for the new, and seeking always what will add to the world's store of knowledge, seizing eagerly the truth in whatever guise and under whatever condition it makes its appearance. This characteristic can best be illustrated by a passage from his article on Tennyson, which appeared in *Our Living and Our Dead*, February, 1875, an article admirable in every respect. Speaking of the *Princess* and the condemnation it had received from some English critics for its inconsistencies, he says:

“To us it is absolutely charming, and we are borne along upon the stream of his pleasing and graceful narratives, witnessing many tender and exciting scenes as we glide, observing most lovely landscapes and varied prospects, and hearing sweeter music than linnets ever sung. We care not to quarrel because the author has chosen to introduce knights and tournaments in connection with ambitious damsels and the modern doctrine of woman's rights. We are too much enthralled with the splendor of the descriptions, the eloquence and passion of the thoughts, the heroic dash and spirit of the fights, the consummate grace of the character painting and the bewitching melody of the songs we hear, to stop to cavil or hunt for either real or supposed inconsistencies or violations of historic unity, or of any ‘fixed habits of conception’ we may have. We hold that every poet should have wide scope and perfect freedom to choose his own subject, and to treat it according to his own ideas of poetic art.”

This is the spirit characteristic of Mr. Kingsbury in all his critical writings.

We cannot pass over this excellent criticism of Tennyson without a word. Few men have entered more into the poetic spirit of this writer, nor are there many who can more fully appreciate the great poet, who, in *In Memoriam*, "the most thoughtful, the most difficult, and possibly the most successful of his longer poems, * * * the noblest of all elegiac poems," has so nobly voiced his 'great autumnal sorrow.'" He is such a man as can "deem it good fortune to have lived during the production of the *Idylls of the King*, * * the grandest narrative poem since *Paradise Lost*," of which the "most beautiful of the series is *Elaine*, * * the most dramatic and lofty is *Guinevere*." "Never," says he, "has misfortune found a greater painter since the master hand placed its finishing touch upon that canvas on which is portrayed forever the linaments of Lear in his madness, and Othello in his agony, nor has remorse ever found a more sympathetic historian."

As a journalist, Dr. Kingsbury is a man of power and extended influence. He has introduced into journalism high ideals. The press has been exalted by his connection with it. The *Messenger*, the editorial columns of which he has filled for years, is a daily of the highest type. Instead of the sensationalism with which many of the newspapers of to-day are crowded, here are to be found the best thoughts of a cultured scholar, on such topics as literature, history and religion. Instead of the scandal of the average Sunday edition, here you read his *Religious Editorials for Sunday*. Here we find discussions of the authors of the past, as well as criticisms on the latest productions of the writers of to-day. No new writer makes his appearance without receiving the attention of Dr. Kingsbury, and no man of ability and merit is without his encouragement. He takes especial interest in the literary men of his own State, and no man hails with more delight

something new from the pen of a Carolina writer. He has always been a strong devotee to the cause of education, and there is nothing that he has been more anxious to see than the people of North Carolina aroused to the realization of the great importance of intellectual training. The institutions of higher education of all denominations have always had his heartiest support and his sincerest friendship and sympathy.

Dr. Kingsbury is now in his 68th year. For some time he has been suffering from ill-health, but this has not prevented him from keeping up his work. Even now his writings give evidence of an intellect of great vigor. It has been said before that his life has been full of toil and drudgery, with little rest and few holidays. His work has not been that for which he was best fitted. He will leave us no lasting memorials of his name. And yet he has written much. We have it on good authority that he has probably written more in actual words than is contained in all of Scott's novels, in all of Thackery's works, and George Eliot's; but his writings have not been preserved. His life's work has been to fill the columns of the various publications with which he has been connected. He has not, however, been without aspirations. In addition to the N. C. History mentioned before, he planned a Sketch of Eminent Carolinians, and a Biography and Criticism of Famous Authors. Circumstances have not permitted him to carry out this great work, and he has been forced to content himself with what he might accomplish in a smaller way.

SAM W. SPARGER.

EDWIN W. FULLER.

It is now twenty years since the death of the poet and author, Edwin W. Fuller. His title to remembrance is based not only upon his literary works, but also upon the nobility—the high ideal of his life. There is as much interest connected with the study of his life and character as there is in the study of his literary productions. His personality, and his high conceptions of life, did as much to impress those with whom he came in contact, as did his works the large circle of his readers.

Those who knew him best, were those who appreciated him most.

Edwin Wiley Fuller was the only son of Jones and Anna L. Fuller, and was born in Louisburg, N. C., November the 30th, 1847. His father was a cultured, intellectual man, and his mother is a lady of a high type of refinement, possessing a highly cultivated intellect. He was fortunate in the environments of his early years, every influence that could lead him to a cultured, noble life, being exerted upon him.

His earliest instruction was given him by his mother, and when about ten years old, he entered a primary school. He was afterwards prepared for college in the high school of his native town.

He showed a tendency towards poetry even in his early years, and he left at his death the manuscript of several poems written in his younger days.

He was always very fond of sport, fishing, hunting, and horseback riding.

In 1864 he went to Chapel Hill, and remained there for two years. In 1867 he went to the University of Virginia, where he remained for one year.

It will be interesting to know the impression made upon his associates at each of these institutions, and this cannot



Edmund M. Fuller



be better done than by extracts from the letters of his classmates. A friend and classmate at Chapel Hill says: "His brightness, his genial humor, his unselfish nature greatly attracted me, and I think he was my friend. Universally popular, uniformly a consistent Christian, his circle of friends was large and composed of the best men in college. He was a member of the Delta Psi Club, and in 1864 was chosen its anniversary orator. His address attracted great attention by its beautiful language and striking illustrations."

A student with him at the University of Virginia wrote: "Those young men of East Tennessee, North Carolina and Southwestern Virginia, who were students at the University of Virginia during the term of 1867-'68, will recall a youth of fragile frame and somewhat diminutive stature, who came among us at the opening of the term, whose eagle eye attracted the attention, while his gentle, winsome manners won our hearts. They will remember how soon we bowed in heartfelt homage before the splendid intellect of him who seemed only a boy of tender years, and they will readily concede him to have been the leading spirit of the band with whom he was almost an idol. His sensibility of talents, his modest, retiring nature, his chivalric sense of honor, his calm, deliberate judgment, his high-souled integrity of purpose, his boundless ambition, his devotion as a friend, his exalted manhood, all these rise fresh before the minds of all who knew him at the University; and even more will they recall the pure, unsullied character he bore."

While at the University of Virginia he took work in the schools of History and Literature, Moral Philosophy and Natural Philosophy, though his taste was more in the line of the work in the first two schools.

The following letter to the writer will give an idea of how he impressed his instructors:

"Mr. Edwin W. Fuller, of North Carolina, was a mem-

ber of the School of History and Literature with me at the University of Virginia, in the session of 1867-'68. He brought me a letter of introduction from my esteemed friend, Rev. Mr. Gilchrist, at that time a Presbyterian minister in Louisburg. In consequence my attention was specially attracted to him. He was steady, studious, intelligent and amiable throughout his course. He graduated in the school, taking a certificate of distinction in both History and Literature.

“A year or two after leaving the University he sent me a small volume of his poem or poems, ‘The Angel in the Cloud.’ I read it at the time with much interest. It was graceful and refined, somewhat diffuse and attenuated, but testified to his taste in Literature and addiction thereto. It is thirty-six years ago, but I retain a vivid recollection of him.”—*George Frederick Homes, ex-Professor of History and Literature.*

While in school he was very devoted to his literary work. “The Angel in the Cloud” was first printed in the University (Va.) Magazine, occupying only a few pages. A committee from his Fraternity said of him: “The productions of his pen, now light, now serious, some of them published in periodicals, some written for the pleasure of his brethren of the Upsilon, were our delight and admiration.”

During this period, besides his poetical works, he wrote several prose articles, some of which have never been printed. In one of them, “The Cat and the Corpse,” he said he had been fond of Edgar Poe’s “ghostly stories,” and this one bears a remarkable similarity to some of Poe’s works. These articles show that he had at that time an easy, fluent, attractive style.

In the Summer of 1868, he returned home. His father’s health failed, and being the only son, he was compelled to assume heavy responsibilities. In consequence it was necessary for him to lay aside his literary work for a time.

It was at this period of his life that he was fully impressed with the idea that he must enter the ministry, and had begun to make his plans for doing so, when the impression left him.

He was a great reader. His favorite novelist was Dickens, because he always admired the humor and pathos in his works. In his novel, "Sea Gift," there is something about some of the scenes which recall incidents in Dickens' work.

Tennyson was his favorite poet, and the poems which he liked best were the "Princess" and "In Memoriam." As soon as he could do so, he began to revise and enlarge "Angel in the Cloud," though his business cares did not permit him to devote much time to this work. In 1870 his father died.

In 1871 Mr. Fuller was married to Miss Mary E., the daughter of Dr. Ellis Malone, of Louisburg. The union was indeed a happy one. He continued to live at his old home with his mother and sister, and his happiest moments were when he was around his own fireside.

Before his marriage he had finished the revision of his poem, "Angel in the Cloud," and it had been published. It was well received. As soon as it had appeared, Dr. Chas. F. Deems wrote: "The author may write himself Edwin W. Fuller—poet." The book has gone through three editions.

This poem shows the influence which Tennyson exerted over him in some respects. There is at first a doubt of the wisdom of God in all his dealings, but it closes in a grand triumph. It shows also his taste for Moral Philosophy.

In the later editions of his poetical works, there are to be found several of his shorter poems, which show his poetical ability to even greater advantage than his long poem.

"The Village on the Tar" was the first poem he ever had published. This was dedicated to Pettigrew.

“Lines to an Analytical Geometry” was written in 1866, and is a parody on Poe’s “Raven.”

“The Devil Outdone,” written in 1867, is a poem of bitter sarcasm.

“The Sunflower” was suggested by observing Gen. Pettigrew’s name omitted in Mrs. Downing’s “Memorial Flowers,” and in the “Southern Bouquet.”

“An Elegy” was written on the rotunda steps at the University of Virginia in 1868. It is a parody on Gray’s Elegy. Below is a *fac simile* of the introduction and the first stanza:

*An Elegy written on the Rotunda Steps,
The following lines dating as far back as 1868, prove conclusively
that Gray's celebrated Elegy is only a Parody.*

*It is to be hoped that as soon as this fact is made known,
the Editors of Gray will publish the original, that the
public may be undeceived.*

*The bell, the knell of evening lectures toll,
The thronging students pour from every door;
The Tutor gathers up his notes and rolls;
And homeward wends, his weary way, once more.*

“Under the Pines” is based upon an incident in “Sea Gift.” One of the characters in that novel was Ned Cheyleigh, supposed to have been from Wilmington. He lay dying upon the battlefield in Northern Virginia. His last words were, “Tell them to bury me under the pines at home.”

“The Last Look” was written at Norfolk in 1874. A short time before his only child, Ethel Stuart, had died, and the grief had almost overcome him. He wrote this poem and sent it to his wife. Some admiring friend obtained a copy, and without permission had it published. Mr. Fuller was North when he first saw it in print. It had

been copied in the leading papers North and South. It was not intended for publication, and he regretted very much that the secrets of his own bosom should be made known to the public. He received many letters expressing thanks for this poem. The first two stanzas are :

“Do not fasten the lid of the coffin down yet,
Let me have a long look at the face of my pet.
Please all quit the chamber and pull to the door,
And leave me alone with my darling once more.

“Is this little Ethel, so cold and so still,
Beat, beat, breaking heart, 'gainst God's mystic will.
Remember, O Christ, thou didst dread thine own cup,
And while I drink mine, let thine arm bear me up.

Also the last :

“O Father, have mercy and grant me thy grace,
To see, through this frown, the smile on thy face;
To feel that this sorrow is sent for the best,
And to learn from my darling a lesson of rest.”

“Out in the Rain” also expresses his grief at the loss of his child. There is in both these poems a strain of pathos that is very touching.

“Lines” was written after having a hemorrhage from the lungs. He gave the poem to his wife, with the request that she should not open it until he was well, but she knew that he meant until his death.

The collection also contains, “Lines Written at the Request of an Unknown Friend;” “The Parting Ship;” “My Darling's Jessamine.”

When Mr. Fuller was only eighteen years of age, he had written a novel, “Sea Gift.” In 1873 he revised and published it. The novel was, and is still, very popular. There has been no edition gotten out since his death, though there have been many orders for it. Arrangements are now being made to get out another edition.

The fine descriptive powers of the author are clearly shown in this work; also he reveals a knowledge of human nature that adds much to the interest of the story. He

has given full vent to his wit and pathos that cannot fail to be appreciated. There are few works whose defects cannot be pointed out, but it is always the good for which we should search. "This book has opened to him a thousand hearts in that great unknown mass, which says little and is no adept in criticism, but which, when it once loves a book, carries it clear of all comment into a form which is beyond all discussion and above praise."

He received many private letters after the publication of this novel, expressing appreciation of his work.

Edwin Fuller was very devoted to his literary work. He felt that this was his calling in life, and he did not like business pursuits. It was only from force of circumstances that he did not devote all his time to his chosen work.

In the midst of his many duties, he was a faithful official of the Methodist church, of which he was a member. He was also Mayor of Louisburg. He was beloved by all. Whatever sadness and sorrow there might be in his own life, he always brought cheer and gladness to the hearts of others. He was of a jovial disposition, very witty, and always sunny tempered.

In September, 1876, while on a hunting excursion, he contracted a deep cold, which settled on his lungs, and from which he never recovered.

In February of the following year, he was invited to deliver a poem at the reunion of the Delta Psi Fraternity, which was to be held in June, in the city of Philadelphia. He hoped to be able to attend and accepted the invitation, but a short time after was compelled to decline the honor.

During his sickness he gave to several of his friends a sketch of the plan for a poem which he had in mind. Unfortunately he did not have the opportunity to complete what his friends thought promised to be the crowning glory of his literary work.

Only a short time before his death he was requested by the Ladies' Memorial Association of Wilmington, to write

an ode to be sung at the celebration in May. He had composed the poem, but had never reduced it to writing. For some time he had been growing weaker, until on April 22, 1876, it was seen that he could not live, and he was notified of the fact. He bade his family and friends an affectionate farewell, and just before he died he said, "Tell the ladies of Wilmington I am sorry that I could not fulfill my promise."

He was asked if he could not give just one verse, and he replied, "I'll try; get pencil and paper." He repeated the following lines, which were copied by his sister, Mrs. Dr. J. E. Malone, as he dictated:

"Thou who in the war-stained years
Saw our heroes life-blood shed,
Consecrate our flowers and tears
Incense to our memorial dead.

"Love we them more tenderly
Since their hallowed death was vain,
Though they fought so manfully,
Those they left still wear the chain.

"Ask them not about success,
Hear they only duty's call;
In the mortal march they press,
Bravely charge, and bravely fall."

"All the words in the third line of the last stanza could not be heard, so *mortal march* was substituted. These were the last words spoken, except to feebly call the name of his wife."

Thus died the poet and author at the early age of 28. He left a wife, who died in 1884, and a daughter, Edwin Sumner, who is still living. He was buried in Green Hill Cemetery, in Louisburg.

On May 10, 1876, the ladies of the Memorial Association placed an appropriate tablet on the Confederate mound in Oakdale Cemetery, in Wilmington, in his honor. This tablet, which is still carefully preserved, was in the shape of a Lyre circled with white flowers, with his name in

crimson and red. One string of the lyre is broken, and the others are interwoven with the last lines of the "Angel in the Cloud:"

"Thou cannot judge the eternal mind by his,
But must accept the mysteries of Life
As purposes Divine, with perfect ends,
And in our darkest clouds God's Angels stand
To work man's present and eternal good."

Below are given some extracts from a very interesting letter from Dr. Geo. G. Thomas, of Wilmington, who was a relative and a life-long associate of Mr. Fuller:

"* * * His life was too short to accomplish the hopes of his friends. He had in him both the ambition and the energy to become a writer of fame, and I submit that he gave promise of substantial success. His first poem, the 'Angel in the Cloud,' showed the trend of his thoughts and his determination to make by his reason a happiness that doubt and skepticism had or would debar him from. It is full of beauty and strength, and in its latest edition the equal to me of many of the best poems of like character in the English language. His ambition, however, was to be a successful writer of fiction, and his book on this line, 'Sea Gift,' while a book of great merit, was a disappointment to him. He told me that he was not ready to publish it until it had been largely revised, and that many parts of it were crude and unsatisfactory. But following the advice of his friends he sent it to the printer, and the public had its first impressions of the aspiring author. The book contains many works of talent, and is to all intents and purposes a success. The book is clean and the aim of the writer to elevate the taste of his readers is well sustained."

"There is, I think, if he had lived, a reasonable certainty that he would have made a writer of fame, and been a joy to his friends and a source of pride to the reading people of his State."

The following extract from an interesting letter to the writer by President Chas. E. Taylor, of Wake Forest, will give a good conception of the impression he made upon men-of-letters :

“* * * If I remember correctly, Edwin W. Fuller was a student of the University of Virginia only one year, 1867-'68. He took comparatively light work and devoted himself mainly to the study of Philosophy. It happened that we roomed in the same building, and there were only two or three other occupants. I came to know him well and saw a great deal of him. To know him well was to admire and esteem him. He was a thorough gentleman of the old fashioned school. He was at all times a model of neatness in dress and person. His bearing was uniformly marked by that courtesy which is bred of native kindness of heart. He was genial, full of life, and fond of humor. But there was a certain quiet dignity in his demeanor which would have restrained any one from taking an undue liberty with him. He was—especially at times—a brilliant talker. His speech was always pure. I never heard an irreverant, much less a profane word fall from his lips. He was especially fond of dialectics. Many a time have we discussed together all manner of questions which were suggested by our philosophical studies, passing from Ethics to Psychology, and not infrequently into the more rarified atmosphere of Metaphysics. He possessed unusual intellectual acumen, together with a very vivid imagination. He was very quick in apprehending salient points; was capable of appreciating subtle distinctions and of making them himself. His first literary work that attracted attention was a short poem entitled, ‘The Angel in the Cloud,’ which was published in the University (Va.) Magazine. This was, I think, the direct outcome of his interest in Philosophy. But his heart was in it. He was passing, or had passed, through the trying period in which thoughtful and cultured young men form their theories of the uni-

verse. It is a period of questionings, of doubt, sometimes of dangers. He passed through it not merely with safety, but with triumph. After he left the University of Virginia, in June, 1868, I did not meet him for about two years. Then our acquaintance was renewed in North Carolina. He visited me at Wake Forest, and I was, on two or three occasions, his guest in his beautiful home in Louisburg. I soon found out that he had fought entirely through his mental struggles. He was on solid ground and in clear light. He told me that he had re-written and expanded his poem, of which he spoke very modestly. From the way in which he spoke, I judged that this had been a recreation and pleasure, rather than a labor. The underlying basis of Philosophy is even more apparent in the later than in the earlier form. I cannot help believing that there is a thread of his personal experience running through it; that is, in a sense, a half revealed chapter of his spiritual autobiography. He sent me one of the first copies that were printed, and it is now among my valued possessions. There are passages of exquisite beauty in it, but, as a work of art, I have always regarded it as the earnest of what he would have accomplished if he had lived, rather than as a full proof of his powers. But, as it is, I think it ranks side by side with the productions, at his age, of most of the masters of English song."

"Some of his shorter poems, written a year or two later, reveal, I think, a more delicate poetic touch and a more chastened taste. From intimations dropped in my hearing, I doubt whether he would have written largely in poetry if he had lived. But that he would have enriched our literature in fiction, I have no doubt. If at his age, when it was written, he could produce "Sea Gift," a book of real dramatic power, we may readily infer that with ripened powers, and a more practiced pen, he would have won for himself and State a world-wide reputation."

These estimates show the high regard in which Mr. Fuller

was held as a man, and as a writer. He has never received a harsh criticism. Cut down as he was at so early an age, he did not have the opportunity to show to a full extent his powers, but the works he has left us show a genius possessed by few.

ROBT. L. FLOWERS.

FRANCIS LISTER HAWKS.

The old saying, that North Carolina is a good place to start from, is the key-note to the greatness of her people, as well as a term of reproach as accepted by them. All great men must seek the large centers of civilization in order to give to the world their message, but the great principles of their lives come from the land of their birth. A State is to be measured by the number of its good and great men, and not by material or physical predominance. Even intellectual gifts and culture cannot make a people great, but may become the instruments of their ruin. There are men in every period who shape the life and mould the thought of their time, and among these were some who made higher achievements in particular lines of work, "but in all the elements which form a positive character, in that kind of power which sways the minds of other men, and which moulds public opinion, few men of his age deserve to rank higher than Francis Lister Hawks."

Dr. Hawks was born in Newbern, North Carolina, June 10, 1798. He was the second son of Francis and Julia Hawks. His father was of English and his mother of Irish descent. His grandfather, John Hawks, came to America with Governor Tryon, so well known in the early history of our State. They were warm friends in the old country and came over together to try their fortunes in the new.

He was the architect of Tryon palace in Newbern, where he submitted his accounts for building, to the governor's council, June 29, 1771. During the revolution, however, he sided with the Americans. The maternal grandfather of Dr. Hawks was Richard Stephens, who came from Ireland, and, no doubt, was one of the stern old Scotch-Irish blood. Dr. Hawks was one of nine children, three of whom became ministers, and one of these a bishop.

The mother of Dr. Hawks was a remarkable woman. What her husband lacked in positiveness and individuality of character she supplied, combining the characteristics of her race with a reverence for religion and all that is best in life. The early training which she gave her son is all-important in estimating his life and character. Bishop Green, of Mississippi, who knew the family, says: "The father of Dr. Hawks was of amiable disposition, but not of a high order of intellect," so it is to the mother alone that the great character and intellectual qualities of Dr. Hawks is to be attributed.

He was graduated from Chapel Hill in 1815, at the age of seventeen, and at that early age he was remarkable for his graceful elocution, fluent composition and finely modulated voice, as displayed in the exercises of the College Literary Society. He was valedictorian, and thus the opportunity for pathos was given, for which he was afterward so distinguished.

Immediately after graduation he commenced the study of law under Judge William Gaston, of Newbern, and later he became a pupil at the law-school maintained by Judge Reeve and Judge Gould, at Lichfield, Conn. He spent six months there, together with thirty other young men, many of whom afterward became well known in political and judicial life. Among these he was noted for his frank, ingenious disposition, and for his devotion to study. Near Lichfield was a school for young ladies, managed by the Pierce sisters, which no doubt relieved any

severity which might result from legal training. We know little of the discipline kept at this school, but it is not probable that a score of restless youths, preparing for a profession "in which audacity is a virtue," would long remain ignorant of its attractions. The fair pupils were, perhaps, better studied than any page of Coke or Blackstone, and the lessons some of the young men learned by heart were better remembered. Here Dr. Hawks formed the acquaintance of Miss Emily Kirby, who, by her father's failure in business, was forced to take up teaching, and as the South furnished the best opening for her chosen work, she applied timidly and respectfully to young Hawks to secure for her a position somewhere in that section. He was so pleased with her letter that he sought a correspondence, which finally resulted in marriage.

He was admitted to the bar at the age of twenty-one, and soon took high rank among the best lawyers of the State. Shortly after graduation he received his first communion and began to take an active part in religious affairs. This was a bold step for a young man at that time, as religion was at a low ebb, there being then only one male communicant besides himself in Newbern parish. A worldly career of great promise lay open to him, but he would not compromise his christian principles for the sake of worldly ambition. He became a candidate for the Legislature in 1821 from Newbern, where it was customary for a candidate to throw open his house for the entertainment of all who came, in which all kinds of vice and drunkenness were tolerated. Hawks would have none of this, and "with a moral heroism which knew no fear, he dared to respect his own conscience, and to abide the consequences." However, he was elected in his twenty-third year.

About this time he removed to Hillsboro, Orange county, and took his place among such men as Wiley P. Mangum, W. A. Graham and Chief Justice Nash. During these years his fame for eloquence was growing, and whenever

it was announced, "That little man is speaking," the court-room was soon filled with eager listeners. While connected with the bar at Hillsboro he became reporter for the Supreme Court of the State, and while in this position he prepared the "Reports of Decisions in the Supreme Court of North Carolina." In his early youth Dr. Hawks had been inclined to the ministry, but influenced by the worldly and ambitious views of his father he had studied law. His heart, however, was not in the work, and one morning he came to Bishop Green, then pastor of Hillsboro, and said: "I have entered the court-house for the last time." The Bishop expressed his surprise and asked him what he meant. He replied: "I mean what I say; I am no longer a lawyer; I wish to become a clergyman." He read for a few months under Bishop Green, and removed to Newbern, where he completed his studies and was ordained by Bishop Ravenscroft.

While on a visit to her old home, his wife died at New Haven, Conn., and was buried by Rev. Harry Crosswell, by whom the marriage was performed. This domestic relation between the two men led to the election of Hawks to be Dr. Crosswell's assistant in April, 1829. His eloquence and sincerity soon won for him a high place among the people of New Haven. While there he married Mrs. Olivia Hunt, formerly Miss Trowbridge, of Danbury, Conn., who survived him, and was a loving tender support to him all through his eventful career. His stay in New Haven was short, and in August of the same year he removed to Philadelphia, where he became Bishop White's assistant at St. James' Church. In the autumn of 1830 he was elected Professor of Divinity in what is now Trinity College, Hartford, Conn., and early in 1831 he became rector of St. Stephen's Church, New York. In December he resigned this position to accept the Rectorship of St. Thomas' Church, New York City, where he spent the best years of his life.

His eloquence and power soon drew around him a large congregation, which he held all through the years of his pastorate. The early training he had as a lawyer made his sermons more or less argumentative. He sought always to convince the judgment before appealing to the feelings, and in his greatest bursts of eloquence he kept Hamlet's advice; in the very torrent and tempest of passion he observed a temperance which gave his diction smoothness. It is said of him during this period—so wonderful was his voice and style of delivery—that had he taken Euclid's Geometry into the pulpit, his audience would have listened gladly to the demonstration of its bare problems. He was called upon to preach many charity sermons, and in one of these, for the support of a Dispensary, the following humorous touch is found: "It has been objected to many charities," said he, "that their beneficence is bestowed upon unworthy objects. This cannot, however, be alleged in the case of the institution whose claims I advocate; for the wretch is yet to be found who will wallow in the mire of dissipation for the express purpose of qualifying himself to become a recipient of your bounty, and enjoy the sublime privilege of taking physic without cost."

In the summer of 1836, he visited England for the purpose of securing copies of such documents as related to the early history of the Episcopal church in America. He was well received there, and brought back with him seventeen folio volumes of historical materials, accumulated from various sources, relating to the early history of the church in New York and in the other colonies.

A short time previous to this, in 1835, he began a long series of literary works by the publication of several juvenile volumes, consisting chiefly of conversations between a very learned and sympathetic old Uncle Philip and his enquiring and, oftentimes, perplexed nieces and nephews. He loved children and took great delight in teaching them.

Immediately upon his return to New York from England, Dr. Hawks began the work for which he had now such abundant materials, called "Contributions to the Ecclesiastical History of the United States." The first volume was published in 1836, on the early church in Virginia, and in 1839 the second volume, on the early church in Maryland, appeared. These works, though well received by the church, were severely criticised, and Dr. Hawks was so disgusted with the attack, that he abandoned the whole scheme of Church History. In 1837 he founded the *New York Review*, to which he contributed several strong articles. One especially is of interest to us, being a "Partial Estimate of Jefferson's Character," in which he attacks the principles and work of Mr. Jefferson. Another article was that on Aaron Burr.

While Rector of St. Thomas, he projected a plan for a training school, which was to be a model in educational lines. By his enthusiasm and earnestness he secured contributions to the scheme, and soon had a well organized school located at Flushing, Rhode Island, but a financial crisis came on and the school was broken up for lack of funds. In consequence of this failure, Dr. Hawks became involved in debt, and his character was attacked for being so careless in the use of the school funds. On account of this he resigned the Rectorship of St. Thomas' Church, and went to Holly Springs, Miss., where his daughter lived, with the view of retrieving his fortunes and paying off his indebtedness. He at once established a school there, and became Rector of the church. He remained there only a year, but during that time he was elected Bishop of Mississippi by the Philadelphia convention, before which he made his famous speech, proving his innocence of the charges against him. For various reasons he declined the appointment. From Holly Springs he went to New Orleans, where he was Rector of Christ's Church five years. While there he drew the plans for the organ-

ization of the University of Louisiana, and was elected its first president.

In 1849 we find him again in New York as Rector of Calvary Church, where he remained until 1861. On his return to the city of his adoption, his friends made up a purse of \$30,000, which relieved him of all indebtedness, and enabled him to pursue his life's work without pecuniary embarrassment.

Though Dr. Hawks made no pretensions to poetry, his occasional verses found a place in a collection of "The Poetry of North Carolina." They were all on simple topics, and some of them are instinct with poetic beauty. In his lines, "To an Aged and Very Cheerful Christian Lady," the following beautiful verses occur :

"And yet thy cheerful spirit breathes
The freshness of its golden prime;
Age decks thy brow with silver wreaths,
But thy young heart still laughs at time.

"Life's sympathies with thee are bright,
The current of thy love still flows,
And silvery clouds of living light
Hang round thy sunset's golden close."

His lines to N. P. Willis, of Boston, are beautiful in thought and imagery :

"I know thee not,
And yet I feel as if I knew thee well;
The lofty breathings of thy tuneful lyre
Have floated round me; and its witching notes,
With all thy bright and bold imaginings,
Stealing and winding round my inmost soul,
Have touched with gentlest sweep its trembling chords,
And waked a thrill responsive to thy melody."

While connected with the New York Historical Society, Dr. Hawks did his greatest work for North Carolina. This society, instituted in 1804, was revived in 1836, chiefly through his influence, and for several years he continued to deliver lectures before its members. Among those interesting to us was "The Career of the Indian Maid and

Matron, Pocahontas," followed by another on "Captain John Smith and the Settlement in Virginia." In a subsequent course he delivered a graphic lecture on "Sir Walter Raleigh," in which he gave a narrative of the great adventurer's fortunes and an analysis of his character, together with that of the leading statesmen of Elizabeth's court and of the queen herself. Dr. R. H. Battle says of this lecture: "I heard him deliver his lecture on 'Sir Walter Raleigh,' to the delight of a large commencement audience, though he took two and a half hours in its delivery. His voice was as deep as the low tones of an organ, and he used it with wonderful effect, while his delivery was exceedingly graceful and impulsive." This lecture was afterward incorporated into the first volume of his history of North Carolina. At another time his subject was the Revolutionary History of North Carolina, in which he discussed his favorite theme, the "Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence." He was a firm believer in the declaration of May 19 and 20, 1775, and made some strong points in its favor. The style of this lecture is clear, smooth and attractive, showing throughout his patriotism and love for his native State.

Among his works, the most valuable to us is his history of North Carolina in two volumes. The first was issued at Fayetteville in 1857, and embraces the period between the first voyage to the colony in 1584 to the last in 1591. It consists of various original documents and letters concerning the early voyages to the colony, together with a kind of running commentary by the author on the characters and events of the stirring times of Elizabeth. He closes the first volume with the following expressive sentence: "And so after the toil and suffering of years, the expenditure of much precious treasure and the loss of still more precious life, the waves of Albemarle rolled, as of old, their ripples up the deserted island beach, and the only voice heard was that of the fitful winds, as they sighed

through the forests of Roanoke, and broke upon the stillness of Nature's rough repose. The white man was there no longer." The second volume, embracing the period of proprietary government from 1663 to 1729, was published, also at Fayetteville, the following year. This consists of a series of chapters on such subjects as "The Law and Its Administration," "Agriculture and Manufactures," "Religion and Learning," "Manners and Customs," etc. Somewhat peculiar, it is true, but carrying out his idea that "the real history of a State is to be read in the gradual progress of its *people* in intelligence, industry, wealth and civilization," and that "the public events that transpire are but the exponents of the condition of the inhabitants, in these and other particulars."

Dr. Hawks took great delight in the study of antiquities, and was a prominent member of the American Ethnological Society. He was especially interested in the earliest life of the American Aborigines, and in 1857 he delivered three lectures on the "Antiquities of the American Continent," at Hope Chapel, New York City. As the result of his studies in this department, he published a volume on "The Monuments of Egypt," and later, one on "Peruvian Antiquities."

In 1852 he was offered the Bishopric of Rhode Island, making the third time that the Episcopate was offered him, and, in 1859, he was invited to the Chair of History in the University of North Carolina. This he declined also.

An event now took place which placed Dr. Hawks in a position ill-suited to his nature. Always outspoken in his views, he felt that he could no longer hold a position among people whose sympathies were so different from his own, so he resigned and went to Baltimore, where there were many strong southern sympathizers. Approaching three score and ten, he gave up the best position he ever had, a position won by a life of honest exertion, in order to be true to his convictions. "He did not forget the land

of his birth, the grave of his mother, the kindred and friends whose happy, peaceful homes were so soon to feel the fury and devastation which were poured out upon them." At the close of the war he was invited to New York, and preached there for a short time, but his health was failing. His last public act was the short address on laying the corner-stone of his new church in Twenty-fifth street, Septémber 4, 1866. His great work was ended. After a short illness he gathered his robes about him and stepped out calmly and peacefully into the great unknown. He was buried at Greenwich, Conn., where a tomb and monument were prepared for him.

Nature seems to have endowed Dr. Hawks with the elements of greatness, giving him a powerful intellect, a "physical constitution of great endurance, an eye steady, dark and penetrating, and a voice tuned to eloquence." His independence, moral courage and warm southern sensibility, made him a natural leader, and "had he pursued a political career, North Carolina might have sent to the Senate an orator to rank with Clay and Calhoun." He loved simplicity in all things, and in all his public life he was thoroughly simple and perfectly natural. He fulfilled his great mission as a preacher, and at the same time was a leader in all that pertained to the life and true progress of the age in which he lived. Wheeler says of him all that need be said of any North Carolinian: "He was true to North Carolina and proud of her glorious history."

SANDERS DENT.



HENRY JEROME STOCKARD.

HENRY JEROME STOCKARD.

For the past thirty years there have been at times periods of literary activity in the South, in which spontaneous outbursts of a New Literature have manifested themselves. At present these outbursts are of every day occurrence, and we are in the very midst of this New *Renaissance*. No State is prouder of her poets, historians, novelists and men-of-letters, than is North Carolina. Among her poets few are held in higher esteem than Mr. Henry Jerome Stockard.

Mr. Stockard comes from one of the most prominent families in Piedmont North Carolina, and was born in Alamance county on September 15, 1858. His ancestors were of Scotch-Irish and German descent. His father, James Gibbs Stockard, now dead, was a Methodist minister, while his mother, yet living, was a Miss Mary Johnson. In his childhood home, surrounded by an atmosphere of religion and culture, he grew to manhood. Such influences must be conducive to the fostering of poetical inspiration, for under similar circumstances and surroundings were born and reared Addison, Goldsmith, Tennyson, Emerson and Lowell. This old home has never lost its influence and impressions on Mr. Stockard; he can yet think of it and feel that he is "a child again," and "hear the cowbells tinkling down the lane," while the "plaintive whippoorwill's calls, the "milkmaid's song" and the "clanking chain of plowman homeward bound" are blended together. Although this old home has its influence on him, yet he thinks of the new home, the home in which

"We're all at home—John, Wesley and little Jane—
Dead long ago!—and the boys soldiers twain
That sleep by purling stream or old stone wall
In some far off and unknown grave—we're all
At home with mother!—heartache, gore and pain."

Mr. Stockard began teaching while he was very young, and has since made that his chosen profession. After teaching for a number of years in what is now Elon College, he moved to Graham, where he became Principal of Graham High School, and at the same time County Superintendent of Education. In 1892 he was elected Instructor of English in the University of North Carolina. Here, under the advantages of a large library and the classic influence by which he was surrounded, his love for Literature grew day by day, deeper and deeper. He held this position with much honor to himself until June, 1892. From thence he went to Monroe as Principal of Monroe High School. At this place he now has a large and flourishing school, into which he infuses his own high ideals of culture and life. Besides his school work he finds time to edit the "Literary Notes" of the Charlotte Observer. Through the medium of this most excellent paper he has exerted a wide influence in behalf of good literature throughout our State.

In personal appearance there is nothing especially striking about Mr. Stockard, unless it be his eyes, which are deep blue, and show so clearly the peculiar earnestness and expression of the man within, "his rapt soul sitting in his eyes." He is of medium height, his face—in his sonnets may we not read the man?—shows him to be a man of strong imagination, intense feeling and deep and happy thought. There is a personal magnetism about Mr. Stockard which attracts every one; he is free and genial, has a flow of fine language and a friendly, sympathetic word for all. He is a Presbyterian in faith, is married, and has a family of five children—two boys and three girls. His wife, who was a Miss Lula Tate, enters heartily into the spirit of his work, and, being naturally endowed with great intelligence, she is of great assistance to her husband.

Inspiration has its effect on every man's life, and not

least on Mr. Stockard. He has said, in regard to his writing, "I do not write much, attempt it only when I feel impelled—and that is seldom." The poet must always wait the prompting of the Muse. Tennyson, when asked how he wrote his poems, replied that he did not know; all that he could tell was that they "came" to him. In a recent letter Mr. Stockard casually remarked, "I have had neither time nor inclination to write anything lately."

The sonnet had its origin in Italy, where it reached its highest development with Petrarch, Tasso and Michael Angelo. In all the ages through which it has come down to us, the sonnets' peculiar form and construction of 14 Iambic pentameter lines divided into an octave and sextet, has remained intact. To-day it stands, as it always has, as one of the truest tests of one's mastery of verse. The high estimation in which it has always been held has never waned, for its masters must be, and always are, men whose genius is of a high order. He who can condense and concentrate within the perfect sonnets limited scope, high, lofty and ennobling thoughts is certainly one whose heart, head and hand work together in perfect unison. To write the sonnet badly is easy, but to write it in a perfect form is supremely difficult and beyond the scope of most men; in no other production are a writer's imperfections and shortcomings so clearly revealed as in this most difficult form of verse. To Wordsworth, the greatest of English sonneteers, it "was a pastime to be bound within" its "scanty plot of ground;" with it "Shakespeare unlocked his heart," and with Milton it "became a trumpet" with which "he blew soul animating strains—alas, too few."

While Mr. Stockard has written other kinds of verse, he excels in the sonnet; in it he finds the natural expression for his thoughts; in it his greatest strength is shown and to it his highest ambition runs. He has the power of expressing his beautiful and well rounded ideas in magnificent and concise language, and "within the sonnets scanty

plot of ground" he finds the truest expression for his thoughts. His sonnets have been characterized as "not the flowing, jingling, sprightly and pleasant rhymes and thoughts that are thin and of light weight," but as "poetry of the noble sort—poetry with proportion, with high inspiration, with lofty lines, with noble thoughts clothed in richly appropriate language, in felicities of phrasing and artistic use of words."

The genius and strength of Mr. Stockard is recognized wherever his work is read. His writings have for the larger part appeared in the *Century*, yet he writes at times for the *Cosmopolitan*, *Munsey*, *Peterson*, *Ladies' Home Journal*, *Youths' Companion*, etc., all of which gladly receive his work, and reward him for his poetic power. His sonnets are of intrinsic value; they show him to be a man of genius and power, and call forth only admiration.

Mr. Stockard is not limited to one theme; on the contrary, the range of his subjects is wide. To use his own words, some of his verses "carol blithely as a bird," and suggest the sweetest flowers; others "slowly strike a funeral bell," while in others "we hear the mustering tramp in every word;" some are as soft as flutes, others "wail like harps Aeolian in the grieving wind."

A strong imagination and power to concisely depict the most delicate impressions which fall upon the mind are sure characteristics of true poetical powers. Mr. Stockard certainly exhibits these requisites: especially is this true in his descriptions of nature found here and there in his poems. He catches the spiritual significance in all nature, and in him this Age of Nature has an able exponent. The waves as "they curl and break and churn" on the "dreary bars," at Point Lookout, N. C., in their "deep-voiced dolorous monotone" cause him to wonder whether they "chant a dirge o'er their unnumbered dead," or whether they are growling like some great beast "crouching to spring upon its prey," and impatiently "waiting to swal-

low up earth's mighty thrones." The time-worn and "battle-scathed" old oak has a deep significance to him; in those wounds now healed, and over which "the closer for them now thy bark doth bind" he can say "thou art typical of this great Union for which was marred thy massive bole."

The authors of the North and South have done much to unite their respective sections, and instill in every breast a feeling of tolerance. Over the graves of the "boy soldiers twain" where each year for thirty the "brown pine needles fall" and the "vines run riot," Mr. Stockard, through his deep sympathy for man, his broadness of view and lack of prejudice, which is so often cherished in our breasts, can say :

"We love our dead where'er so held intrall
Than they no Greek more bravely died, nor Gaul,
A love that's deathless; but they look to-day
With no reproaches on us when we say,
Come let us clasp your hand, we're brothers all,
Over their Graves."

It would be hard to find a more concise and glowing tribute to the genius, power and wide range of the mighty Shakespeare than is found in the fourteen lines which Mr. Stockard has written on him :

He heard the Voice that spake, and, unafraid,
Beheld at dawning of primeval light
The systems flame to being, move in flight
Unmeasured, unimagined, and unstayed.
He stood at nature's evening, and surveyed
Dissolv'd worlds—saw uncreated night
About the universe's depth and height
Slowly and silently forever laid.
Down the pale avenues of death he trod,
And trembling gazed on scenes of hate that chilled
His blood, and for a breath his pulses stilled;
Then clouds from sunbright shores a moment rolled,
And, blinded, glimpsed he One with thunder shod, * * *
Crowned with the night, and with the morning stoled.

No close student will fail to note the beautiful manner in which Mr. Stockard shows Shakespeare's universality when he says "he beheld at dawning of primeval light," etc., and "he stood at nature's evening," etc. Mr. Edward Dowden, the greatest of Shakespearean students, calls the period which Mr. Stockard designates "down the pale avenues of death," as "on the heights." Then the "clouds from sunbright shores a moment rolled" and the romances are unfolded to us.

One of Mr. Stockard's finest sonnets is on Homer. In it we are made to feel that the spirit of Greek thought did not die with the lamented Keats, but yet lives in our very midst. So thoroughly does Mr. Stockard become imbued with the Greek spirit and inspiration that he says :

"I hear the Odyssey and Ilaid rise,
 With deeper rythm than that of Chios' surge;
 And there upon the blue Aegean's verge,
 Unchanging while the centuries increase,
 After three thousand years before me lies
 The unveiled shore of old sea-cinctured Greece."

After reading a "Treasury of Sonnets," "vague visions" fill his brain, on his sight burst "high deeds round Ilium's shadowy walls," while his fancy leads him "through Morven's haunted hills" and "Loda's spirit bends o'er" his form.

Mr. Stockard is yet a young man, in the very prime of life. What he has done is small in comparison to what he may do and what every one earnestly expects him to do. He has a field to himself in our State, and the heart of every North Carolinian beats quickly, and it makes us feel "our young hearts hammering in our ears," when we see how finely and with what promise he has begun his work. Mr. Stockard, we feel safe in saying, has endowed and will continue to endow our State with work of which she may well feel proud. A man with the high ideal which he has is sure to accomplish great and heretofore unaccom-

plished things for his State. His ideals, and, may we hope, his strength, power and possibilities cannot be given in a more beautiful form than he has given them to us in

“THE UNATTAINED.”

The marble bosomed in the mountain hoar
Holds in its heart, waiting some hand most unskilled,
Forms featured fairer yet than that which thrilled
And moved beneath Pygmalion's touch of yore.
The instrument's keys await a grander score
Than that whose faintest echoes, haply, chilled
Mozart with rapture and an instant stilled
His breath, then died away forevermore.
There is a scene no painter ever feigned
Of Eden's restful fields—lost visions loved!—
Dead shores where tempests hoarse Titanic roll;
A song unsung more sweet than that which chained
The heart of Hades' king—than ever moved
The subtlest chord in Shakespeare's lofty soul!

That shall he grow in power and strength, and may ever approach nearer and nearer “The Unattained,” is the devout wish of every true son of North Carolina.

H. B. CRAVEN.

CHRISTIAN REID.

North Carolina can lay claim to very few novelists. We look with pride to several poets, historians, and statesmen, but are able to point to hardly more than one novel writer who has gained more than mere local distinction. This is a fact as lamentable as true, for all forms of literary writing the novel is one of the most important and valuable. In it are presented the language, customs, and interesting features of generations that have either disappeared altogether, or are fast giving way to newer phases of life. How much more picturesque does the Norman-Saxon period of English history become after we have read "Ivanhoe"; and how much grander and more familiar do the characters of the Scots "wha hae' wi' Wallace bled'" and their charming mountain home become after we have gone over those scenes with Scott or Porter. The quaint, sleepy, but interesting Dutch people of the days of Peter Stuyvesant are living to-day in this advanced age through the writings of Washington Irving. This is what the novel is doing for other nations and other people, and what it should be doing for us. We need some one who shall weave into graceful story the beautiful and varied scenes of our lovely, chivalrous Southland, whose sighing pines, bird-carols, and plantation songs are fast giving way to the thunder of the iron horse and the busy whirl of machinery. Especially do we need some such writer in North Carolina. Virginia, South Carolina, Tennessee, and Louisiana have produced writers who have portrayed many of the distinctive features of their native States; but our State has for the most part been silent. Our old and crumbling Southern mansions, our aged but ever affable "slave negroes," our grayheaded and tattered veterans tell of a history that is fast disappearing with the redeeming touch of scarcely a single pen. It is to be hoped that these remaining marks

of that romantic era, together with the influence of our delightful climate and beautiful scenery, may soon inspire some writer to crystalize into fitting form the worthy glories of Carolina.

The writer who perhaps has done most in this line is Mrs. F. C. Tiernan, formerly Miss Frances Fisher, of Salisbury, N. C. She is known to the reading public as Christian Reid, and by that name she will be spoken of in this article. She was born in the town of Salisbury about the time of the Civil War. She belongs to one of the oldest and most influential families of the famous old county of Rowan.

Her grandfather, Hon. Chas. Fisher, was for several years before his death (1849) one of the most able and respected men of the State. He was a gentleman of culture and of broad, liberal views. That he was held in high esteem by the people of his country is shown in the fact that he was eleven times elected to represent Rowan in the House of Commons, and one time in the Senate. He rendered valuable service to his State and county. Mr. J. H. Wheeler, the historian, says of him: "In the death of Chas. Fisher, North Carolina has lost one of her most enterprising citizens, Rowan county one of its brightest ornaments, society one of its most useful members. As a statesman, he was patriotic, liberal and undaunted; as a citizen he was public-spirited, generous and active; and as a friend, he was devoted, unflinching and sincere.

His only son, Col. Chas. F. Fisher, Christian Reid's father, was also one of the leading spirits of his time. The noble traits of his father were repeated in him. All readers of Southern history know the great service he rendered the Confederates at the first battle of Manassas and the bravery with which he met his death while pursuing the enemy.

Christian Reid's mother was a daughter of Judge Caldwell, of Salisbury, and was on her mother's side a descend-

ent of Judge Richard Henderson, of the Colonial period, and of the Alexander family, of which Gov. Alexander (1805) was perhaps the most distinguished, though not the most gifted member.

Christian Reid received her early instruction from a maiden aunt, Miss Christine Reid. This lady was a woman of high culture and refinement, and she took great pains in instructing and cultivating the mind of her bright enthusiastic little niece. The talent for literary composition, which has been displayed so wonderfully in the many novels and stories of Christian Reid, manifested itself very early in her life. In reply to a question from a friend as to when she began to write, she said: "If I answered that question, I should say, from the time I learned to form letters—in fact before I could write I used to dictate stories to a kind elder, my aunt, who acted as my amanuensis, and gave me, when I was about as high as the table, my first lesson in the great art of style.

As soon as she was old enough Christian Reid was sent to St. Mary's College, Raleigh, N. C., where she studied a few years, finally completing her education under the instruction of her aunt. In 1870, she began writing for the sake of amusement, a story entitled "Valerie Aylmer." This was soon published, and met with hearty approval from all who read it. With such a successful introduction, Christian Reid was spared many of the difficulties which often beset the efforts of young authors. From this time onward for several years she wrote very steadily, and never failed to find sale for her publications. In 1871 she published in *Appleton's Journal* a novel entitled "Morton House," a splendid story of Southern life of thirty years ago. Some of her other works are: "Mabel Lee," published in 1871; "Ebb Tide," 1872; "Nina's Atonement," "A Daughter of Bohemia," 1873; "Carmen's Inheritance," 1873; "A Gentle Belle," "Hearts and Hands," 1875; "Land of the Sky," "After Many Days," 1877; "A Sum-

mer Idyl," "Hearts of Steel," 1882; "Armenie," 1884; "Roslyn's Fortune," "Miss Churchill," 1887. Of this number, "Morton House," "A Daughter of Bohemia," "A Question of Honor," "Armenie," and "A Heart of Steel" may perhaps be mentioned as the best.

"Christian Reid is a very devoted and consistent member of the Catholic church, and in a few of her novels she has, in an ingenious manner, without the form of an argument, introduced a very touching plea for the faith which is so dear to her. Among her distinctly Catholic novels, "Armenie," "Carmelia," and "Phillip's Restitution" are the best.

After her marriage in 1887 to James M. Tiernan, of Maryland, "Christian Reid" ceased writing for some time. But a long residence in Mexico, where her husband has large mining interests, furnished her with so much fresh material that she was constrained to take up her pen and the result is, "The Land of the Sun," lately published, and some Mexican stories—notably "The Picture of Las Cruces," which appeared in *Lippincott's Magazine*, and was afterwards translated into French and published in *L' Illustration* in Paris. She has now in press a novel, the scene of which is chiefly laid in the West Indies, where she spent last winter.

As to her manner of writing, I would say that there is nothing intricate in the works of Christian Reid. Her stories are simple, charming portrayals of social life, devoid of any great depth of thought. It may be said that at times a little too much that is superficial is introduced, but it is done in such a natural way that one cannot find fault with it. Her writings are not of the trashy, semi-tragical, sensational kind that do more harm than good; through them there runs such an elevated tone of refinement, such a tacit expression of culture, such a love for that which is highest, truest, purest, and most beautiful in life, that they cannot fail to appeal to the best side of one's nature.

One marked characteristic of Christian Reid, as shown by her writings, is her devotion to nature. She manifests a genuine and intense appreciation for all that is most beautiful and picturesque in the world about us. Like Wordsworth, she is ever quick to recognize beauty in landscape, tree or flower, and she pictures that beauty in the manner of a true artist. This is especially noticeable in the "Land of the Sky"—a description of a summer trip to Western North Carolina before railroads had been built. One who has never been there cannot fail to realize something of the beauty of that Arcadian land in reading of it in this book. The towering, sombre peaks, the roaring torrents, the morning sunrises with their mists and fairy lakes, and the golden sunsets are pictured in a style so simple, natural and transparent that we forget the words in the contemplation of the scenes presented.

In speaking of the writings of Christian Reid our best North Carolina critic says: "Miss Reid's novels always entertain us. Her style is so graceful, limpid and refined, her descriptions so beautiful and charming, her portrayal of character so accurate, her tone so pure and elevated, her fidelity to nature so marked, her remarks so just and acute, her love making so fresh and natural and the interest of her plots so cumulative, that we find a peculiar enjoyment in much that she has written."

Though she has never made the slightest claim whatever to being a poet, the few verses she has written give evidence of a power with verse which, if cultivated, might have resulted in something valuable in the way of poetry. "Regret," a poem written by Christian Reid and published in *Appleton's Journal*, expresses the sadness that comes to the living when they think of the many, many things they might have done for some loved one who is dead, had they only known of the approach of the shadow. The poem is splendid throughout and contains wonderful delicacy of sentiment and ease of expression.

She has written several other short poems, all of which display true poetic feeling.

The following verses, selected from a poem on the old Southern Confederate warship "Alabama," are an indication of the fact that the same spirit of patriotism that led her father to his gallant deeds in the war is still alive in his daughter :

"Far away in foreign waters
 There was vengeance in the name
 And terror to the trader
 In the Alabama's fame;
 Far beneath the Southern heavens,
 And beneath the Northern stars
 Did she bear unblenched the honors
 Of the Banner of the Bars.

"Long as the Southern heart shall thrill
 To deeds of deathless fame,
 So long shall live in tale or song
 The Alabama's name:
 Long shall the story still be told
 Of how she swept the seas
 And flung the starlight of our flag
 To every ocean breeze.

"Like a hero clad in armour
 True to the very last,
 The Alabama died no death
 That could disgrace her past!
 The free child of the waters
 She sank beneath the wave,
 And, with her flag still flying, found
 An unpolluted grave."

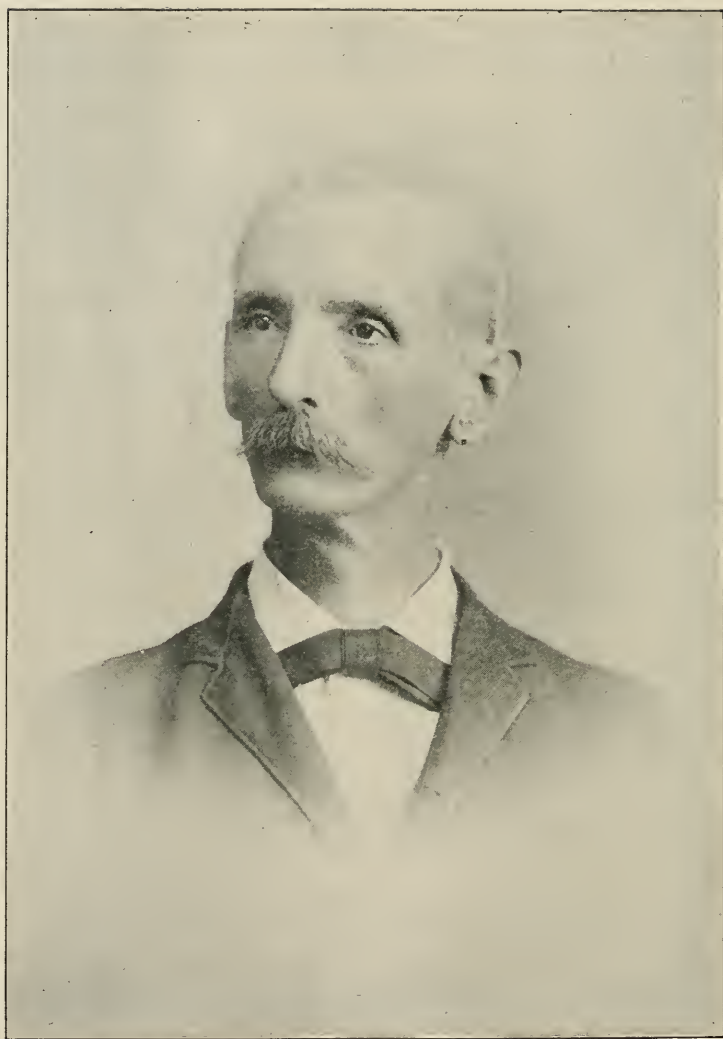
Her devotion to the Southland and its defenders is not only manifested in Christian Reid's writings, but in her life also. She is ever ready to respond to calls of help for the old soldier, to help build monuments for the dead, and to cheer the lives of the living.

She is now residing in Salisbury, where she has many friends and relatives. In appearance she is tall, rather thin, and she has an exceedingly graceful carriage, large soft brown eyes, brown hair, and a most pleasant voice

while speaking. One of her acquaintances says of her: "She is without doubt the most delightful talker I ever listened to; her ideas and words flow so smoothly it is a genuine pleasure to hear her speak.

Christian Reid has set an example that is worthy of imitation. Just as her noble ancestors, in ways best suited to their powers, spent their lives in the service of their country, so she has, in her chosen field, done what she could to add to the true wealth of our State and Southland. She has preserved in faithful colors at least one phase of Southern life, and for that we should give her the credit that is due, and be ready to encourage any one else who is able to supplement the great work she has begun.

J. F. BIVINS.



THEO. H. HILL.

THEOPHILUS H. HILL.

“Dowered with diviner vision
Than their purblind fellow-mortals,
Poets keep the keys to portals
Opening into fields Elysian;
They may enter bright dominions
Where, on opalescent pinions,
Jocund Fancy lightly hovers
Over sweets her wand discovers
Only to her faithful lovers!
She, with instant intuition,
Gives them royal recognition—
All her revenues revealing—
Nothing from Their view concealing.”

This, the poetic conception of one of North Carolina's sons, whose name, were it accorded the recognition it should have, would prove him no mean writer of verse.

It is not my purpose to exaggerate the poetic value of the subject of this paper, nor do I intend to make him faultless, nor to be partial in my estimate of his poetic gift, but (though I have had the pleasure of knowing him personally for several years) I shall strive to be accurate, concise, and unbiassed withal. It may not, however, be irrelevant to say that Mr. Hill has not been accorded his merited position in the diadem of our national literature.

One great trouble with the South is, that she knows not what she has, and that which she knows she has, she fails to appreciate in the highest sense of the term. Possibly this may be accounted for in part by the fact that our Southern, and more especially North Carolina poets, seem to have an aversion to bringing themselves before the public, but for the most part it is due to that perverted and erroneous idea that foreign poets alone should claim their time and consideration.

Theophilus Hunter Hill was born at Spring Hill—the residence of his maternal grandfather, Capt. Theophilus

Hunter—near Raleigh, N. C., on October 31, 1836. He received an academic education and was thoroughly prepared for, but never attended college; read law under the late Daniel G. Fowle; was licensed to practice law by the Supreme Court of North Carolina. He did not follow the profession, however, but soon turned to the pursuit of literary work. During 1864 he edited *The Spirit of the Age*, and later, 1889-90, *The Century*, a literary magazine published at Florence, S. C.

Mr. Hill was Enrolling Clerk of the State Constitutional Convention of 1865, and was State Librarian during 1871-72. Since this last date, Mr. Hill has neither sought nor held office. Modest and reserved, he has studiously avoided the accusation of catering to the laudation and praise of men, choosing rather the low walks of duty and an ardent devotion to a high ideal than the higher walks of vain popularity.

It was in the autumn of his twenty-fifth year that he made his first literary venture, a small volume of verses, published in Raleigh, entitled, "Hesper, and other Poems." This volume was published by Messrs. Strother & Marcom, under copyright from the Confederate States of America, and it is believed to have been the first volume of poems copyrighted by the Confederate Government.

Later in 1869, appeared "Poems," a larger collection, from the presses of Hurd & Houghton. His last edition was "Passion Flower, and other Poems," published by P. W. Wiley, of Raleigh, 1883, since which he has written several poems that have not yet been published collectively.

As a man, Mr. Hill is a highly interesting and striking personage. There is a peculiar charm in his manner and being and there is a piercing fire in his deep-set poetic eyes. In personal appearance he reminds one forcibly of Wordsworth. He is a kind-hearted, good-natured man of a great and generous spirit, affable in disposition, patient and meek both in prosperity and in adversity. He is clear and

attractive, deep-voiced, with perfect articulation. He is an ardent admirer of Tennyson, Keats and Poe, reading them to such an extent that he has been accused (though without ground) of being in some expressions rather Tennysonian or Poesque.

Mr. Hill is not a frequent writer, but rather writes by impulse or inspiration, justifying the poetic formula of Shelley, "A spontaneous outburst of powerful feelings." Says the lamented Braxton Craven: "He writes when the mood is upon him, begins his poems in the middle or elsewhere, according to fancy, sometimes makes a poem without any subject at all, and not unfrequently has poetic gems of the first value lying around loose in the corners of his memory. Sometimes the afflatus comes upon him at church, or in the market, and he makes and remembers a poem before the sermon is ended." "Socially, he is fine, when in company of a few friends you see him in his truest light."

He has a perspicuous eye for metre, and a keen ear for rhyme and rhythm. In style he is clear and forcible, given to alliteration when he can use it to the best advantage, as: "Freighted with fruits, aflush with flowers," and "Sue for their silvery, silken sails." Quoting from the above critic again, "He might be more common without being vulgar, and more racy without being less elegant."

Observing his fondness for weaving into his poems ideal thoughts and mystic conceptions, one would naturally infer that he has been greatly influenced by the weird and mystical in Poe.

Though well nigh faultless in rhyme, rhythm and metre, that is not the sole charm of his verse. In fancy he is chaste and delicate, and attests his acquaintance with the classics in his rich and numerous allusions.

In his more serious poems he often tunes his lyre to notes of pathos and tenderness. Though his works are not pre-

dominantly religious, he frequently sings religious songs, as the following from "Passion Flowers":

"Low at thy feet, Oh! Christ, I fall!
 Spurn not the spikenard which I bring!
 Be Thou, from hence, my all in all,—
 Anointed Prophet, Priest and King!
 "Touch Thou my lips with hallowed fire!
 Most loving zeal for Thee impart:
 Thy life, through all my life, inspire.
 And reign forever in my heart!"

Mr. Hill is distinctively a many-sided writer. He has not written a great deal, but even in his short range he has touched many subjects. All his more serious or religious poems show touches of the most perfect art and are freighted with beauty. One of these is "The Star above the Manger." Some of the master thoughts of the world have been woven into verse description of the nativity of Christ. Who has read Milton's "Ode to the Nativity," that has not felt awed by the grandeur of that immortal verse?

In his humble, though sweet verse, Mr. Hill has sought to describe that scene at Bethlehem, and in doing so has made a lovely poem. Here are two verses:

"Far in the dusky orient,
 A star, unknown in story,
 Arose to flood the firmament,
 With more than morning glory.
 "In faith's clear firmament afar,—
 To unbelief a stranger,—
 Forever glows the golden star
 That stood above the manger."

Beyond this, however, in my opinion, is a short poem teeming with rich illusion, replete in thought and full of rhythmic beauty, entitled "A Gangese Dream." In his fancy he stands upon the banks of the Gangese, and sees (according to the Hindoo belief) the river rise immediately from the feet of Brahma. Then the Hindoo men and women on bended knees make atonement for sins com-

mitted, wave their lanterns over the uplifting waves, and set forth in their barges to stem the swelling tide, some to meet with propitious gales, others to be hurried on "to swift and terrible Perdition." Below is the first verse:

"Freighted with fruits, afresh with flowers,—
 Oblations to offended powers,—
 What fairy-like flotillas gleam,
 At night, on Brahma's sacred stream;
 The while, ashore on bended knees,
 Benighted Hindoo devotees
 Sue for their silvery, silken sails
 The advent of auspicious gales."

"Willie" is a simple pathetic poem in memory of his "little boy that died." To read it one must be impressed with the great love of father for his darling boy. It must be read entire to get its full meaning and the tenderness of its thought. He tells of the sunshine that, with death, has fled the home; he breathes a spirit of grief and sorrow, which is characteristic of every father or mother who is robbed of a precious child. Nor does he forget the little trinkets with which Willie was wont to play.

One of the most popular poems of the *Passion Flower* volume is "Disenchantment." In speaking of it, the *American Register*, of Washington City, says: "It is a masterpiece of fine work—which is a piece in verse what the *Dying Gladiator* is in marble." To Mr. Hill, poetry is a fountain in the midst of a vast and torrid desert, while crossing which green oases rise in the distance, only to recede on nearing them. To scale the mountain of sublime poetry he realized that he could not, and contented himself with doing his best. He realized, too, that 'tis nobler to perish alone without seeking a name, "than in sordid ease to cherish simulated scorn of fame." Hear the first three verses:

"Poesy! thou art a fountain,
 In a dismal desert land,
 On a bleak and lonely mountain,
 High above the glowing sand:

“At whose base, athirst and weary,
I,—a way-worn pilgrim, lie,
Gazing out upon the dreary
Torrid waste and brazen sky.

“Oft, upon my eager vision,
Beamed the mirage of the plain;
Green oases,—fields elysian
Rose to fade away again.”

Perhaps his most classic poem is “Narcissus.” From it one may get a good idea of the author’s command of versification. It is a very happy rendering of the old legend of Narcissus and Echo.

Mr. Hill is not only a close reader, he is also a close observer of man and nature. In his poems he has exemplified the greatness of man and at the same time the grandeur of the universe about us. The most wonderful of his gifts seems to me to be his great skill and delicacy as an artist. He seems to appreciate the fact that the mission of the poet is to show that the common things are not necessarily common-place, and that nature and life are revelations of spirit. He has sought in many of his verses to impress man “That very near them lie the realm of spirit-mysteries.”

Among the best nature poems are: “Hesper,” “Sunset,” “Dandelions,” “Rose and Butterfly,” “The Sabbath of the Spring,” “The Song of the Butterfly,” and “Violets.”

In “Sunset” he beholds the “clouds flush as they float into intenser floods of sunlight glow,” and the “pure fleece become pure gold.” The fragment below, from “The Song of the Butterfly,” gives a beautiful touch of nature:

“Zephyrs, languid with perfume,
Gently rock my cradle bloom;
Glittering host of fire-flies,
Guard my slumbers from surprise,
And Diana’s starry train,
Sweetly scintillant again,
Never sleep while I repose
On the petals of the rose!
Who hath balmier bed than I?
Quoth the brilliant Butterfly.”

And this from "Dandelions":

"Wayside graces, merely!
 Yet our children know
 Field and lane are brighter
 When ye bud and blow;
 And by them your winsome
 Faces still are seen.
 When we prize no longer
 Gold upon the green."

Among his more recent poems that have not been published collectively are: "The Realm of Fancy," from which I quoted in the beginning; "A Christmas Fantasy," in which the author contrasts the character and mission of Night's Harpies with those of the Angels of Light; "Hymeneal," "Neogenesis," and "Mens Divinior."

The eminent Dr. Kingsbury recognizes Mr. Hill as a poet, as the following, taken from the *Wilmington Messenger*, will testify: "It is with great pleasure we publish today a true poem from our old friend, Theophilus H. Hill, of Raleigh, whom we have regarded as up to this time the most genuine poet born within North Carolina. His only possible rival, as we think, is Mr. Boner. Mr. Hill for many years has struck his lyre but seldom, we have regretted to see. His published volumes show him indeed to be poet born. He has written verses quite unknown to Boston that would do no discredit to Emerson, Lowell or Longfellow. We do not mean that he is so great a poet as these very gifted worthies, but we have no doubt that there are scores of lines which either of these men, of real inspiration, would have been glad to have written."

The above is a very high compliment, but I have quoted it just as it appeared in the *Messenger*.

I trust that this paper may serve to more fully acquaint the reader with the verses of one who, though not widely known, is both well known to, and appreciated by the few.

Without an appreciative public, poets can never hope to succeed in our midst, for, even as divine a thing as poetry is, in a sense, it is subject to the mundane law of supply and demand.

JOE H. SEPARK.

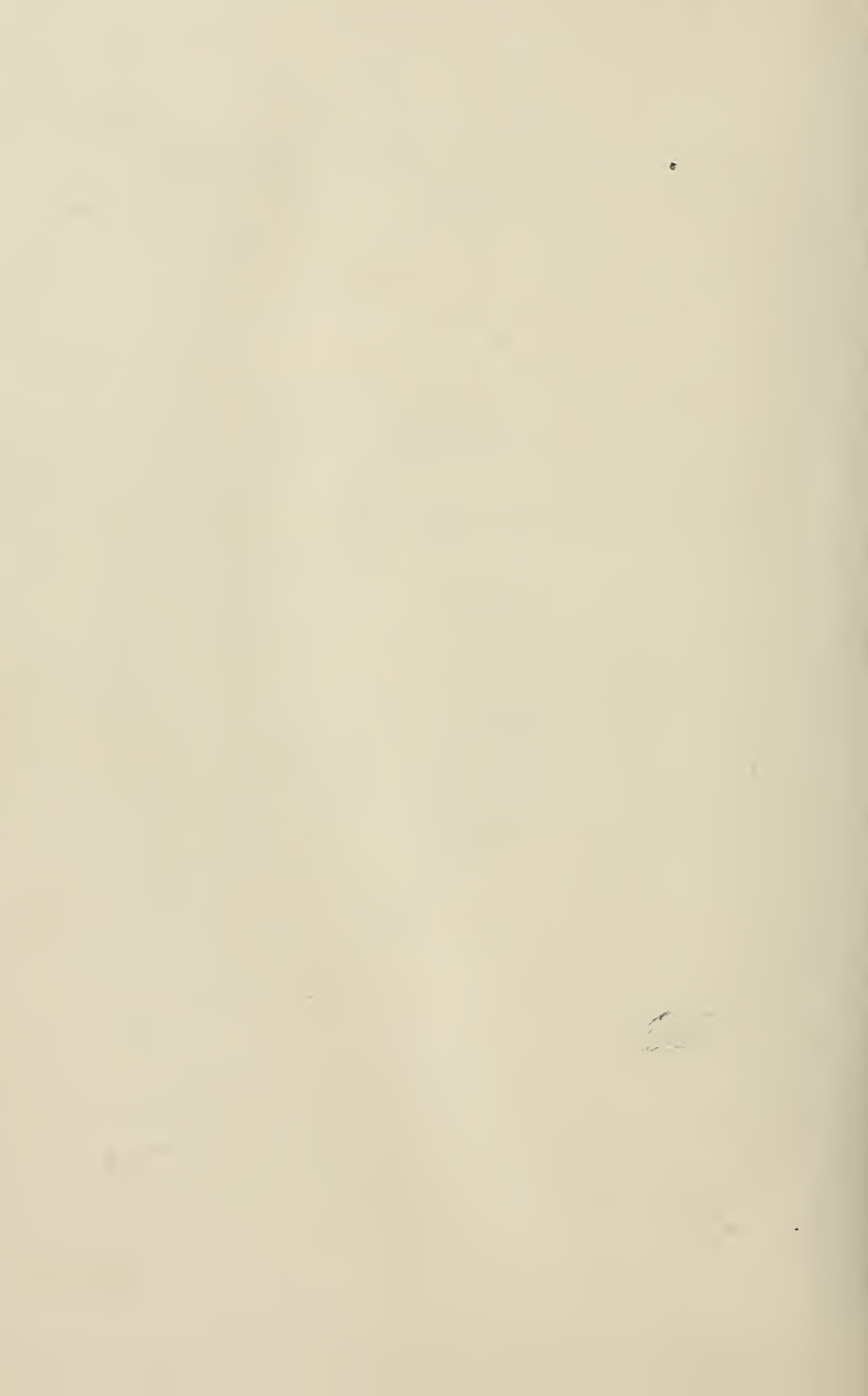
“MAGDALENE” AND ITS COMPOSER.

We “Tar-Heels” boast a conservatism which is a virtue when confined to its proper limits, but rather a questionable one when it restricts the expression of our sincere convictions regarding our gift of genius to the world. To such an extreme does this pet dominate our minds that true genius is inevitably forced from our borders to a fairer country, where due recognition of its value may be accorded it. We evoke the “Blessings of Heaven” upon Carolina; sing the songs of her chivalry, and join in the chorus of praise to her unequalled splendor when some other singer has struck the tune, but never ourselves touch the first chord of praise to her valor. This sketch was partly instigated by this same lack of appreciation given by his native State, to one whom a worthy critic in a prominent New York journal of music, entitled “North Carolina’s musical prodigy.”

Charles H. Harris was born in Raleigh in 1872. While still a child his parents moved to Chapel Hill, and he was there placed in a preparatory school. Moving to Hillsboro, where he lived with his parents until after the composition of his music, he was continued in school. But, so like every genius, a general course of text-book study never attracted him so much as his passion for song. This latter he inherits largely from his mother’s father, John Arthur Hodge, who lived in Newberne, and, though dying in early life, he yet lived quite long enough to weave an unfading



C. H. HARRIS.



impression upon the hearts of many admirers. An intimate friend has said of him, “He was loving, genial and talented.” Many traits received from his worthy ancestor, predominate in the character of Mr. Harris. Like most persons especially gifted with musical talent, this composer possesses that tender and more delicate nature than the average man. This talent seems to be invariably withheld from the more masculine natures and bestowed only upon those of a loving and clinging disposition. Fully meeting the expectation of the stranger in this particular, Mr. Harris is peculiarly striking in virtue of the simple modesty so evident in his every demeanor.

Mr. Harris is nothing less than a genius in his line. He composes both words and music simultaneously, and, as *The Music Trade* says of him, “His resources seem unlimited.” His music is the spontaneous outburst of a quickly sensitive soul, whose mighty quiverings, whether aroused by the emotion of gladness or sorrow, bursts forth in strains of music, whose sounds overflow the listener’s brain, so sweet that joy is almost pain. All music has its immediate cause deep in the soul; for music is the expression of immortal, the eternal, in men. A man with a dull imagination, or one who never receives the appeal of his environments, would never produce those strains that are too sublime for words. One of this composer’s most popular pieces was composed in a single evening. “Magdalene” was composed before he had attained his twenty-first birthday. With such a sensitive nature his heart is but “an ocean of clear emotion,” which throbs most violently with the tempest of sorrow, and calmly ebbs with every wave of despair. His first composition, “Magdalene” met with great success, especially in Brooklyn, Philadelphia and other Northern cities. This, his first attempt, was rapidly followed by “Rosalie,” “Broken Vows,” “Sweet Memories of the Past,” “Must We Part For Aye?” “Ah Sweetheart,” “Sweet Myrtle Lee,” “Oh There’s Bound to

be a *Girl in the Moon*," "Baby Brother," etc., etc. While, as is evident from the titles, the bulk of his work is of a sentimental vein, he has written several comic songs and some operatic music.

As far as Mr. Harris is concerned, his music would never have been published; so modest and reticent is his nature. So sensitive to criticism was he that it was only after long persuasion that he allowed a company to be formed to give to the world the benefit of his rare talent. But after incessant urgings on the part of his friends, and the most flattering offers from the leading music publishing houses throughout America, he decided to present his compositions, and, preferring to do his own publishing, moved to Philadelphia, where he now resides. The Harris Brothers company of that city is the consequence.

Music naturally divides itself into classic and popular. The one is the interpretation of literature and is appreciated only by the few, whose senses have been more highly trained to understand its excellence. The other is "popular," because it is adapted to appeal to the masses, who may not have received the culture of the few. It is "popular" music because it is "the dreaming of an ideal sphere," and all may dream. This author's work falls more certainly in the latter class, and, since "Magdalene" is representative of all his work, besides being decidedly the most popular, we may notice it in particular. We must recognize in the outset that music is the echo of the soul. Many may feel it and its effects within them, but few give a complete expression to it. It is only the heart which is most filled with the "concord of sweet sounds," and then only when inspired by some deep feeling, which echoes the depth of the soul. It was the story of a saddened life which gave to Carolina the "clear, silvery, awakening tones" of "Magdalene." Its author, it is said, had loved but once and that from the very earliest footprints of innocency to the buoyant walk of young man-

hood. He loved and lost. This with the ordinary man might not have carried with it such a terrible weight of meaning, but to him, with his musician's confiding nature, while it did not mean lost faith, for such men trust and trust forever, it *did* mean a wrecked future as far as interest in the ordinary affairs of mankind were concerned. "There are wounds which kill not but never heal." Filled with that restless spirit of an unsatisfied heart, he decided that he must leave home, and in doing so he composed and dedicated "Magdalene" as his last token of love to her upon whom was erected his hopes, but in whose loyalty his faith could never be shaken, whatever influence unfaithful friends may have exercised to estrange her. Passing in his journey that grand monument, the Blue Ridge, which nature has contributed to our State's unmatched scenery, he was overwhelmed by the marvelous display of beauty about him. It was Spring time, and the universe seemed to glow as one vast hanging-garden of verdant splendor. But the contrast of harmonious beauty without, and the fierce discord within, rushed so like a mighty mountain torrent upon his soul, that he in that moment could do nothing else than give utterance to his overflowing soul of sadness. And there, where the "Eastern hills were beaming with the golden light of day," he erected a tribute to North Carolina's musical ability, which shall exist while appreciation for true genius lives within our hearts. Indeed Shelley's words are here exemplified: "Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thoughts." For "Magdalene" was its composer's last farewell to one he loved and lost.

If music is harmony, and harmony perfection, as Amiel says, "Magdalene" fulfils this technical law of music. The form is complete. The rythm and harmony are without flaw. But the reason for "Magdalene's" popularity lies in its fulfilment of that greater law which demands that music shall be pre-eminently the language of the soul, perhaps

more so than eloquence; for it complements all eloquence. This is why "Magdalene" is popular, and why, so long as there is this craving in the soul of man for an expression of its deep seated emotions, "Magdalene and its Author" shall receive popular praise for having done this.

We in this age are a wonderfully practical people. Whatever is practical meets public approval, and little else does. But the theory of true living lies farther beneath the surface than this. Can there in truth exist anything practical without first the theoretical—can there be a real without an ideal? No man is ever greater than his ideal and his greatness varies with his ideal. For a man's greatness is his character; his character the result of his living, and his living but the outgrowth of his theory of living—his striving toward his ideal. The real life is but the expression of the ideal life. He who appreciates "Magdalene," its occasion and its purposes, cannot fail to be moved to a higher faith in the fidelity of mankind. His ideal of loyalty must be elevated by its soul stirring strains. The music of Mr. Harris like all true music when appreciated, has that quality of lifting man's ideal of life higher. This is one thing he has done for humanity. And, after all is not he greater whose sympathies are the most universal? Shall he not be accounted worthy the more gratitude who influences the larger mass of mankind, who gives utterance to the truth which touches the greater portion of humanity? Then whoever has sung the song of love and of faithfulness into the greatest number of lives in North Carolina is entitled as much to rank among our patriots as he who fell for her preservation. No composer has ever lived within our borders whose work is calculated to awaken more continual admiration than he whom we please to call "Carolina's sweet singer." Such a genius as his, and such products of genius, bespeak for him a royal appreciation and a comely fame from the loyal, who love the North State and her worthy sons.

B. R. PAYNE.

Editorial.

SAM W. SPARGER,
JOE F. BIVINS,

CHIEF EDITOR.
ASSISTANT EDITOR.

IN a former number we mentioned the literary interest now manifest in college. This continues to increase and is not confined to the campus, as the literary features of the Trinity and Main Street Epworth Leagues, the Shakespeare Club, the Canterbury Club and other societies of Durham will prove. Many of these have been organized by Trinity men, and Trinity men are the chief factors in them. It is to this influence that their success is largely due, and already the effects of their work can be seen. We venture to say that no other town of the same size in the State would have furnished such large and appreciative audiences as greeted Prof. Mims throughout the whole course of admirable lectures delivered before the Trinity Epworth League. The interest shown in the lectures delivered by other members of the faculty in other portions of the town has been equally as great.

All this is sufficient indication that the same spirit before mentioned, is being felt by the people of Durham. We believe that the time is not far distant when this will be the most cultured city of North Carolina. There has lately been organized a night school in behalf of the laboring classes, conducted by Profs. Toms, Flowers and Wharton, and Mrs. Jordan, of the Graded School. Much good must result from their efforts, and Durham is greatly indebted to these unselfish workers. There is also a movement on foot to establish a public library in Durham, and there seems little doubt that the movement will be successful.

THE ARCHIVE expects great things.

WE doubted for some time the advisability of putting forth this issue. We are only too well aware of the fact that North Carolina's position in literature is by no means enviable. We have not only produced very little of any value, but we cannot be said to appreciate what we have produced. It is in view of this fact then, and not through a feeling of boastful pride, that we issue this number. If by this means we can in the least measure arouse a greater interest in the writers of our own State, we shall consider our efforts well spent.

AN effort is being made to fit up a gymnasium under the management of the Y. M. C. A. Trinity needs a gymnasium badly. THE ARCHIVE began last Fall to agitate the matter, but received no support. It now seems very evident that we are to have it from no other source, and the Y. M. C. A., if successful, will certainly have the thanks of the whole student-body for this service. We trust that in this matter they will receive the co-operation of all interested in the college.

WE are indebted to many members of the Faculty and especially to Prof. Flowers for much valuable assistance in putting forth this issue. He has spared neither time nor money in its behalf.

THE ARCHIVE learns that Mr. Stockard will, in all probability, be unable to publish his volume of poems, the necessary number of subscriptions not having been received. We wish very much to see the poems published, and it would be a disappointment if he should fail in this. We trust the people of the State will see to it that he does not.

OUR present system of mail delivery is, to say the least, unsatisfactory. No one cares to wait a day and night for the delivery of his mail, however unimportant it may be. We would suggest that the matter be investigated, and that it be ascertained whether or not more satisfactory arrangements can be made.

OWING to the unusual amount of literary matter in this issue, it has been necessary to exclude many of the other departments for want of sufficient space.

THE ARCHIVE welcomes the *Christian Educator*. It is a good thing and we are glad to see it. With the able editors in charge there is no doubt that it will be the instrument of much good. We wish it the greatest success.

Editor's Table.

J. F. BIVINS,

MANAGER.

In the small space allotted to us in this issue we will be able to mention but few of the many excellent magazines that lay upon our table. This makes us think, too, that nearly all of our notes were omitted from the last number of THE ARCHIVE, because of a mistake on the part of our printers. We hope to avoid such mistakes in the future.

The February issue of *Bachelor of Arts* is the only one we have received of that magazine. It is brim full of matter that is interesting and varied—a delightful mixture of valuable history, light prose, and graceful metre.

Yale Lit comes as usual with much that is entertaining. "The Novels of Henryk Seinkiewicz" is one of the finest criticisms we have seen. "Jungle and Plantation Lore" is a well written article on "Uncle Remus," by Harris, and "Jungle Books," by Kipling.

Nassau Lit opens with a prize poem entitled, "From the Heart of the Old Oak Tree," which contains true poetic feeling, beautiful conception, and ingenious marshalling of metre. Among the best articles are: "Hebraism and Culture," "In Sarfio's Fortress," and "Jean Racine and Port Royal."

Hamden-Sidney takes no step backward. The February issue is stocked with entertaining prose and pleasant verse.

The Ozark for January is the first number of that magazine we have received for some time. We hope to receive more, for we regard *The Ozark* as one of the best publications on our table. This issue contains the fourth installment of an interesting piece entitled, "An Alumnus Abroad," also a good discussion of the "University vs. College."

We note with pleasure the marked improvement of the *College Message*. Its editors deserve much credit.

We acknowledge receipt of *The Athenæum*, *Richmond College Messenger*, *Tulane Collegian*, *Emory Phoenix*, *Wofford Journal*, *Georgia Tech*, *Hendrix Mirror*, *The Chisel*, *Tennessee University Magazine*, *Seminary Signal*, *Randolph Macon*, *Elon College Monthly*, *Wake Forest Student*, *Davidson Monthly*, and *Converse Concept*.

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

TRINITY PARK, DURHAM, APRIL, 1896.

MANAGER'S NOTICE.

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H. B. CRAVEN,

MANAGER.

THE CORPSE AND THE CAT.

I am naturally superstitious, but instead of trying to conquer the feeling, I have nourished and fed it with every book that deals with the supernatural.

Robert Dale Owen's "Footfalls on the Boundaries of Another World," "The Nightside of Nature," and the ghostly stories of Edgar Poe, have been my chief companions.

I was sitting in my office, at the close of a hot, sultry day in August, thinking of a remark a poor lunatic had made to me in the morning, when I had been called in to see him professionally: "Oh," said he, "you are all fools yet; you don't know anything till you have gone with me from *Dogism* way up to *Catism*."

Of course every one thought his words were but the mere

NOTE.—It is said that Mr. Fuller often wrote for the entertainment of his Fraternity men. "A committee from his Fraternity said of him: 'The productions of his pen * * some written for the pleasure of his brethren of the Upsilon, were our delight and admiration.'" The above is supposed to have been written for this purpose.—EDITOR.

ravings of delirium, but they struck me with peculiar force.

Who knows, thought I, but that his mind, cut loose from the material, has drifted far out into the spirit world, and there heard explained the mournful howling of the dog, and the witch-like cry of the cat around the house of death.

As thus I mused, some one knocked and neighbor Worley walked in. I rose and offered a chair, but he thanked me and remarked: "I have not time to sit down, but just came by to tell you that old Krantz is dead, and brother John is going out to sit up with him to-night, and asked me to tell you to come out and keep him company. Mr. Hardy is there now, but is compelled to leave, and some one must stay with the body."

I felt a strange shudder run through me as he spoke, but I could not refuse; so taking my hat and cane, I started off.

Krantz was a German, and had come to our neighborhood about a year previous to the time of which I write. He was a large iron-grey man, with dark forbidding features, and of silent, gloomy disposition.

He lived in an old rickety house, about a mile from town, and was rarely seen except on Saturday evenings, when he would come to the village to purchase his week's supply of groceries, and depart with hardly a word of conversation. What he did with himself the rest of the time no one knew, and though many were the conjectures formed concerning him, no one had the confidence to make him a visit.

As I left town and struck into a narrow path through a thick skirt of woods, I felt a lonely, chilly sensation creeping over me, and was almost tempted to retrace my steps, but thinking how foolish my fears were, I walked rapidly on and soon emerged into an open field, where about a couple of hundred yards off stood the house. I quickened

my pace and approached the dreary old spot with no enviable feelings.

As I drew nearer I saw a figure on the steps, and on coming up recognized Mr. Hardy, who was sitting there alone, smoking.

"Well, I am glad you have come," he said; "my wife is quite sick, and I must hurry home."

"Is John Worley here?" I eagerly asked.

"No, I have seen nothing of him, but let's go in; I have fixed everything, and will light the lamp for you."

He got up as he spoke, knocked the ashes from his pipe, and I followed him into the house. He went to a shelf and took down a dingy lamp and lit it, and as its feeble glare flickered through the room, I stole a hasty glance towards the bed, where the silent sleeper lay. The long, rigid outlines of the form showed plainly through the sheet that was thrown over him.

"If there is not enough oil in the lamp, you will find some in the closet at the head of the bed; the water is out in the porch; I believe that is all, and I must now leave."

I asked him to smoke again, borrowed his key to wind up my watch, asked questions; in short, did everything to detain him till John Worley should come, but at last he said he must go, and I followed him to the door and saw him go down the long avenue and out of sight. Then I sank down on the step, feeling faint and weak, while an indefinable sensation of mingled fear and solicitude stole over me.

The scene was a gloomy one. Around the house stood a few old trees that towered in the darkness like huge spectres. The house itself was an old two-story one, with broad back chimney and great dormer windows with wooden shutters, some of which were hanging by one hinge, and creaked and swung with every breeze.

The outhouses had fallen to ruins, and all the premises presented an air of decay and desolation.

I had sat thus for some time gazing on the ruins around me, and had nearly regained my composure, when there broke upon the still air a weird, wild, shivering wail. My blood went "rippling to my finger ends," my very heart ceased to beat, and my dry, parched tongue refused utterance. Again that wail broke forth, and with a rustling, flapping sound, a screech owl flew from the branches overhead. With a sigh of relief, I arose and summoned courage to go back to the room where Krantz was laid out. I dropped into a chair and took a survey of the apartment. He had only occupied one room, and it was quite a cabinet of curiosities.

The walls were hung with odd weapons, stuffed skins and an old Prussian uniform. On one side was a row of shelves filled with bottles containing a great variety of snakes and reptiles preserved in alcohol.

In one corner was an old cupboard, and in another a table, on which was a tumbler and two or three bottles of medicine. The mantelpiece was a tall, old-fashioned one, and in front of the broad fireplace was a screen painted perfectly black, except in the center, where a white death's head grinned. I sat still for a long time, afraid to move, for the very silence in the room. Once the bed creaked, and oh! how it startled me. When we are sitting up with the dead we feel that they have no right to move, and the slightest noise near the bed sends a thrill through our frames.

After awhile, impelled by a morbid curiosity, I got up and went to the corpse and took the cloth from the face that was now so pale, so still.

The hard, bony features were fearfully emaciated, and the nose looked hooked and thin; the eyes had sunk so far back that the coins that were placed to close them, rested entirely on the sockets; the lower jaw was badly bandaged, and the mouth slightly open. Around the neck

were stuffed bats of cotton to catch the purging that was oozing in dark streams from the mouth and nostrils.

While looking upon the fixed, inexpressive countenance, I thought of his soul, and its fate, and wondered if, in the last struggle, he had had no sustaining hope; if, in crossing the dark waters, he had had no arm to lean on; and I thought of the folly of man in wasting in pleasure his little probation of seventy years, when there is dependent on it an eternity of bliss or pain.

My reverie was broken by the low caterwaul of a *cat*, and I heard their soft, cushiony tread on the porch. All the stories I had ever heard of cats and their ghoulish banquets on the dead, came to my mind, and I was completely stupefied with horror.

I then heard them jumping for the window, which opened on the porch, but fortunately it was too high. After a few ineffectual attempts all was quiet. But suddenly I saw a movement behind the screen, and a large grey cat, covered with soot from the chimney, sprang into the room. Stopping for a moment to glare at me with its great green eyes, it rushed to the bed, clambered up the clothes, ran along the body and crouched on the breast, and with exultant purring, commenced to lick the face. Completely shocked into action, I struck it with the cloth I had in my hand, to drive it away, when arching its bristling back, with an angry spit it flew in my face. I threw it from me, and again it leaped upon the body and buried its claws deep in the hollow cheeks. Driven to desperation, I grasped the foul creature by the middle and, planting one foot on the side of the bed, I pulled with all my strength, actually lifting the corpse; the coins fell off, and the dull, meaningless eye slowly opened, and the bandage slipped from the jaw, which dropped down, disclosing the ghastly white teeth. Just then the claws of the cat tore out and the body fell stiffly back with a low, wheezing noise.

I knew no more.

When I again became conscious I was in my own room, with my friend Worley by my side.

“Oh! Krantz, Krantz, and the cat!” I exclaimed, “where are they?”

“Can you ever forgive me,” he said, “for not having come that terrible night? I was unavoidably kept away, but went out early next morning. Judge of my surprise and horror when I found you insensible on the floor, the face of the corpse badly eaten, and a large bloody cat asleep on the pillow.” Respectfully submitted,

January 1, 1868.

EDWIN W. FULLER.

[An hitherto unpublished manuscript.]

IMPORTANT MATHEMATICS.

MY DEAR PROFESSOR FLOWERS:—I have your note requesting me to prepare an article for your magazine on the Importance of Mathematical Study. In spite of the very limited time at my disposal, I shall always be glad to respond when called upon, to say a few words in favor of the oldest and noblest of the sciences—which both of us have the privilege of teaching—the value of which it seems to me is not sufficiently appreciated even in more intelligent circles. I had perhaps better not undertake to write any more on the importance and beauty of mathematics, since it was only last summer I delivered a rather lengthy exposition of this subject at the opening of the Mathematical Department of the summer meeting of the American Society for the Extension of University teaching. One of the leading scientists and mathematicians of this country to whom I had sent a copy of this address, after recognizing my zeal and making some complimentary remarks as to my address, considered, after all, my efforts uncalled for, since “Mathematics is Heaven and there is nothing more to be said.” This is true as far as those are concerned who have grasped the principles of this sublime science, but these following lines are intended for those who have not yet discerned the beauties of mathematics, and I shall

feel amply repaid if they should help to arouse and increase the interest in mathematical study.

There is no branch of science which gives the mind a more vigorous training in systematic thinking, in correct and logical reasoning, and in the art of drawing legitimate inferences from accepted premises than mathematics. For this reason mathematics must be placed in the front rank among the studies in any educational system. Rev. Dr. Thomas Hill, formerly President of Harvard University, says (*The True Order of Studies*): "It is evident that the mathematics takes logical precedence as the great and indispensable foundation of all learning. It is not only impossible to dispense with them, but impossible to place them anywhere else than at the beginning of all intellectual education." This truth had already been recognized by Plato. On the porches of his "academy" was written, "Let no one ignorant of geometry enter here." The subjects which he there taught his pupils were none to which mathematics could be directly applied. The questions which were taken up there were Social, Political and Moral problems, and such as deal with the duties and destiny of man and his relations to God. Plato, however, was well aware that no one could pursue the study of these problems with profit to himself and others, who had not gone through the training in systematic and logical reasoning, which could be obtained only by the study of geometry—the sole mathematical branch which at that time had been reduced to a system. Field Marshall Scharnhorst wrote in the year 1811 to a teacher of the Military Academy in Berlin: "I place the highest value on a thorough study of mathematics, and I consider it the foundation for all further development of the mind and for all other knowledge."

It is due to the intrinsic nature of mathematics that it, more than any other science, is adapted to promote clearness, brevity and precision in expressing one's thoughts.

By the logical precision of its reasonings, which discards all empty phrases and permits of no departure from the shortest and straightest road leading to the end aimed at—mathematics teaches us to express ourselves with accuracy and freedom from all ambiguity. In every day life, as well as in the scientific world, there is nothing that is so fruitful a source “of misunderstandings” as using words in a loose and ambiguous manner, and no discipline is so well calculated to free the student from this bad habit as is mathematics. The eminent mathematician Caley, who was a prominent member of the bar, before being called to the chair of mathematics at Cambridge, speaking of law and mathematics, once said: “The object of law is to say a thing in the greatest number of words, and of mathematics, to say it in the fewest.” (Nature, vol. 28, page 482.)

Besides the great educational influence which mathematics has upon the mind, it is also of the utmost importance for all other branches of science, especially for the study of the natural sciences. Sir John Herschel speaks of mathematics as “the great instrument of all exact inquiry, without which no man can ever make such advance in any of the higher departments of science as can entitle him to form an independent opinion on any subject of discussion within their range.”

The wonderful inventions of the present century which have revolutionized entirely all aspects of modern life, have been chiefly the result of the great progress in natural science. Such brilliant achievements were, however, possible only after natural science had become imbued with a new spirit, the spirit of mathematics. Natural science had first to free itself from the bonds of metaphysical speculation which had so long disregarded evident facts and dealt only with preconceived ideas and hollow illusions. Hegel in 1800, for example, conclusively proved to his hearers at the University of Koenigsberg, according to the

number of the platonic *Timaeus*, that no more than seven planets could possibly exist. But Ceres, one of the minor planets, discovered by Piazzi in Palermo, in 1801, was a fatal star to Hegel's proof. His explanation of the ebb and flow, flies in the face of all mathematical reasoning. I well recall to mind the address, delivered by Helmholtz on the occasion of his seventieth birthday (1891) before the students of the University of Berlin, in which he entertained his hearers with an account of the most incredible theories and absurd views that prevailed in natural science when he first began the study of the latter. Natural science had first to adopt the method of careful observation and systematic painstaking experimentation, before Nature could reveal to it her simple and majestic laws, which the phenomena of the universe follow in their eternal sequence. Everything in Nature proceeds according to strict mathematical laws; every process in Nature occurs somewhere, i. e., at one or several points in space; it has its definite progress in time; and finally, it possesses an intensity of greater or less degree which is capable of being measured and calculated. "Thou hast arranged everything according to measure, number and weight." (Solomon xi, 22.) Only by means of mathematics the natural sciences have been made capable of rendering the forces of Nature subservient to the moral purposes of mankind. It is due only to the progress made by mathematics in the last centuries that the natural sciences, and along with them the other sciences, have been enabled to advance so far. In Physics, Astronomy, Architecture and Engineering, the knowledge of mathematics is indispensable. The great industrial achievements, the high development of mechanical arts, are in no small means due to the progress of mathematics. The magnificent productions of modern Technology have not sprung from mere lucky guesses and happy ideas suggested by chance, but are the matured fruits of conscious and systematic application of

mathematical laws to nature. Olney says, in the preface to his general Geometry and Calculus: "The man who is ignorant of the general Geometry and of the Calculus is not only a stranger in one of the sublimest realms of human thought, but knows nothing of the instruments in most familiar use by the Engineer, the Astronomer and Machinist in any of the higher walks of Art." Rudolph Virchow, the eminent scientist and physician, in his inaugural address as Rector of the University of Berlin (15th October, 1892), speaking about Natural Sciences, Mathematics and Philosophy, says: "They furnish the student's mind with such a solid foundation for subsequent studies, that no matter what specialty he may take up, he will soon, after some effort, find himself perfectly at home." He believes that the whole development of the Western civilization depends upon the development of the Golden Triad: Mathematics, Natural Science and Philosophy. The high value and importance of mathematics has been already realized by the oldest nations. The invention and practical application of Geometry is attributed by Herodotus to the necessity of re-determining the boundaries which have been lost in consequence of the inundations of the Nile. (Herodotus i, 109.) And from the time of the Ancient Egyptians, representing the dawn of civilization, up to the present day, mathematics has contributed more than any other science towards placing the great sources of Nature at the disposal and convenience of man, toward the increase of wealth and the moral development of mankind. Even such sciences as Political Economy, Sociology, etc., are gradually being reduced under the sway of Mathematics; and the more mathematical a science becomes, the safer and the more reliable are the results at which it arrives. The well known anecdote of Napoleon's disappointment when he took Laplace into his cabinet and found that this distinguished mathematician had tried to introduce the spirit of the Calculus into rules and laws concern-

ing the Government, which attempt resulted in the discharge of Laplace, is frequently used to cast discredit upon Mathematics. But this great genius had already at this time recognized that mathematics rules the world in its minutest details, and that problems in Political Economy, like everything else, are governed by strict and unchangeable mathematical laws.

Professor Edgeworth, of Oxford University, says (*Journal of the Royal Statistical Society*, December, 1889, page 539): "It is now a commonplace that actions, such as suicide and marriage, springing from the most capricious motives, and in respect of which the conduct of individuals most defies prediction, may yet, when taken in the aggregate, be regarded as constant and uniform."

Finally, Mathematics recommends itself to the student for other than utilitarian reasons. The search after mathematical truths and their successful discovery affords the greatest pleasure and self-contentment. Only those can realize the extent and the beauty of Mathematics who have worked in the vineyard of this grand science. It is true of the mathematician that "the wings of his soul do not early drop off, nor do its pores become clogged with the earthy particles blown from the dusty highways of vulgar life."

I wish in conclusion to quote the words of the late Professor Caley, of Cambridge, who, in speaking of the vast extent and the beauty of mathematics, says: "It is difficult to give an idea of the vast extent of modern mathematics; this word 'extent' is not the right one; I mean extent crowded with beautiful detail—not an extent of mere uniformity, such as an objectless plane, but of a tract of beautiful country, seen at first in the distance, but which will bear to be rambled through and studied in every detail of hillside and valley, stream, rock, wood and flower. But as for anything else, so for a mathematical theory—

beauty can be perceived, but not explained." (Nature, vol. 28, page 496.)

Yours in the unity of Mathematics,

I. J. SCHWATT,

University of Pennsylvania.

THE MYSTERY OF THE PIN.

It was on Sunday evening, and the clock had just struck three, when Austin Conard finished the last few words of a letter which had busily engaged him since the dinner hour. It was very short, a mere note, but in writing it he had broken a sacred promise to his mother, and his sense of honor had to be overcome, to some extent, before he could sign his name.

Upon the desk before him was a diamond scarf-pin, which had been given him in accordance with the will of his dead father. When he left home for college he had promised his mother to take the very best care of it, and never under any circumstances to part with it. He had never worn the pin, but up to the present had kept it more as a sacred inheritance than as an article of display. However, the inevitable had overtaken him. He was in love and desired to let Miss Donaldson, the lady of his choice, wear his pin.

"I don't hardly see how mother could care, but some how I had rather not write her about it. And then that promise, I hate to break it, but it is my individual property and seems like I ought to have a right to do what I please with it. But suppose Miss Donaldson were to wear the pin while visiting in our town; the whole thing would be out in a minute. And that is not all. There are other places in this State that I would not like for her to be seen with it."

Such thoughts came one after another to his mind, but he found a way out of them all, and the note read as follows :

LIBERTY COLLEGE, N. CAROLINA.

MY DEAR MISS DONALDSON:—Please keep and wear this pin as long as we remain friends, but never in North Carolina. If I could explain this latter request, it would be a good joke on me, but it is hardly for the reason which you will think. If you can accept under these circumstances, you will greatly favor me.

Yours sincerely,

Sunday, March 21, 1895.

AUSTIN CONARD.

“That is O. K., if she will accept, for I am safe, whatever may happen. If this thing “flunks,” why of course she will return it, and mother will never know it. Then, on the other hand, if the Muses perch on the back of my chair while I am writing my future billet-doux, and she has the good fortune to become Mrs. Conard at some far distant day, why she can just keep it. Now the thing’s over with, I will mail it and then take a walk.” So thought he when he had finished the task.

On the way to the mail-box he met Robert Macon, the best friend he had in college. “Say, Macon, don’t you want to take a walk after some nuts?”

“I would like to, but I have to meet a friend this evening for a talk on a private matter, and besides I have plenty of nuts in my trunk. If you will go up you may help yourself. You will find the room and trunk both unlocked. I have to hustle on, I guess, so luck to you.”

“Well, same to you, and many thanks for the nuts.”

“Ah, don’t mention it; don’t mention it.”

In Macon’s trunk Conard found all the nuts he cared to eat, so took a nap instead of taking a walk, as he had intended.

The evening passed off and Macon was dressing for church. He had just tied his cravat, and was searching for his scarf-pin, when he heard the bell. He knew he would have to make time if he got to preaching. “Oh,

where is my pin?" he repeated, looking here and there as hastily as possible. But it was no use, for it was gone, and soon he realized the fact, much to his displeasure. He knew it had been stolen, for he always kept it in his trunk, and no boy would go in there to play a prank.

At first he thought of advertising, but decided afterwards that it would be best to get one or two boys, who were good at such business, to help him work up the case privately. So he said nothing to any one else, not even to his most intimate friends.

There was a certain man in school named Bryson, who was noted for his ability along such lines, and it went without saying that he would break the strongest friendship in college to make a point. It was this man in whose hands the case was placed.

There was no clue, for Macon knew of no one who had been in his trunk except Conard, and, as he told Bryson, there was not even a particle of thought in his mind of his being guilty. Bryson, however, was as quick to suspect one man as another. So he decided to keep his eye on Conard, and let Macon know nothing about it, unless something turned up.

Some time passed and Macon was no nearer the solution of the mystery than at first, when something happened which made things take on an altogether different color. He was working hard on Greek one night, when there came a tap at his door.

"Come in."

In walked Bryson with a smile on his face which told in a moment that he had something of importance.

"Well, take a seat, and tell us what it is."

"I am afraid it will not be such very pleasant news to you, but to my mind the whole case is solved."

So saying, he laid before him a short letter, written in a neat, feminine hand, which read as follows:

ASPIN LAWN, GOLD HILL, GA.

MY DEAR MR. CONARD:—I hardly know how to express my thanks for your kindness. I am sure the pin is the most lovely thing I ever saw, and my confidence in you will not even let me ask myself why you make the request that I never wear the pin in your State. But it is just like you, for you are such a case. Of course I will gladly comply with your request, and I would be awfully mean if I didn't. We left Atlanta a week ago, and, as you can see from this letter, are at Aspin Lawn, papa's farm. We will spend about a month here. I see your letter was written on Sunday. You had better remember our bargain, for if you break it again, I shall look for a five pound box of Huyler's. Please excuse this note, for you know when I really want to write well, I can hardly write at all.

Very sincerely,

MAMIE L. DONALDSON.

“Oh, Bryson, it can't be. I will never believe it. Where did you get this letter?”

“This is just the way I expected you would look at it, Macon, and I hate to think it true myself, but you know he never wore a pin of that kind, and why does he ask her not to wear it in this State? That is just because she visits here right often. Besides, he was in your trunk on Sunday evening after nuts, and the same Sunday he wrote the letter.”

“Where did you say you found this letter?”

“If you will know, why I will tell you, but I want you to keep it buckled. I was in the library looking over some books a few days ago, and Conard was reading just a few feet in front of where I was standing. I had a curiosity to see what he was reading, so I glanced over there. He had this letter placed in the book reading it, and before I knew it, I had read most of what you see here and knew it was important. So, when I got a good chance, I swiped it in.”

Well, I will have to work on this Greek to-night; so you come again, say, to-morrow, when we will have plenty of time.”

Macon did very little Greek that night, for while he didn't show it to Bryson, he was too much perplexed to

study anything, and it was far in the morning before sleep came to him.

The meeting took place the next day as appointed, and at its close the friendship between Macon and Conard was considerably diminished. The facts seemed to point to guilt without a doubt, yet Macon would not let any one accuse his old friend of the theft, and ordered Bryson to keep quiet for a while.

Time passed and the two men, who had been more together than any others in college, were scarcely ever seen to speak. Everybody was surprised, but Conard most of all, for Macon and Bryson had kept matters so quiet that no other person knew what was going on; so Conard could not account for his former friend's conduct. He knew he had done nothing to cause it; so he decided to let things have their way, and just keep to himself.

It should be said to the credit of Macon that he soon decided to let the matter drop, rather than disgrace his old friend, although they could never be friends again. The fates were against him, however, and it seemed fixed that the matter should be carried to the bitter end, for the annual oratorical contest was soon to take place, and luck had placed both Conard and Macon on the list of competitors, each representing a different society.

If there was anything that Conard excelled in, it was oratory. His original, forcible style, often arising to pure eloquence, had frequently made itself felt in the society of which he was a member, and the choice of him, as one of the representatives, could not have been bettered.

The night of the contest arrived, and the orations, which for the past few weeks had nightly been repeated to the trees and rocks of the surrounding forests, were to be given to as intelligent an audience as could be gathered in the State.

The old Memorial Hall was decorated in fine style, and the great number of puff sleeves and Dutch bonnets of

fashionable ladies, added no small charm to the scene. Upon the stage sat the faculty, the judges, and the competitors, along with several prominent citizens, who were there by special invitation.

The speaking began, and when one of the two men from each society had spoken, it was quite evident to all that the orations this time were far above the average, and that the contest would be close. However, all the students and most of the city people knew that the contest for the medal lay between Macon and Conard, and they looked forward to their efforts with much interest.

Macon was next on the list, and as he advanced to his position on the floor, it seemed that his self-possession and utter coolness under such circumstances, could hardly be surpassed. He led off in a quiet way, gradually putting more and more force into his speech as he went, until he had the attention of every person in the hall, and when he ended with a beautiful peroration, the old hall was filled with a deafening roar of applause, above which could be heard the shrieks and yells of his friends in such as, "Hurrah for Macon!" while some few, forgetting themselves, began on the college yell.

"Poor Conard!" thought many sympathetic persons, "you will have to make the speech of your life if you get over that." No man realized this more than Conard himself, but there was never a thought in his mind of giving up the fight without putting forward the best effort in his power for victory. He waited a moment before beginning, in order that the house might be perfectly quiet; and as he stood calmly looking his audience in the face, one could not help noticing the striking contrast. Macon, who had just left the floor, was a robust man, possessing a well-developed frame, and giving every indication of great physical power; while Conard was tall and slender, slightly pale, with a high forehead, a sharp eye, and withal very graceful.

He had uttered only a few words when there was a keen whistle, again a whistle, and then a hiss. Conard saw in a moment that it was coming from a crowd of rude students in the rear of the hall, and recognized as their leader one of the most contemptible toughs in college. Few men can handle red-hot words better than he could; so dropping off his oration, he directed a few remarks to the offenders with such stinging force, that the ears of every one present seemed to tingle, and one of the faculty immediately took up his abode in the rear of the hall.

This attempt to throw him off gave him the sympathy of the audience, and did not rattle him in the least. He began again, and this time without trouble. The opening was plain, and the lack of flowery language was especially noticeable, but his theme did not admit of much of it, and the many weeks of hard labor soon began to tell. The judges leaned forward to catch his words, and the stunning logic of his statements was fast impressing upon their minds the fact that many beautiful words, with here and there a slight thought, did not constitute the highest ideal of true oratory. Nevertheless, Macon and his friends felt safe, and most of the audience was with them; so when Conard closed, laying before the people in a masterly way a profound question, which his oration led to, his friends and those who appreciated a good thing, applauded, but it was feeble indeed, compared to that of his competitor's.

The contest is all over now, and the judges retire. Every eye is turned towards the door, and the silence is oppressive. After a few minutes the judges enter and advance to the table, where they all remain standing while the spokesman renders the decision. After complimenting all the speakers, he comes to the final point, saying: "The orations of Messrs. Macon and Conard were especially fine, and no prettier speech has ever been delivered in this hall than that of Mr. Macon's, but in our opinion Mr. Conard has surpassed all others in reason, clearness and force—

those things which, we believe, constitute an ideal oration. His delivery was as good as any one's. We therefore award him the medal."

Conard's friends yelled themselves hoarse, while on every hand he was greeted with congratulations. Macon withdrew with his crowd as soon as he could, suffering all the bitter pangs of defeat. Deep down in his heart was a thirst for revenge upon the man who, he thought, had wronged him, and then defeated him in the contest, which of all he would rather have won. He resolved upon revenge, and there was but one way that he could see, and that was to expose the theft. Still he decided he would do the straight thing. So first tell Conard about it to his face, then let the faculty act upon it.

The next morning as the students were coming out of chapel, he beckoned Conard to step out to one side. Conard obeyed, and as he approached, Macon nerved himself for the undertaking, which was by no means easy. He began: "Conard, I hate to mention this matter to you, but of course you have known for several months that I was on to the whole thing, by the way I have kept away from you."

"What are you talking about? I knew something was wrong, but I couldn't tell what, and I don't know now."

"Oh you can't get out one bit, for I have all the evidence I want."

By this time Macon was quite angry at what he believed was an attempt to get off a lie on him, and he continued, while Conard, half angry, half astonished, listened:

"There is no use in beating about it. We both know, and we had just as well come to some understanding right here. It is just this: I missed my scarf-pin sometime ago, and, as badly as I hate to think it, I am compelled to believe you know more about it than you have ever told."

Conard might have looked weak while delivering his oration, but the blow that he planted in Macon's face, sent

him staggering to the wall. He was up in a moment, and the two men clinched, but several boys came up and stopped them; but alas! the whole fracas had taken only a few minutes, and the faculty, who were bringing up the rear of the students, had just gotten out in time to see them come together. In just the time that it took Prof. Jones to get to them, they were warned to appear before a special meeting of the faculty at 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

The two men went to their rooms, one angry, the other angry and astonished. Neither went on class that day. Conard spent most of the day walking to and fro in his room, and rolling restlessly upon the bed, endeavoring all the while to solve the mystery of why Macon should accuse him. Macon might be seen occasionally passing from one building to the other or standing in one end of the hall, in close conversation with some one. All the time he was trying to make sure of enough evidence to make Conard a thief and have him expelled. When four o'clock came, both men were on hand and ready for examination, with the exception that Macon desired Bryson summoned. This was done and examination began. It took only a few minutes for the faculty to see that the fight was the outcome of a much more important matter, so it was laid over, and the matter of the scarf-pin taken up. Conard, of course, said he knew nothing about it. Then the letter was placed before him for an explanation. This he refused to give, but said the letter was one which he received from a young lady to whom he had sent a diamond scarf-pin on the same Sunday that Macon missed his. He also confessed that he went into Macon's trunk upon that particular Sunday, to get some nuts, but it was by Macon's invitation, and that he had never worn a diamond scarf pin since he came to college, nor had he purchased, or had one given to him lately. He said further, that he requested the young lady not to wear the pin in North Carolina, and that furthermore, he would not tell

them, even if they expelled him. Macon said that he always left his room and trunk unlocked during the day, and that he had invited Conard to go up and get some nuts, as he stated.

This was all that they could get out of them, so they were dismissed, but the faculty remained in great perplexity. The facts were discussed thoroughly, but they seemed to point to Conard's guilt without a doubt, unless he could satisfactorily explain the letter. There was yet one thing to do, so they called the janitor of the building in which the men roomed. He seemed to know nothing, except that Mr. Conard didn't take the pin, but as he couldn't prove his statement, he was dismissed.

Old George, for that was what the boys called the janitor, was a typical southern negro, having the flattest nose, the loudest laugh, and the best nature of all his long line of ancestors, from Ham down to the present. All the boys in school liked him, and he liked all the boys, especially those who occasionally gave him an old pair of shoes or a dime, for washing the slop-bucket, or some other small service. Among this number of George's special favorites, Conard stood at the top, and George was determined to do something to help him, if possible; so he went away from the President's office thinking how he would go about his task. It was not long until an idea struck him, and those who noticed, saw that he finished his regular duties for the day and was gone much sooner than usual.

The faculty remained in session until dark, but the only conclusion was that, if Conard was not guilty, he must explain the letter, or be expelled, if, on the following morning, when asked for an explanation, he refused to give it. The faculty adjourned, the President taking the letter with him.

The next morning every student was in his place at the chapel, for rumors of expulsion were afloat, and, according to an old custom of the college, it would be announced to

the student-body at morning service. After the regular service was gone through with, the President addressed the students :

“Young men, doubtless all of you are aware of the affairs that took place on yesterday morning. An affair of much greater gravity has since been brought before the faculty, and some of you at least, are aware of that also. The faculty has examined carefully and prayerfully all the facts in the case, and have been forced to believe the offender guilty. There is one point, however, which is unexplained, and if explained, may change the whole matter, but if this is not explained to our satisfaction, the party will be expelled. He is here this morning, and I ask you, Mr. Conard, will you explain this letter?”

Conard arose and very calmly said : “I decline to give any further explanation.”

“Well, sir,” said the President, “you are expelled from this institution. Have you anything to say?”

For a moment he sat as if in a study, and then arose and spoke as follows :

“Gentlemen of the Faculty :

“I did not know what to do when asked if I had anything to say, but there are some things I should like to say. I wish to say to the student-body that I would explain the letter, but it would have never entered into this matter, had it not been obtained from me by foul means which I do not fully understand, and as it has no bearing on the case, and contains some of my own private business, I do not feel that I should do it. As for my part, I hate very much that this has taken place, but there is within me a consciousness of my own innocence which will console me when I am looked upon by others as a thief and vagabond. There are others, though, who love me as a brother and as a son, and whose protector circumstances have made me, whose honor and fair name I love better than life itself,

and it is for them I am most concerned. This action of our faculty will necessarily cast a gloom upon them. For their sake I was tempted to beg for mercy from the faculty, but at the idea my whole being revolted, and, as they will never doubt my innocence, gentlemen of the faculty, I know that they had rather suffer with me this injustice the remainder of our lives, than that I should get so low as to beg you for that justice which is not only due me, but which it is your privilege, as well as your duty, to give. Let me say further, that I believe you have done what you thought was your duty, for the blame rests upon other parties, and I shall leave here with no ill-will against you. Fellow-students, I ask of you not to judge me too harshly now, for time will clear up the mystery."

He fell back in his seat pale and exhausted, and there were few men in the hall who were not his sympathizers. Every member of the faculty, as well as many others, seemed to be dreaming, and all was quiet in the hall; no one seemed to remember that the day's work was before them. It was just at this point that the door opened, and a policeman, with George in charge, entered.

"This negro wishes to speak to the President," said the policeman.

"Let him come here then, it is George, the janitor," said the President.

"George shuffled up the aisle to the stand, and putting his hand to his mouth took out something which he handed the President.

"What is this, George?" asked the President.

"Dat's de pin whut caused all dis trouble, I think."

"Mr. Macon, will you please come here?"

Macon went up, and the President handed him the pin.

"Is that your lost pin?"

Macon looked at it awhile and replied: "It is, sir, but I don't know where it came from."

George was requested to tell where he got it, and did so as follows :

“Well, sir, arter you done had me up I knowed Mr. Conard didn’t have no pin, and took to thinking ’bout it: and I says, ‘Ben Davis got dat pin, fer he’s de only nigger what goes bout Mr. Macon, and he totes mighty heap o’ notes fer him.’ Dar wuz a festible las night, en I knowed ef he had it, he wuz gwine ter be dar wid it on. So I goes over dar, and he wuz the fust nigger I sees, and right enough, he had a whole passle of niggers aroun’ him looking at dat pin. I jest walked up dar and says, ‘Look here, nigger, you don’ stole dat pin,’ and ’bout dat time I wuz mad all over, and he took and struck me and we had it, but I got dat pin in my mouth, and hits been dar ever since. I wuz coming here right den fur I done hearded how you wuz gwine to sen’ him away dis mornin’, but de policemen, he tuk us both up and he jest did let me come now. But I got dat pin here ’caus I knowed Mr. Conard didn’t take no pin.”

He had hardly finished before everybody was trying to shake his hand at once, and the boys were yelling themselves hoarse.

In the meantime Macon had rushed over to Conard, and with arms about his neck, was begging his pardon, which he gave gladly.

At last order was partly restored, and the President spoke.

“Gentlemen, I think I never was so glad of anything in my life, and I know you are too. I want to ask the pardon of Mr. Conard and the student body, for what I now see was hasty action. I speak for the faculty also.”

“Just a moment; Mr. Macon wishes to speak a word.”

“Boys, I have acted as mean as I could in this matter. I was mistaken, and I am truly sorry, and ask the pardon of you all. I want to thank George for saving me from

doing a true friend so great an injustice. I say three cheers for George.”

The cheers given were long and loud, and the faculty joined in heartily.

Macon paid the cost in George's fight and gave him a nice suit of clothes besides.

The mystery of the letter was never solved, but it was noticed that Bryson left college soon afterward.

J. P. GIBBONS.

COST OF PEACE IN NORTH CAROLINA.

North Carolina may be regarded as a typical Southern state. It is subject to riots, uprisings, and internal disturbances. These disturbances, and as well as breaking the peace, are due, to a large extent, to the negro race. This has recently been shown by two examples. The city of New Bern was a short time ago, declared under martial law, because of the uprising of the negroes across the river. A few months ago the city of Winston was threatened with a race war. In view of these facts, it becomes necessary for the State to be prepared to quell all such breaches of the peace. To do this, there are two ways: When the mayor, with the co-operation of the local arm of the law, fails to subdue the unruly, then the governor orders out the militia, which generally has the desired effect. In this paper I will endeavor to show the cost of this. First, I will take the cost to maintain the local strength, and then the cost to equip and maintain the State's force.

There are in the state about one thousand magistrates; some of these will not receive more than \$5 or \$10 a year, while others will receive more. I would say that \$25 a year would be a fair estimate of the average. This would make them cost \$25,000 a year. By census of 1890, the population of the State is, in round numbers, 1,650,000. Of this number I would say that fully one-third reside in towns of

over one thousand inhabitants which is, 550,000. Towns and cities will average one policeman to a thousand people. This would make 550 policemen. The policeman's salary will average \$1.25 a day. He must be equipped with a pistol and ammunition. A good pistol, say Smith and Wesson, will cost \$10.00. The total ammunition for all the policemen will cost nearly \$100.00 a year. This makes the salary and equipment of the police cost \$250,937.50. Each town under a thousand inhabitants has its constable, or its mayor acts as a policeman. Their salary will average nearly \$10.00 a month. There are, I would say, five such towns to each county, or a total of five hundred. These have to be equipped with pistols and ammunition. The ammunition used will only be about half of that used by policemen. This will make a cost of \$60,050 a year. This makes a total cost of \$315,987.50 for the local force.

We will next take up cost and equipment of the State militia. There are in the State 2500 members of the militia. The State annually appropriates \$12,000.00 to its support. The men are furnished with a dress suit and a fatigue suit, a gun and ammunition. The dress suit cost \$30.00, and the fatigue suit costs \$18.00 or \$20.00, and the gun at least \$10.00. Making each one's equipment cost \$60.00. This does not have to be renewed each year. This makes total cost of equipment \$150,000. The ammunition will cost about \$20.00 a year for each of fifty companies, making \$1,000.00. Some of the companies are composed of negroes, and some are in small towns, Burlington, Greenville, etc. For this reason rent is in some cases very low, while for such companies as those in Wilmington, Charlotte, Raleigh, etc., the rent is higher. Taken on an average, the rent will be about \$100.00 a year for each one, which makes a total of \$5,000 a year. The halls are in most cases used only once or twice a month. Janitors' fees will not be far from \$500.00 for all. In conclu-

sion I will say that the total cost of both local and State force, is \$484,487.50. From this amount the equipment of militia and police, must be deducted to make a yearly cost of \$323,837.50.

F. H. BROOKS.

MISS MYRA RUCKER.—MUSIC COMPOSER.

In this intensely practical age there is perhaps too great a tendency toward the material rather than the intellectual side of life. In the mad rush for wealth, the average man would much prefer attending a meeting of the promoters of a prosperous cotton mill, than a good lecture or a good concert which would give food to the soul. Unless the intellectual and moral go hand in hand with material progress, the whole is in vain. There are too many persons who decry the student of the Fine Arts, and say that they subserve but little useful purpose. If you take away these from a Nation its ultimate ruin is inevitable.

While North Carolina has produced her poets, painters, and literary men and women, she has also brought to light in her borders those of decided musical genius. Of the latter, among others well known in the State, I shall mention but one—Miss Myra Rucker.

Miss Rucker was born in Rutherfordton, N. C. As a musician she has the Germanic love of music inherent in her. Her home, almost under the shades of the Blue Ridge mountains, and her contact with the musical mountain streams and the ever stirring breezes, all these no doubt contributed to her early love of melody. At quite an early age she showed her love of music, beginning her musical education at the age of six, under such instructors as the village afforded. She made rapid progress, surprising her friends with her talent so early displayed. At the age of thirteen she was sent to Hollins Institute, Va. Here under the instruction of Professor Pareli she began

to unfold and show the power latent in her. After spending a year at this Institution she completed her education at Greensboro Female College, N. C., under Miss Porter, completing a two years course in one.

Soon after leaving Greensboro, she began the composition of "Trilby March," which being published at once brought into prominence. It had, and is having, a wide sale, and Miss Rucker received numerous complimentary notices from critics of music and newspapers both at home and abroad. Shortly after followed "Moonlight On The Leaves," a waltz which was as popular as the first. During the Atlanta Exposition, Sousa's and other Bands played "Trilby," and it was greeted with a storm of applause and encored. The *Atlanta Journal* and the *Constitution* appeared with congratulatory notices of the young composer and her productions. At present she is at work on several other pieces which she soon expects to have published.

Not only is Miss Rucker a master of the *technique* of music, but as a performer she shows the highest skill of the artist, combining vigour of movement with delicacy of touch with rare skill. Her success is due as much to her tireless energy as to her talent, mastering every detail of the art. A gentleman who has traveled much in this and other States, and no mean judge of music, recently said, "In my opinion Miss Rucker, as a performer, has no superior in North Carolina."

It may surprise the reader to learn that she is quite young yet for one so far advanced in music, being not eighteen years of age. This fact is significant as showing what the future may have in store for her, when her powers shall have been fully developed. Not satisfied with her present attainments and success, she soon expects to perfect herself at one of the leading Conservatories of music in America.

The heart of every loyal North Carolinian should swell with pride at the mention of those in her borders who have

made a great name for themselves, and reflect honor to the State. "A Prophet is not without honor save in his own country." Why is it often the case that men and women often leave the State and afterward become famous elsewhere? What is there in North Carolina that is hostile to the growth and development to great men and women in the confines of her own boundry? Let those of her own citizens, who in their hearts, if not in words, have asked, "Can there be any good thing come out of Nazareth?"—let these answer.

EUGENE C. IVEY.

LORD LEIGHTON AND HIS PAINTINGS.

Lord Leighton, the great English artist who died a few months ago, was not only the leader of art in England, but perhaps there has not lived in the present century a truer lover of art and one more deeply devoted to his chosen profession. We cannot go into the discussion of his inestimable service as President of the Royal Academy, nor of the new impetus English art has received from his influence. Neither can we give a complete analysis of his works, but must be content with the mere mention of many and a few remarks on the most noted paintings.

Lord Leighton was the son of a doctor, and was born at Scarborough, December 3, 1830. On account of his mother's feeble health he early went abroad, where he remained, except for short intervals, until he was thirty years old. While quite young he showed a strong inclination towards art, but his father objected to his following it as a profession. He was allowed, however, to cultivate his taste, so long as it did not conflict with his other studies.

In 1840 he went to Rome, where he studied drawing under Signor Noli. He then went to Dresden and Berlin, where he attended classes at the Academy. He attended school at Frankfort in 1843, and the following year he went to Florence. It was here that he first decided upon

the pursuit of art as a profession. His father at this place consulted Hiram Powers, the American sculptor, who, in reply to the question whether he should make an artist of his son, replied, that he had no choice in the matter; nature had done it for him.

After studying anatomy for some time under Zanetti, and remaining a short while at the *Accademia delli Belli Arti*, he returned to Frankfort, where he remained five years without receiving any further instruction in art. In 1848 he went to Brussels, met Weirtz and Gallait, and painted some pictures; after which he went to Paris. After remaining at Paris a few months he returned to Frankfort and began work under Steinle. In 1851 he visited England and attended the Great Exhibition. The next two years he spent at Rome, with whose cultured society he soon became very popular, on account of his refinement and accomplishments. The next five or six years were spent mostly at Paris, Capri, and Rome. In 1860 he took up his residence in England for the first time. After living at No. 2 Orme Square for six years he moved to Holland Park Road, Kensington, his present home.

The first of his works to bring his name before the English public was his "Procession of Cimabue's Madonna," exhibited at the Royal Academy. It attracted much attention, exciting not only surprise, but great admiration on account of the arrangement and the beauty and richness of color. Ruskin himself praised it. The list of his works is a long one, probably the most important being: "Michael Angelo and His Dying Servant," "Dante in Exile," "Golden Hours," "Electra at the Tomb of Agememnon," "The Spirit of Sorrow," "The Captive Andromeda," "Memories," "The Garden of Hesperides," "Orpheus and Euridyce," his admirable illustrations of George Elliot's "Romola," and his scriptural pictures, including the illustrations of Dalziel's Bible, "David," "Risphah," "St. Jerome," and "Elijah in the Wilderness."

The illustrations of "Romola" especially deserve mention. They illustrate his perception of character, and the power and exactness with which all sides of life are depicted show him to have been closely observant and keenly sympathetic. Of his Italian pictures "Dante in Exile" is perhaps the best; of his Grecian, "Orpheus and Euridyce;" and of his scriptural, "Cain and Abel."

To cultivate a taste and love for beauty in its purest form was his constant aim, and in his paintings he has not only striven to produce a beautiful whole, but has also endeavored to make them beautiful in every detail. He, perhaps, more than any other artist of his time, was a worshipper of beauty, and especially beauty of form. Not dependent on his imagination for his ideals, Nature was the one source of his models.

He was elected President of the Royal Society in 1882, which office he filled till his death, rendering much valuable service in this capacity. He did much to promote the art of his country, and by his death England lost a loyal and worthy citizen, and the Royal Society one of her most powerful and faithful members.

W.

LEANOR.

A STORY IN TWO PARTS.

I.

The night winds, wailing over land and sea, hurried the fast falling snow before their terrific blast, and piled white banks up against the window of a large old farm house. Through the partially parted curtains the lamp-light streamed far out through the inky darkness, while Winter, grim and heartless, but only lately arrived with his conquering legions, pressed his wild, icy face against the window and peered in upon a scene of coziness and comfort. Mr. William Murray, a tall, middle-aged man, sat by a

roaring, black-jack fire, poring over some paper extracted from a great pile that lay on the table before him, ignorant, seemingly, of the raging storm without.

Suddenly he lifted his head and bent forward in a listening attitude, as if some noise, besides the roar of the storm, had reached his ear, but either the sound was no longer audible or only at best a fancy. The latter he seemed to think the correct solution, for he muttered, half under his breath: "Pshaw, I am growing nervous of late. I will lay aside my work for this evening, as I am completely fagged out and need rest."

Winter, with his strong, cold hands, again and again rattled the windows as if determined to enter anyway, notwithstanding the great pains taken to keep him out. Again Mr. Murray gazed intently towards the window, and then hastily arose from his large chair and walked rapidly from the room. His wife, a kind, benevolent-faced lady, about thirty years of age, met him at the door; she also seemed deeply agitated. Passing hurriedly along the spacious hall, they opened the front door. For a moment they staggered before the strong, biting winds that rushed precipitously into the hall. The light from the large hall-lamp streamed out into the night, falling in wierd gleams upon the "virgin snow," and awakening wild fantastic figures to dance within its shadows. They peered out into the darkness, listening intently, but nothing was audible except the mournful sighing of the winds as they rushed through the bare trees and around the corners of the old house. Glancing down, at their very feet, the lamp light disclosed the half-concealed face of an infant. Gathering the child tenderly into his arms, Mr. Murray and his wife hurried back into the room from which they had come.

They did not speak; astonishment had almost paralyzed the use of their tongues. But in a few moments the motherly compassion of Mrs. Murray rallied her, and her womanly instinct set her kind fingers rapidly to disrobe

the half-frozen infant, who soon showed signs of recovery.

“Poor little darling,” she murmured, “I wonder what mother could have been so heartlessly cruel, as to forsake her babe in a night like this?” As she said this she imprinted a kind kiss upon the fair brow of the sleeping child, cozily wrapped in nice, warm covering, once the property of her own little girl, now sleeping beneath the snow-shrouded earth, out in the old cemetery.

* * * * *

Nearly eighteen years have passed away, and on this lovely summer morning, all alive with the songs of birds, and dreamy with the perfume of flowers, we see Leonor Murray—for she knows no other name—as she stands beside a magnificent rose-bush gathering its beautiful flowers. And as we gaze into her tender, heavenly blue eyes, so full of love, we wonder if such beautiful eyes ever before ravished the heart of man.

* * * * *

“Hurry, Warren, I declare I can hardly understand your indifference. You are aware that the german begins half after ten o’clock, and now it is nearly ten, and as yet you have made no move whatever to dress. Come, hurry up, and dress yourself. You know you are to lead this evening with Miss Murray, and I warn you, old fellow, to strengthen the walls around your heart, for if all accounts be true, she is as beautiful as an angel.” The scene is in a large, splendidly furnished room at a fashionable summer resort, and the speaker young Harry Fairfield. He is attired in full evening costume, and as he speaks his deep brown eyes earnestly search the face of his companion, Warren Lindon, as if trying to read something written there besides cold indifference. They were classmates and boon companions at college and seemed to understand each other thoroughly.

“O, never mind, Harry, I shall be ready in time. Surely you remember my ability to dress quickly when once I

commence; but about Miss Murray, have you ever met her?"

"No, I have never had that pleasure, but if she be half as lovely as those report who have seen her, she is far more beautiful than most of her sex. She will be the cynosure of all eyes this evening, and you should feel highly elated that it is your lot to lead with one so fair. I would predict a complete surrender of your heart, if I were not so well acquainted with your indifferent nature to the charms of all women."

Warren Lindon's frank, blue eyes sought the earnest, brown ones of his companion, and, as if for the moment catching some of his impetuosity, he began rapidly to disrobe. In twenty minutes he was ready to accompany Harry down into the ball-room.

Sweet strains of dreamy music greeted their ears as they entered the spacious dancing hall. A few were availing themselves of the opportunity given, and, like enchanted spirits, were gracefully gliding over the smooth, waxed floor. Those who were not participating in the waltz were keeping time in some expressed way, to the rhythmic strains of long-drawn melody. As they entered they were greeted by the cheery voice of Frank Blake.

"Hello! Warren; Hello! Harry—where have you two pokies been? We were beginning to think you had decided not to come—and, Warren, what do you suppose Miss Murray will think of your delay? You know she must be anxious to see you, as you are to be her partner for the evening, and I understand you have never met. I declare you ought to see her—she is the most beautiful woman I have ever before seen—such eyes and hair!—but yonder she is now, standing beside that tall lily in the corner, conversing with that elderly gentleman. You can see for yourself—is she not beautiful beyond expression?—come, shall I introduce you?"

Warren Lindon and Harry Fairfield both looked in the

direction indicated by Frank. She was, indeed, a vision of loveliness, as she stood beside the snow-white lily, attired in a "simple gown of white;" her luxuriant waves of golden hair were gracefully twisted about her queenly head, and in her blue eyes shone a tender gleam, as one soft, little, white hand gently stroked the bloom of the lily; about her sweet mouth smiles like sun-beams played, parting her lovely lips. She seemed more like the vision of a dream, and Warren half expected to see her fade away, leaving only a cherished remembrance of so much enchanting beauty.

Frank lead his friends across the hall and introduced them to Miss Murray. As it was past time for the dance to begin, he and Harry Fairfield remained only a few moments, and then hastened away to look up their own partners for the evening, leaving Warren and Miss Murray alone by the lily.

* * * * *

A week has gone by since the evening of the ball. The evening is a lovely one. The mingled perfumery of many flowers makes the air heavy with sweetness; upon the still waters, over which from out the distance sweet swells of guitar music move, the mellow moon-beams softly sleep; the song of the ocean seems not laden with the sad, sad strains which usually greet the ear, as it rolls its ever-heaving waves along the golden sands. As they sit in the shadow of the old elm tree, standing at the corner of the now deserted pavilion, and as he tells of the love in his heart, and catches the low murmur of response coming tremblingly from Leanor's lips, it seems to Warren that never before has the world been so full of beauty and love. How different the thoughts of that muffled figure gliding silently and unperceived from out the shadow and stealing stealthily away!

* * * * *

Bud Jackson entered his diminutive room and striking

a match, lit a small lamp, which he placed on a rickety old table standing in one corner farthest from the street. He was a low, thick-set, broad-shouldered man, with wild gleaming black eyes, and short, bushy, unkempt beard; about his narrow, low retreating forehead tumbled a mass of black, greasy, uncombed hair. The flickering lamp-light shot weird gleams along the once white, but now yellow walls. The floor was dirty, and in one corner of the room two or three suspicious looking bottles lay half concealed by an old worn-out coat; in the opposite corner from the table, stood a dilapidated couch, which indicated this to be his sleeping department as well as sitting-room.

“Well, I never!” he muttered half aloud; “who would have thought it?—and stranger still, what in the devil makes them want to marry? But they shall not do it. Their engagement shall be broken off. But how can it be done? I will drink first and think afterwards.” Seating himself at the table, he poured out a glass of whiskey, and raising the glass to his lips, he quaffed thirstily the burning liquor. The glass being emptied, he placed it again on the table, and sank back into his chair, letting his head rest upon his hand. For sometime he sat thus in deep meditation. Finally he arose, and hastening across the room he opened a large trunk, the most respectable looking thing in this hovel of vice. Removing the tray he selected a sheet of paper, and an envelope to correspond, and recrossing the room, he again seated himself beside the table and began to write with considerable carefulness. Finally, the note being finished, he read it over, then nicely folding it, placed it in the envelope, and directed it to Mr. Warren Lindon. A few minutes later he blew out the light, and made his way out into the street.

* * * * *

All night the dreams of Warren Lindon were filled with the beautiful image of Leanor Murray. She appeared in his sleep like a spirit from an enchanted world, and when

he was aroused from his slumbers by the songs of the birds in the trees just outside his window, the morning sunshine was streaming into his room between the parted curtains, and glistening in gladsome rays along the snow-white walls; everywhere in Nature's world seemed light, life and beauty.

As he entered the office, on his way to breakfast, the clerk handed him a note addressed to himself. Hastily breaking the seal he read the following words, written in plain, bold letters :

Mr. Lindon :

DEAR SIR:—Be in the South Park, this evening at 9 o'clock, near the rustic seat under the large elm standing beside the fountain. You will doubtless gain something that will be of interest. *Don't fail!*

(Signed), YOUR UNKNOWN FRIEND.

Warren Lindon had been taught in his college days never to notice anonymous letters, yet, do what he would, he could not dismiss it from his mind. He thought one while it might be a scheme to rob him, but being fond of adventure and feeling capable to take care of himself, he at last determined to go.

At half past eight that evening, Warren placed a revolver in his pocket and sauntered slowly out towards the South Park. The moon was veiled behind misty curtains and dark clouds hung along the southern horizon; the sombre face of the heavens threatened rain ere another morning. Entering the park, Warren concealed himself, as best he could, within the shadows of the trees. Nothing disturbed the brooding stillness, except the murmur of the fountain, and the whispering zephyrs, that sported in the over-arching foliage; Warren could almost hear the beating of his own heart, as he peered out from his hiding place. Suddenly his acute ear caught the sound of approaching footsteps. Straining his eyes to the utmost, he perceived through the gloom two figures advancing along the path, one a man, the other a woman. They halted too

far away for him to make out their features, partially concealed in the shadows, yet near enough for him to distinctly understand every word of their low, yet earnest conversation. The first words of the woman riveted his attention.

“O, Harry, you know that I love you, and have always loved you, from the first time I saw you at my father’s house. Warren Lindon I *can never* love, but he loves me, and I *will ruin his life*, because you *hate* him.”

“Yes, I do hate him, Leonor, and have always hated him, and I intend keeping my oath to wreck his life—*the young upstart puppy.*” They now turned and walked away into the darkness. It all flashed over Warren now. Leonor was false to him, and Harry Fairfield his worst enemy. Harry, whom he has always dearly loved and confided in, hated him, and had sworn to wreck his life. The hot, unkind words burnt like living coals of fire into his soul—“*the young upstart puppy.*” With clenched fist he started forward to choke the cowardly words back into his throat ere he disappeared in the night, but restraining himself, the strong man fell moaning on the dew-laden grasses. Like an avalanche, despair swept down over his soul. For a long time he lay on the grasses, overcome by grief and sorrow, asking God to end it all with death. Finally arising, he returned to his room a broken-hearted man. The words of Leonor still rang in his ears: “I hate him, and will ruin his life, because I love you,” and the bitter words of his old chum and dearly loved friend were thorns of bitterest pain, piercing into his heart and banishing sleep from his eyes. The hours passed by, still he walked to and fro across his room, battling alone the great sorrows which had changed the light and beauty of life into night and dismal despair. When at last, exhausted and worn out, he fell undressed upon his bed, the first rosy hues of awakening morn were showing themselves on the eastern sky. When he awoke it was nearly ten o’clock, and some one was knocking at the door. Arising he opened the door,

and Harry Fairfield entered the room. There was a frank gleam in his earnest eyes as he greeted Warren with a merry good morning; and the hot blood rushed to Warren's face as he perceived it there. It seemed to him another sign of the double-face dealing of Harry and his words spoken in the park on the evening before: "The young upstart puppy." It was too much for human nature to endure, and his clinched fist fell like a thunderbolt upon the cheek of Harry Fairfield. For a moment it seemed as if he was going to return the blow, but his clinched fingers relaxed and his hand, half drawn back, fell to his side.

"Warren," he began, "I don't know the cause of this blow, but"—

"But, nothing," cried Warren, "I don't want any explanation, you contemptible coward. Will you fight me tomorrow morning at half past six o'clock, by the stream running through the park? Say yes, or, by heaven, I will end your miserable existence before you leave this room," and Lindon fairly trembled with rage as he stood impatiently awaiting the answer of Harry.

Slow and distinctly Harry replied: "I know not the meaning of your wrath, nor your blow, and I am not a coward, as you have branded me, yet I will not fight." Turning upon his heel he walked slowly from the room and went to his own. "Warren must be crazy to challenge me to a duel. I don't understand it at all. I will leave it to God to unveil the mystery. He, I know, will set it right."

[CONTINUED.]

MUSINGS ON A SUNSET.

Gazing at yon distant mountains,
Where the sun has just now set,
Clinging to each rugged brow,
Wreaths of gold are lingering yet.

Slowly as the daylight lessens,
Fade the golden wreaths away,
Slowly on the mountain tops,
Darkness takes the place of day.

Gone now every lingering sunbeam,
Every vestage of the light;
And each peak its head has hidden
'Neath the black wing of the night.

Thus it is with earthly glories,
None of them will always last;
And the proudest of earth's honors
Soon are buried in the past.

—F. M. P.

Editorial.

SAM W. SPARGER,
JOE F. BIVINS,

CHIEF EDITOR.
ASSISTANT EDITOR.

WE request that all matter for the May issue be sent in by April 25th, and for the June issue by the 15th of May. We wish to have the last number in the hands of our readers by the first of June.

THE baseball prospects are good. In fact, we cannot remember, since our connection with the college, when they were better. Notwithstanding defeat, we have no reason to be ashamed of our team. They *can* play ball, and they also know how to conduct themselves as honorable gentlemen at all times and under all circumstances.

As for defeats: When we first decided to put a team in the field, we hardly expected to win any games of importance. The intention was rather to begin the development of a team, and immediate results were scarcely hoped for. The first game was a surprise to the most of us—an agreeable surprise. We little expected to score against a team more than half composed of professional players. The other games have shown that we can play the game, and that all that we lack is plenty of hard practice and careful team work.

This practice must be had, and now a word to those who have not been so fortunate as to make the team: That is no reason why you should not be found on the grounds as regularly as any other man. If your presence will in any way be of benefit to the team, then it is your duty to be on hand, promptly and cheerfully. The secret of a good first team is a good second team, and without the one the

other is impossible. The scrubs make the team, where they do their duty; they defeat it where they fail of this duty.

WE wish to express our thanks for the recent attention which our bath-rooms have received. We think we voice the sentiment of the whole student-body when we say that we appreciate the least effort in the direction of improvement; although the arrangement even now is not all that might be desired, hot water being still very hard to obtain, except at certain times. We do not wish to harp on this subject, nor to carry the matter to an extreme. However, it is a very good plan for fault-finders, along with the pointing out of defects, to suggest also a remedy therefor. Just one suggestion then, and we promise never to have any more to say on this subject :

We think it would be a wise plan to employ some one whose business it would be to look after furnaces, boilers, engines, dynamos, bath-rooms and various other minor affairs, the perfect working of which is necessary for the welfare of the college. This is the best way and in many respects often the only means by which such matters can be kept in perfect order. The college officials have not the time to render personal attention to these smaller things. Some reliable, competent and needy student could fill the position with profit to the college and great advantage to himself as an aid to procuring an education. We merely offer this as a suggestion which may be taken for what it is worth.

WE note with pleasure the organization of a Social Science Club in town. This is another evidence of the direction in which Durham is rapidly moving forward. The following is the programme of the last regular meeting :

“The subject for discussion was ‘Sanitation.’ Dr. Cheat-

ham presented a paper discussing the subject as it referred to Durham. Prof. Dowd read a paper giving a general theory of sanitation. The subject was discussed by all the members of the club. A great many interesting and profitable points were brought out in the papers and discussions. The secretary of the club presented several valuable pamphlets sent by the State Board of Health."

The subject for discussion at the next meeting is "The Australian Ballot System," and for the succeeding meeting "A Public Library for Durham."

It will be noticed that we have discontinued the departments of Locals, Alumni, Y. M. C. A. and Historical Notes. We do this that we may have more space for literary matter. Since the *Christian Educator* contains departments of the same nature, THE ARCHIVE can dispense with them without serious inconvenience to the majority of its readers.

Editor's Table.

J. F. BIVINS,

MANAGER.

The Table feels more like discussing April Foolism, Easter Monday holidays, or the Rationalism of Baseball cranks, than the merits and demerits of the learned and unlearned evolutions from various college brains; but so many familiar and friendly faces peer at us out of the mass of debris burdening the Table, that we are obliged to give more than a mere casual glance at them.

Here is solid old *Yale* opening with a "Last Word" of affection from a '96 man for the permanent, patient, virtuous old institution, which he has taken the liberty to criticise and idolize by terms. The sentiments he expresses are cherished by many of us with respect to our own *alma mater*, "Who has always stood with the same firm dignity, sparing us many a hurt, doing for us all she could, giving us always the best she had." While we are with her she must at times give ear to our little criticisms, but when we leave, our affection for her will be as continuous and permanent as her own abiding virtue. *Yale* tells us also a pathetic little story about one of our good old southern slaves, whose faithfulness lasted until "after the war," and even until death.

But we cannot pass our new comer, the *Semi-Annual*, of Hollins Institute, without expressing our gratification at such a tasty and pleasant mixture of biography, short-story, translation and verse as the ladies of the institute have presented us. We croakers have a way of clamoring for originality, but we fear it is often at the sacrifice of interest. Certainly the *Semi-Annual's* selections are worthy of approval.

The February *Ozark* reflects credit on the new staff of editors. "Under the Cyprus Shade" is a pleasant story, containing some of the western frontier dialect. It strikes us that more attention should be given to the literary department of this magazine.

We like the well arranged and interesting contents of the *Richmond College Messenger*, though some of the subjects are rather too antiquated. The paper on the "Test of a College Association's Life and Efficiency" is splendid throughout. We think, however, that more attention should have been given to personal work in associations.

The *Wake Forest Student* generally contains the biography of some distinguished North Carolinian. This is a very commendable feature.

"Uncle Moses Sees a Ghost," in the last issue of *University of Tennessee Magazine*, is one of the best pieces of negro dialect we have seen.

Our little visitor, the *Hendrix Mirror*, is always welcome. This issue tells us of the turn of mind of Prof. Rowe (Gilbertus Magnus.) This turn of mind seems quite natural to us who know something of the freaks of the Professor's mind. We have in memory the poems, speeches and sermons given under inspiration in the days of yore.

We feel like exclaiming "Excelsior!" every time we receive the *College Message*. It is a plucky and praiseworthy little magazine.

CLIPPINGS.

AN OPEN VALENTINE.

Dear, I love you in the morning,
 When I see you fresh and bright;
 Love you more at sunny noontide,
 Love you most, my love, at night.
 When your eyes are closed in slumber,
 Dreaming of the happy past,
 And your lips are sealed with silence,
 And your tongue is tied at last.

—Ozark.

OUT OF THE NORTH.

A down the sea, the silver sea,
 A stately carvel swims,
 Her sailors' longing love for home
 Swells out in cadenced hymns.
 Her carved stern decked out with flags,
 Her silken sails astrain,
 She homeward treads the Biscan Bay
 And nears the Loire again.

A down the sea, the deadly sea,
 A galley sweeps her way;
 The seething sea-snakes kiss her prow,
 As serpentine as they.
 The dragon-banner snarls above,
 The wolves below give tongue,
 And grimly clash the hundred shields
 That on her sides are hung.

Upon the sea, the silent sea,
 There floats a flammant wreck;
 Her amber sides are laced with blood,
 And corpses pile the deck.
 Afar, against the sinking sun,
 The lambent dragon flies,
 And flares its threat of spoil and death
 To still, unseeing eyes!

—Yale Lit.

Literary Notes and Reviews.

J. S. MAYTUBBY,

MANAGER.

The life of Bayard Taylor, just published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., in the "American Men of Letters" series, will cause a renewed interest in that versatile and talented author. He was a man of commanding personality, rather than that of great genius. Lovers of Dr. Holmes are glad to know that his Life and Letters will soon be published by the same house. No other publishing house has done half so much for American Literature as Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

* * *

Those who have been interested in Byron's struggle for the independence of Greece, will be glad to learn that the King of Greece recently unveiled the statue erected in honor of Lord Byron, at the expense of the late M. Demetrius Skylitsis, of London. The statue, which is of Carrara marble, represents Greece crowning Byron with a laurel branch, while a young Greek below stretches his arms in newly found liberty. On the pedestal is the inscription: "Hellas to Byron."

* * *

Several months ago an appeal was made to the lovers of Tennyson for funds to erect a beacon in honor of the late Laureate, on his beloved Isle of Wight. All the money has now been subscribed, and the monument will be set up in the Fall. "Of the \$4,750 subscribed, \$1,250 comes from the United States"—an evidence of the great esteem in which he is held in this country. We make the prediction that there will be a general revival of interest in Tennyson in the next few years, especially when the biography, now being prepared by his son Hallam, is published.

* * *

Kentucky may well be proud of the prominence that is now being given to the works of James Lane Allen. His recently published "A Kentucky Cardinal," is being very widely read and favorably criticised. There is an ideal touch in his writings, not to be found in so many of the present day novelists. He is differentiated from a good many Southern writers by not dealing with the negro at all. That field has certainly been overworked. There is a fineness of the nature sense in Allen that is of a very high order. Several years ago the writer made his acquaintance in the "Flute and Violin," and later heard him lecture on "Southern Literature." He makes the impression on all who have come in contact with him of being a fine gentleman, imbued with the artistic spirit. "Aftermath," the sequel of the "Kentucky Cardinal," is also having a great "run."

Two books, recently published, have much interest for students of the literature of the Victorian Age—Saintsbury's "Nineteenth Century Literature," and Walker's "Greater Victorian Poets." Saintsbury, despite his, in many respects, miserable style, is a critic of much ability, and his judgments on Victorian authors, especially, will be very widely quoted. He deals nearly altogether with the style of authors; from his discussion of "In Memoriam," for instance, one would never gain any adequate conception of the great problems treated therein, rather be content to have its artistic merits stated. It is very different with the second of these books; here Matthew Arnold, Tennyson and Browning are studied mainly with reference to the questions of their age, how far each was influenced by the limitations of his day, and how far they are the prophets of a greater day. All readers will not agree with the high estimate he places upon the poetry of Matthew Arnold.

THE MAGAZINES.

Mr. Sherman, in the April number of the *Forum*, says that the **FORUM.** cause of our financial ills is a deficiency of revenue. The President "has mistaken the cause of our present financial condition in contributing it to the demand for gold for United States notes, instead of to the deficiency of revenue caused by the legislation of the last Congress." If the President and Mr. Carlisle had confined the expenditures within receipts, there would have been no difficulty with the reserve. The President and Mr. Carlisle should have refused to expend appropriations which were not provided to carry into effect existing law. Mr. Sherman points out two defects in existing law relating to redemption, the same being mentioned by the President: (1.) That the notes presented for redemption must be re-issued. (2.) That the resumption fund is a part of the general balance in the Treasury and may be applied to current expenditures. Mr. Sherman thinks that "our system," banking, currency and coinage, founded upon the bi-metallic coinage of gold and silver maintained at par with each other; with free national banks established in every city and town of importance in the United States, issuing their notes secured beyond doubt by United States bonds or some equivalent security, and redeemable on demand in United States notes; and the issue of an amount of United States notes and Treasury notes equal to the amount now outstanding (with provision for a notable increase with the increase of population), always redeemable in coin and supported by an ample reserve of coin in the Treasury, not to be invaded by deficiencies of revenue, and separated by the sub-treasury system from all connection with receipts and expenditures of the Government—such a system would make our money current in commercial circles in every land and clime, better than the best that now exists in Europe, better than that of Great Britain."

"Holland's Care for Its Poor," by Prof. Gore, of Columbian University, is a splendid discussion of the savings bank system in Holland. Every postoffice is a place of deposit, and the postmasters, with a number of special agents, are the authorized receivers. And for the convenience of parties who live in the country and cannot reach an authorized agency without a loss of time, arrangements are made through which they can have their deposits made by the mail-carrier. To encourage small savings, sheets of paper containing twenty blank spaces are furnished gratuitously, each space being intended for a five-cent postage stamp. When this sheet is filled, and is presented with the pass-book, the depositor is credited with one florin. Children are presented with small leaflets with one hundred spaces to be filled with one-cent stamps. There are two periods from which interest is reckoned, the 16th and 1st of each month. At any time a depositor may withdraw his money, provided it does not exceed twenty-five florins; for larger sums it is necessary to make application to the director. The government banks also lend money to the poor at a very low rate of interest.

In an article, "The Educational Value of Instructive
THE ARENA. and Artistic Entertainments which Appeal to the non-Theatre going Public," the editor shows the change that is taking place in the method of educating the young. The old idea, that a child should be confined strictly to text books, is giving away to the one that will flood the imagination with fine, high thoughts, which must necessarily enrich the mind. This is done by pointing out the beauty in nature and thus awakening a desire to study the beautiful. He considers that great results are to be gained from the legitimate drama, especially plays like those of Shakespeare. He gives as an example the great influence the impersonations of Shakesporean characters by a reader, had over him. Brings out the good work that is being done by the Art Tableau companies. He closes the article by saying: It is the proud and august work of the new education to flood the imagination with high and noble ideals to stimulate the intellect, to unchain the soul and make man see that the quickened imagination and awakened conscience will accomplish far more towards redeeming civilization than is to-day imagined."

Justice Walter Clark in this issue continues his article, "The Land of the Noonday Sun." It is well written and illustrated. Also a series of papers by Dr. Redpath is begun. The "Sanitation as a Remedy." Those of a scientific mind will find "Man in His Relation to the Solar System as a Proper Subject for Scientific Research," very profitable reading.

The April number contains an article on "The Revival of the Olympic Games." Instead of the games being held at Olympia, as they formerly were, they are to be held in the Stadium, which is being restored, at Athens. The restoration of the Stadium was only made possible by the beneficence of George Averoff, a wealthy Alexandrian. The successful contestants are to be crowned not with olive crowns, as of old, but with crowns of silver. The games are to be held every four years. A very minute description is given of the Stadium.

"A History of the Last Quarter of a Century," by E. Benjamin Andrews, ends in this issue. The concluding chapter discusses "The Panic of 1893," "Tariff Revision," "The Income Tax," "Bond Issue," "Coxey's Army," "The Pullman Strike," "Federal Interference," "Hawaiian Revolt," "Venezuela," and "The Overthrow of Tammany." Each subject is ably treated as to its cause and its effect upon the nation. It is both an interesting and instructive article.

Under "A Century of Painting" is discussed the leading painters of the present century—Covot, Rousseau, Millet, Jacque, Dupre, Diaz, Harpegnies, Troyon. The writer shows wherein each one's personal ability lies. These artists are known as "The Men of 1830," the old name, "Barbezon School," being a misnomer. He also shows how the expression of the spirit of the painter is to be found in his works. The article contains many illustrations of their most noted works.

In this issue Anthony Hope, the author of "The Prisoner of Zenda," commences his new novel "Phroso."

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THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

TRINITY PARK, DURHAM, MAY, 1896.

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H. B. CRAVEN,

MANAGER.

A CLUB OF EIGHT.

[An Unpublished Manuscript by Edwin W. Fuller.]

CHAPTER I.

Gus Varingland and I, sitting in our parlor one evening, felt too lazy to go down town to the club, proposed to ourselves to get up a club of our own, in an original manner. We would advertise for applications, shake together all we received, and, drawing out eight, admit these to membership. We hold the meetings at our rooms and furnish the suppers, and retain the privilege of directing the whole assembly, dictating the programme and controlling the affair generally. We hoped to gather a motley crowd from which we could draw infinite and varied amusement.

A half hour's discussion with our usual unanimity, matured the plan, and next morning the following notice was inserted in several of the daily papers:

“WANTED—A CLUB OF EIGHT!—Two gentlemen of means, desiring to form a novel Club for mutual entertainment, will receive applications for membership from every one in the city.

“The meetings will be held at their private rooms, and they guarantee order, secrecy and protection to person and opinion. All expenses will be paid by them, and a suitable entertainment be provided each night.

Address,

CLUB, Owls of Athens,

No. — West 23d St.”

By Saturday night we had received over five hundred applications. We shook them up and drew out the following eight: John Marger, Warren street; E. Clifterly Fritterton, — Stuyvesant Square; Rev. Alfred Woowit, Bluker street; Butz Suggs, Peck Slip; Ted Oshane, Ferry street; Edward Whitt, Canal street; Samuel C. Barkstay, Brooklyn; Jean Pennemaque, Greenwich street.

“Well,” said Gus, gathering all the applications and tossing them in the grate, “we have our assortment as varied as we could wish. The next thing is to make arrangements for their reception, and to keep them here when they arrive, for the Rev. will hardly wish to remain with Beauty and Ted, and Fritterton will turn up his nose at a man from Fulton or Greenwich.”

“I don’t know a single one of our prospected Club-mates,” said I, running my fingers down the paper.

“Let me see,” said Gus, taking the paper from me; “yes, I have seen Suggs’ name in the police reports; I have heard of Woowit as pastor of some little church down in the city, and Fritterton I met at a ball, a poor, foppish fool, with not an idea above his cravat.”

I am afraid we cannot persuade such antipodes to remain in each other’s presence longer than the first glance.”

“Oh, trust me for that,” laughed Gus, confidently; “wait till I make my speech, and all will be harmonized. But help me to write answers to these, will you?”

A few moments scribbling, we rang for Dennis, our man, and sent to the letter eight requests for the “pleasure of their company” on Monday evening.

“And now,” said Gus, lighting a Partaga, and placing his feet on the mantel that the ideas might run down from his heels to his head, like another hour-glass, “what preparations shall we make for our patchwork party?”

“We had better have them in the back parlor and order up a dozen common chairs.”

“No, we will have them in the front, buhl ormolu and all. We can have a good croca matting put over the Wilton. The surroundings will suit Barkstay and Fritterton, and impress Oshane and Suggs and the rest into more respect and order.”

“Very good. Shall Dennis wear his livery?”

“Oh, yes; but I will receive at the door, to get them once in.”

“Well, I await the issue of our experiment with some misgivings.”

Monday night came, as usual, and found us in the height of expectation. All was ready. Dennis, with his plush and gold, stood behind my chair. The room was blazing with light from the prisoned girandoles, the rose-wood tables, with their twining vines of gold, the plump, soft sofas and chairs of purple velvet, the silken curtains of the same rich hue, with their delicate overskirts of lace, the bronze Bacchae, their baskets running over with real and fragrant fruits and flowers, the superb Wilton carpet, now covered like the traveler with its brown duster, spoke pretty well for a bachelor establishment.

I was down stairs to receive. I had not waited long, when a faint, uncertain knock was heard at the door. I threw it open, and a tall, portly police officer stepped in. Dressed in full blue, with his glittering star and a keen, quick eye frowning on me, I rather shrank as I demanded: “What do you want here?”

“I came by your invitation,” he said, with a mild, pleasant voice. “My name is Whitt, Edward Whitt.”

“Oh, Mr. Whitt; excuse me; very happy to see you;”

walk up stairs. Winkers announce Mr. Whitt to Mr. Varingland."

He had scarcely reached the top of the steps, when voices were heard outside, and I opened the door to find a wiry man, with a strong smell of paint and putty about him, with hard, black hands, as if the stains could not be washed off, with hair thick and bristly, except over the left temple, where a broad, sleek ellipse of scalp glowed like a desert amid the straight pines of his hair. There were wrinkles around the top of his nose, as if he were looking towards the sun, and one of his eyes was drawn down, as if he were sighting a line. With husky voice that sounded like he didn't have wind enough to fill all the vocal chords, he offered his sticky hand and said his name was Johd'n B. Marger; that he'd cub'd to jide us. I knew by his tones he was deaf, and sent him up to Gus by Winkers, with a sign to the latter to introduce him loudly.

A little figure that had been waiting on the stoop to see what was done, came bowing in, a chunky little figure, with bushy iron grey hair and small wisps of side-whiskers, with black, restless eyes that looked everywhere but at you, very swarthy skin, and a mouth that jutted out in the middle and retreated at the corners, a mouth that would show largely in profile, but in front looked like a semi-circular slit in his face. He was dressed in a round top hat, very greasy 'round the band, a very short coat, whose lappels were growing nitrescent, old black pants that belled a great deal over the foot, and with justice too, for his feet were so long and sharp that he could almost have measured his goods by walking on them. He took off his greasy hat on seeing me, and commenced a series of bows, interspersed with salutatory ejaculations.

"Ah, Monsieur, I have de honneuer to be your humble servant, Jean Pennemaque. I have de grand plasure *de recevoir* your letter, and I comes to de *grand maison*, hous

you call him? to join *dependre de compagnie*. I vill laugh at de proper *temps*, and eat vid *avec de plus bon*.”

Je suis plus heureuse de vous voir M. Pennemaque.” said I, offering my hand.

“*Ah, oui.*” said he, bowing faster than ever, “*mais vous parle Francais. J’ai le bon fortune j’ai de good luck, vous dites daus Etats Units.*”

Ils parlent Anglais up stairs,” I added, as I turned him over to Winkers.

A three-legged step up the stoop announced a man with a cane, and the Rev. Alfred Woowit came forward, and offered his hand. A long, dry, flat, cold hand it was, with spots of death rust about on the fingers, a hand that looked like it had lain in a still press, whose contact had chilled, and whose stricture had squeezed out the fingers and nails into their spectral and unnatural length. His face was long and very sallow, turning to dark slate color under his eyes, that had a wild, unnatural glow, in striking contrast to his otherwise meek appearance. His eyes were very white and flat, and looked as if some one had two smears over his eyes with a piece of chalk. His head was bald to the crown, from which, to his shoulders, streamed a straight semicircular apron of hair. His forehead commenced at his eyebrows, and sloped in an inclined plane up to the crown, when it peeped over the smooth precipice of hair. His cheeks were sunken in deep cavities beneath the bones, and his chin was long enough to afford room for the drooping corners of his mouth. His figure was lank and tall, and his somewhat seedy clothes hung about him with a clammy adhesion, as if his body was damp. I knew from his physiognomy that his voice would come from his under lip, and looked at that as I shook his hand. He shook my hand very slowly, and with a twanging drawl, said, moving only the nether lobial:

“My young friend, how do you do? I trust there is no uproariousness in your proceedings, nor smack of ungod-

liness. I came because I hoped by intercourse with men of means, to persuade them, of their abundance, to contribute to the necessity of our saints."

"Very glad to have you, Mr. Woowit; we will do what we can for you. Walk up stairs, sir, where other of our friends are gathered." He passed up with garnet white-headed cane tramping on the stairs like another leg.

Thump, thump, sounded on the door. I opened to find an enormous red, freckled-face, with a great mat of hair thrust almost into mine.

"Long life to yer honor, but flat might ye be afther wanting mid Ted?"

"Oh, Mr. McShane, is it? Come in, sir, we want your good company and some of your yarns."

"The divil a mither was iver myself before," said he, coming into the hall, "but then a fine gintleman wants his prisince, Ted would come if he couldn't."

He stood like a Goliath in the doorway, his broad shoulders and huge body covered with a coarse Cardigan jacket. His eyes were a clear, good-natured blue, and his blunt, clubbed nose and rolling lips and chin, with its fringe of beard from ear to ear, were the distinct seals of Erin.

"Well, Ted," said I, determined to be familiar, "walk up stairs and you'll find our room."

"Faith, and its aisy going up here to one whose in practice, for many's the stairs with longer jumps than these, that I goes up to git to me room."

And now, for the first time, the sound of wheels stopped at the door. I looked out and found a coupe, groom and restive horse in the street, and a fancy figure tripping up the steps.

"Dwive awound for me at twelve pweicisely, Johnson," said a soft, milky voice, and Mr. E. Clifterly Fritterton stood before me. Drawing his mother-of-pearl card-case, flashing with jewels, he handed me his card, tinted and perfumed:

"Here, my fellow, take this up stairs."

Brown, girl-like hair, a fuzzy attempted moustache, an affectedly perched mouth, a dull lid-drooped eye, and a large isosceles nose, with his face for the base. A white silk opera hat, a claret cloth overcoat with pearl colored lappels, a blue dress coat, white velvet vest, glossy, wrinkleless pants, patent leather and glove kid boots, lavender gloves, point lace cravat, diamond studs, pin and ring, ebony straw-size cane, medusa gold head, gold snakes twirling down around it, was Mr. E. Cliffterly Fritterton. He carried a gold eye-glass, but the flat formation of his face prevented him from wearing it. The instantly taken inventory did not create great veneration, and his command to take the card, made me undecided whether I should take the card or throw him out into the street. Knowing that would defeat our object, I said as mildly as possible, reading the card :

“Ah, Mr. Fritterton, I see. Happy to have you with us.”

“Pray excuse me ; are you the gentleman of the house ? I genwally fwind a footman at the door.”

Winkers now came down from showing Ted up, and his livery seemed to reassure the astonished fop, who minced off with him up stairs. In a moment after he came running back with, for him, indecorous haste :

“Wy, it is weal disgwaceful affair. Carters and sloopmen and every kind of low pwerson. Do you expect me to go in there?”

I explained to him the object of our scheme, and that these incongruous characters were all intended as amusement, and he consented to remain, though he vowed 'twas terribly low.

After he had gone up I waited some time, and no more arriving, I was about to go up stairs, when the door softly opened, and a coarse Astrachan cap was put in, and beneath it the most repulsive face I had ever seen. One large, bluish-gray eye, one empty socket, the lid drop-

ping mournfully over the empty part. Across the nose and down the jaw almost to the neck, was a scar as if from a terrible cut, which had healed up in a great purple ridge, his eyes were bluish gray and had that peculiar square leer, and darkish hue, derived more from the setting than the color of the eye, that is the invariable index of villainy. His hair was cut too close to have a color, and he wore no beard, but a thick, blackish moustache, which, from its projection from his lip, I judged to be false. A great bull neck, and a thick-set body cautiously followed,—followed the face into the hall.

“Hello, what’s the row?” he said, with voice so deep and hoarse I could scarcely locate it.

“Ha! Suggs your name, ain’t it?” said I, assuming his familiarity. No row at all; a few friends to supper,” at the same time offering my hand.

“Hold yer own squeezer: when the devil did I git to be yer friend?”

I explained to him the formation of our club and how his name had been drawn with the others, and that we thought he could tell a good one, and were glad to get his name; that we didn’t know a single one of the others, but would get acquainted over a bowl of something warm.

“Will yer swear by yer mammy yer’e doing the fair and no pannil?”

“No. I won’t swear by my mother,” I said, flushing at the word. “but I give you my word as a gentleman; if that is not enough, you can leave.”

He gave two or three hog grunts by way of a laugh, and stepping fully in and shutting the door behind him, said:

“Easy, bub, easy; yer hain’t gnawed the graters yit, or yer wouldn’t blaze ’cause a chap skins his peeper. Show me yer den, but mind my pals,” turning back his cuff and showing a slung shot curled with its thong, and lifting his lappel to display three pistol butts ranged in a row, as if he was a section of wall from a gunsmith’s shop.

I led the way up the steps and noticed that my own footfalls were the only sound, while he, though much heavier man than I, stepped noiselessly after me. I inferred from this that he knew how to walk about a house if there was sickness in the family, and I felt that we had not quite gotten a milking babe in our midst. When we reached the door he looked in and I was about to enter, when my throat was caught in an iron grasp, and I was lifted from my feet and borne like a child down stairs to the hall door. Here I was set down, and before I could speak for astonishment, Beauty was standing before me with the largest, ugliest pistol from his lappel rack, just grazing my forehead with its hideous black mouth. There are few more angry sights in the world than a presented pistol with its thick blue, its black hexagonal mouth, its hammer laid back like an angry cat's ear, and its ugliness is greatly enhanced by a blunt, dirty finger, crooking its snake-like first joint around the delicate trigger. Such a pistol, almost animate in its look of spite, such a finger that looked as if it had often pressed where it was now resting, and an eye that seemed more at home behind the sight-notch in the hammer than anywhere else, were the interesting objects of my vision.

“Ah-h, my bloody galoot,” he growled through his teeth, “yer trap game won't do. Oh, but if I had yer down at the pool, I'd swat you a lot o' gobs over yer mug, for the feeling, and then give yer the pill 'tween yer shiners.”

I did not feel comfortable, for he was as mad as possible about the trap, and I knew that the only thing that kept the finger from the trigger was his fear of capture. I knew that cue was calmness, and with an extraordinary effort kept down the cold trembling that was upon me.

“You are mistaken; take down your pistol and I'll prove it is no trap. It is exactly as I told you.”

“Wot’s the Charlie for, then,” he muttered, lowering his pistol from my face to my breast.

“There is no one called Charlie, there,” I said, without knowing his meaning.

“Yer deceitful devil, the perlice; wot’s the perlice for?”

“His name was drawn just as yours, and he came as you did. I have warranted your safety and I will prove it at the risk of my own. If you will go up stairs you shall be treated well and kindly. We only design pleasure from such a mixed throng. If any one offers a word or touch to your safety, you may send a ball through my brain and I will sit by you for the purpose. If you cannot trust me, I will you, and to prove it I will go down to the pool and see how many gobs you will swat me.”

“Come on, then, I’ll try yer, yer devil spawn.”

“Stop!” I said, throwing all my dignity in my voice. “I am going, but let me tell you something. You’ve got pistols and I have not, but whenever you are here or at your den, you shall not use insulting epithets. If you do not address me as a gentleman, I shall not treat you as one.”

“Yer right bloody game, but git nnder yer tile and tramp.”

Feeling perfectly sure now that he would return with me and prove the most interesting member of our club, I took my hat from the stand and followed him out into the street. He walked rapidly to the corner, turned down Green street, and striking canal crossed Broadway, and turning down began to come among the haunts of villainy and crime. I noticed that he had a slouching way of keeping under the shadows and crossing over when a policeman was seen on a corner, and was more than ever convinced that my companion was not an angel. I felt, though, that the temptation offered by our rooms was too great, and he would not lose such a golden opportunity by harming me, against whom he had no real malice. Down into the vilest

alleys, where little huts no larger than an ox stall, with a single gas jet burning at their door, only light to reveal their filthiness, were filled with their polluted patrons. On, till he stopped at a larger building than the rest, with a red and green lamp, and a ground-glass door. Within could be heard the jingling of glasses and the noise of boisterous laughter and oaths and songs. Just the place, just the street for a harvest of police items. My companion turned, with his hand on the knob, and said :

“Will yer go in among the boys?”

“Certainly, if you’ll promise me protection, as I did you.”

He had opened the door about an inch, letting out a thin sheet of cigar smoke and brandy fumes, that told of the foul density within. He slammed it to when I spoke and turned to me.

“I’ll go back with yer. Be killed if I don’t trust yer. Second time I ever was trusted, and I swore by the first time and I’ll swear by you. A swell give me a quarter when I was a little shimer, and said he’d trust till the morning for the change. Like a fool, I did what he looked for, and I’m a bigger fool to-night.”

“I hope you will enjoy our company as much as we will yours. Hallo, there!” and I stopped a hack. We both got in and in a few minutes entered our parlor. Gus and company were in a perfect cloud of Manilla, and Gus was anxious to know where I had been. I gave some excuse for my absence and got Beauty a seat by me. A lad in the extreme bashfulness of his teens ushered into the presence of a dozen young ladies, would not be more confused and awkward than was my protegee. Not knowing how to mingle in intelligent conversation, and feeling that it was no place for a swagger, he could only sit and crush his cap between his knees and rub his hand over his cropped hair, which bristled up behind his hand as it passed over, like a lamp brush drawn through a child’s fingers.

All being present, Gus took the big arm chair reserved for the president, and said :

“Gentlemen, I take the liberty of the chair *pro tempore*, that we may organize and elect officers. Who, then, shall be your presiding officers? Nominations for the President are in order.”

“I do not think we could do better than to elect our most excellent host, and I therefore place his name in nomination,” said the Rev. A. W., foloing his hand on the top of his chair.

“Which one,” growled Beauty, squaring a glance at his reverence; “the one in the chair?”

“Do yer want it, little cove,” said Beauty, looking at me with an expression of real interest.

I shook my head. Ted seconded the nomination and Gus was elected president.

Gus then rose and said :

“Gentlemen, I thank you for the honor conferred. The object of our organization is mutual enjoyment. You are aware of the promiscuous manner of its formation. None of us knew each other till to-night (the policeman looked a contradiction at Beauty), but that shall not prevent a perfect confidence and the institution of a fast brotherly union. We must each pledge ourselves solemnly to secrecy, and in the order of exercises no member need fear to make disclosures that would interest the club, for his words shall go no farther than the walls of this room. For the convenience and comfort of the individual members, differing so widely in their pursuits and association, it will be better that our recognition and intercourse be limited to our club-room. For the rules and regulations I would submit the following, which I drew up to-day :

“*Resolved.* That our Club, from its nocturnal habits and constant devotion to Minerva, be called ‘The Owls of Athens.’”

“The meetings shall be weekly and shall take place on Thursday night.

“The officers shall be a President, who shall be termed the ‘beak,’ and shall preserve order and decorum, and a Secretary, who shall be termed a ‘feather,’ and who shall keep a clear account of all the proceedings. As there will be no need of funds, there will be no need of a Treasurer.

“The order of exercises shall be first, social intercourse around the fire for one hour, then supper and the narration at the table by one of the members previously appointed by the President, of some passage in his own life, which will prove interesting to the Club.

“It is requested that in these narrations, which shall be kept sacredly secret, there be no restraint or concealing of anything disreputable or creditable, but let each member pledge himself, for the entertainment of his brothers, to relate the most thrilling, pathetic or ludicrous events of his life, and we must pledge our honor that no pain of ridicule or displeasure be visited upon a member for any disclosure whatever, for by this means alone, will we be able to develop the true sources of amusement in our midst.

“If a member prefers he may read an essay instead of giving a narration, though this, I fear, will soon degenerate into a few lines.

“And again thanking you for your unmerited kindness, I accept the position with the hope that your own kindness and compliance with the rules may render my duties less arduous, and our assemblies harmonious and pleasant.”

His remarks were received with applause by all save Fritterton, who was lolling in one corner of the room with his head thrown back on a cushion, that his glass might lie on, as it would not stick in his eye.

I was elected Secretary and Winkers and Dennis were ordered to bring up the supper, a plain, substantial meal that all seemed to enjoy, and a moderate allowance of wine.

Gus having appointed Rev. Alfred Woowit as first nar-

rator for the next evening, the company began to disperse. Once more alone we discussed the characters of our brothers till nearly day, and waited the ensuing Thursday with impatience.

And, gentle reader, I beg pardon for this dull and unsatisfactory chapter, in which there is just enough description and incident to begin an interest and not enough to satisfy it. But I either had to prolong the description to an indefinite length to delineate fully the character of our Club, or dismiss with a few pen strokes, which would have furnished so slight an acquaintance, that their succeeding stories would have lost interest. In pursuing a mean, I fear I have inflicted a boring chapter, which, though inadequate in detail, yet I hope will prepare us to appreciate more fully the following chapters, which I promise shall be more interesting.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NOTE.—The manuscript of "A Club of Eight" was found among Mr. Fuller's papers at his death, and is now published for the first time through the kindness of his sister. As the author left no instructions or information concerning his unpublished manuscripts, it is not known for what purpose this one was written. We conclude, however, that it was the beginning of a series of stories as told by the respective members of the "Club," and to be embodied in one volume. The Spiritualist's story, constituting Chapter II, is the first of the series, and seems to have been the only one ever written. The manuscript bears no title, and the one under which we publish it, is supplied by ourselves.—Ed.

“UNCLE REMUS” AND ITS AUTHOR.

A great personality or individuality is an essential to the greatness of a man or of a nation, in whatever sphere that may manifest itself, whether it be in art, literature, music or what not.

Since the war, the South has evinced characteristics peculiar to herself—in few other countries could the commercial industries have grown so rapidly, in few other countries can a literature be found so peculiarly its own. The literature of the South is decidedly southern, its strength and character are unique both in quantity and quality, while for the display of creative genius and force it is above criticism.

In no other Southerner is this personality more clearly shown than in Joel Chandler Harris. “Uncle Remus.”

There must be literature for all classes and ages of people. “Uncle Remus” has supplied the children of the civilized world with the simple, plain stories which ever deeply impress a moral, and at the same time call forth the imaginative powers of a child to the highest degree. Not only are these stories pleasing and entertaining to the children, but when the curly-headed, flaxen-haired child has passed through the prime of life, and is spending his old age in peace and quiet, they still have their charm, call up pleasant recollections of youthful days, and make him feel that he is a child again.

If you care to test the popularity and attractive power of “Uncle Remus” among children, read the wonderful story of Brer Rabbit’s experience with the Tar Baby to the ordinary 8-year old, and then count yourself fortunate if you see a moment’s peace or quiet until each and every story has been read.

“Uncle Remus” tells the stories in such a quaint, plain, unostentatious way, slyly mixing in his humor, that to the Southerner, especially, they are genuine, true-to-life negro stories.

Truthfulness, clearness and plainness are extremely difficult to arrange in words, yet not a word could be changed in a single story which would increase its worth. They are perfect dialect stories, they are the mirrored representations of one phase in the character of the southern negro.

Every nation has its myths, Rome her Romulus and Remus, England her Arthur and his Knights, the southern States the stories as told by Uncle Remus; they are not only stories, but history, and if their popularity as fiction should ever wane—a thing which is not in the least probable—the stories will forever live in the historian's mind as the myths, the folk-lore of the southern States.

The dialect of "Uncle Remus" is pure and as near perfect as it is possible for words to express the speech of the genuine southern plantation negro. Mr. Harris has a high ideal of what a dialect should be; in the preface to "Uncle Remus" he says: "If the language of Uncle Remus fails to give vivid hints of the really poetic imagination of the negro; if it fails to embody the quaint and homely humor which was his most prominent character; if it does not suggest a certain picturesque sensitiveness—a curious exhalation of the mind and temperament not to be expressed in words—then I have reproduced the form and not the essence, and my attempt may be accounted a failure." That his attempt was not a failure, and that he reproduced both the form and essence, is attested by the thousands of happy readers to whom "Uncle Remus" never comes too often or lingers too long.

One in reading the stories of Uncle Remus forgets that behind them there is Mr. Harris; they come to us as pure and clear as if a phonograph had recorded them just as they fell from the mouth of Uncle Remus. Mr. Harris completely effaces himself from the stories; not once does his "I" warp them from their classic purity.

The characterization of Uncle Remus is perfect; using

only a few words here and there, Mr. Harris has made Uncle Remus draw his own character sketch, yet in those few words his character is finely and delicately painted. Mr. Harris does not devote a chapter to the character of Uncle Remus, yet after reading the stories one can see in every one some feature of Uncle Remus' character, not boldly written in letters, but suggested and deeply impressed on the mind by what he says and does.

It has been said that Joel Chandler Harris has within him the power to make himself the first among American novelists; that he has an option on greatness. In the painting of character—truthful, delicate painting—in his deep insight into life, in his accurate study and representation of southern life, he has no equal.

H. B. C.

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NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

[Written by a Freshman of the Fitting School, Trinity, Randolph Co., N. C.]

A school boy at Brienne.

Emperor of the French.

A prisoner at St. Helena.

In viewing a planet there are three points in its journey across the heavens which attract our special attention—its rising, zenith and setting. So it is in studying the lives of all great men. There are three special periods in Napoleon's life, about which our interest gathers.

We first hear of him leaving his home for school, when only about nine and a half years old. His father had been a member of the deputation of Corsican nobles sent to France, and through the influence of Count Marboenf, governor of Corsica, had gained admission for Napoleon into the military school at Brienne. It was in the year 1779 when he was brought by his father to this school, for the purpose of receiving a strictly military education. We can easily imagine some of the feelings which crept

over the little fellow as he first drew in sight of the old building; saw every window crowded with the heads of boys as they peered at the new-comer. What a manly effort it must have required to suppress that choking sensation, felt upon realizing that he was entering a new world, where the only one he knew was soon to take his departure: that, instead of the playmates of his former childhood days, he must have for his companions those he had never seen, and about whom he knew nothing! It is not strange to us that the boy should become reticent, when we remember he had never before been beyond the limits of his island home. He knew no language save his own native tongue, and was therefore unable to converse freely with his companions. But he applied himself diligently and was soon able to speak French as well as any of his mates. The will and determination of the boy were growing. When we recall the fact that he was born 'mid scenes of revolution, and that this school was one which daily directed his mind towards the world of arms, are we surprised that he should become fascinated by such things? Let those who accuse him of cold-heartedness and blood-thirstiness, remember his early surroundings, and, if believers at all in environment, weigh these matters carefully. Soon his whole attention was given to military feats, or things bearing upon such. Mathematics, History and Geography became his favorite studies. Literary studies he looked upon with indifference. We shall find that even during his brightest days he manifested this same indifference formed in the years of his youth. He remained at school until about sixteen years of age, at the end of which time his course was completed. He went forth into the world with few friends and certainly without a fortune. But he possessed a knowledge of the army discipline and military tactics of the day, a knowledge upon which his bright career in the future was to rest; which was to cause

the most powerful nations of Europe to tremble for their safety.

* * *

In the Spring of 1804, we find the once inexperienced school boy at St. Cloud proclaiming himself emperor. Years of anxiety and hardship had passed, during which time he had climbed step by step the ladder of fame. A recent startling revolt by Moreau and others had caused him thus boldly to ask for a crown. An empire was the government for France, said he, and himself, her trusty general, the man for emperor. His soldiers loved him, and, by his magnetic qualities of soul, he had won the heart of France. The nation was proud of her young and valiant leader, but was divided upon a question of such vital importance. It was decided to settle the question by ballot, and Napoleon, by the votes of an overwhelming majority, was pronounced *king*. Faint glimmerings from the dawn of his long-cherished hopes were beginning to be visible along the eastern horizon. Only a few more months before the coveted crown should grace the brow of him, who, in his eagerness for conquest, had led his troops through both African sands and Alpine snows!

On the second of December, the Pope came over to France to crown him emperor. Instead of submitting to the usual ceremony, Napoleon astonished the Pope, who had been accustomed to receive the homage of all men, by reaching forth his hand and rudely crowning himself. This is a striking example of his haughtiness of spirit. He felt himself equal to any dignitary of earth, and was fearless in presence of such.

But can one crown, though glittering with the richest gems of earth, hush and still to sleep the voice of ambition? "All experience is an arch wherethro' gleams that untraveled world, whose margin fades forever and forever when I move." Perhaps the time had been when the crown of France would have satisfied Napoleon; but the

“arch” of his vision had widened now. In May of the following Spring, we find him again investing himself with the power he had won by his valiant Frenchmen. In the great cathedral at Milan, he was crowned king of Italy, a country of which all republicans love to think as once being one which scorned the name of king.

Power after power was made to feel the strength of this man before the combined forces of Europe overthrew him and his cause forever. During his reign all his work was along a public line. No effort for the moulding of the people to his interests was left undone. In many ways he endeavored to build up his empire. His neglect toward that great literary spirit that has done so much in the advancement of nations, caused it to languish and pine away in its own idleness.

* * *

October of the year 1815 gives us another picture of Napoleon. He was on board a British man-of-war, drawing near the island of St. Helena. The bright sky of his prosperity had suddenly been changed by the darkening clouds of adversity. The power he had formerly held had eluded his grasp. Nay, his commanding voice, which had so often moved thousands of men to action, would have had no more effect upon the shipmen than that of the vilest wretch in all France. No merry shouts from his army of soldiers greeted him now. The measured beat of the drum, which was music to his ear, and had power to make his martial spirit leap with joy, was poorly replaced by the incessant breaking of the waves upon that rocky shore. Memory of his late defeat at Waterloo still lingered in his mind to nettle and annoy him.

Here upon this lonely island in the South Atlantic, far away from his country and friends, he was placed to spend his last days. As he looked upon the rising sun climbing above the running waves, he thought of other days, when its first rays smote upon the glittering steel of the flower

of France. As he beheld the beautiful tints it left upon the western horizon at evening, his thoughts were unconsciously directed to the close of life's great day, which was drawing fearfully nigh. But though his bright career had so suddenly ended, though he had lost the confidence of men and there seemed nothing to live for, yet his brave spirit was still unconquerable. He was the same Napoleon that shook the world with the roar of his artillery. To those of his friends who were interested enough to visit him in these his hours of greatest need, he was glad to tell of the achievements of his former days. To the last he departed himself like an emperor, and died in the steadfast belief that he was one of the world's greatest men.

L. R. GORHAM,
Trinity High School.

LEANOR.

A STORY IN TWO PARTS.

II.

“Evening paper just from the press. All the particulars of the runaway this morning. All about the accident—paper, mister?—would you like to buy a paper, sir?—only five cents.” The dirty-faced, barefooted little urchin ceased suddenly crying his paper, and taking one from the bundle under his arm, eagerly held it out to a tall young man whose attention had been arrested by his high, sharp voice, and the remark directed to him.

Warren Lindon glanced down into the upturned face of the lad, and noting the eagerness in his bright eyes, took the proffered paper and dropped a nickel into his hand. A smile for a moment played over his countenance as he saw the little fellow bound swiftly away, vociferously crying his papers.

Opening the paper he carefully perused the article and

seemed no little moved by the contents. Folding it up he placed it in his pocket and walked on up the street, seemingly in profound meditation. "There must be something in this after all," he mused. "Let me see." Taking a slip of paper from his pocket, he read :

Mr. Lindon :

DEAR SIR:—Please come to my home, No. 745 East McAllister street, at once. I am seriously wounded and wish to make a confession before I die. Bring Mr. Murray and a stenographer with you. Don't fail to come—important.

(Signed), BUD JACKSON.

"Yes, it is the same name, same number and street as given in the paper. There must be something in this—anyway I will look up Mr. Murray and a stenographer at once—but to save me, I can't see why Bud Jackson or any one else should desire to make a confession to me. Who is Bud Jackson, anyway? I don't understand it at all."

* * * * *

Within his dirty little room upon the small cot mentioned, Bud Jackson lay dying. He was not all bad, as had been shown that morning by his heroic and successful effort to rescue two little children from certain death, and in doing so, completely forgetting the value of his own life to save the lives of others.

Mr. Murray, Warren and a doctor were sitting by his bedside, and at the table a stenographer ready to write the confession of the dying man. Jackson spoke, and the deep, hard-drawn lines about his mouth, and the deathly pallor of his countenance, indicated the severe agony he was suffering.

"Doctor, can I hold out another hour?" As he spoke his black eyes so full of pain searched earnestly the countenance of the doctor. "I must not die," he continued, "until my conscience is relieved of at least one of my many crimes, and I have made all the retribution in my power for that wrong. I must confess this secret, that has weighed so heavily upon my heart of late and tormented

me sorely both day and night. O, gentlemen, my evils have been many and a few great, but I have the 'blessed assurance' taught me in childhood by my dear old mother, that God is merciful and ever willing to forgive, and I believe he will pardon my wrongs, as he pardoned the wrongs of the thief, that day upon the cross.

"But listen while I tell my story, and every word I am going to say is as true as my mother's loved Bible. But before I begin, I will make known my own identity." As he spoke he removed from his head a wig of greasy hair, and the black, bushy beard from his face. All watched with astonishment the dying man, and from Mr. Murray's lips burst the name of his long-deemed dead cousin—"Richard Freeman."

"You are surprised, William, to see me alive, but you will be more surprised before I finish my story. I purposely circulated the report that I had been lost at sea, that all who had ever known me might think of me as dead. But I must hasten, as I feel my end approaching. Come nearer, Mr. Lindon, I wish to speak to you especially.

"When I was a young man in college with your father, we both met your mother, then a young woman wondrously beautiful. I fell deeply in love with her, but your father won her affections and gained her consent to some day become his wife, when he had concluded his college course. I did not know at the time that he loved her, and I, too, hoped some day to make her my wife.

"I nourished my love like 'a sweet morsel,' and at every opportunity sought her company. She rarely ever refused to receive me, and often we went for long strolls out into the neighboring forest, as it was nothing unusual for the young people of the village to walk out into the woods in the afternoon to gather flowers, and enjoy the pleasures found strolling among the trees and rowing about on the lake.

"One lovely afternoon in May, just before the finals, we

went for a walk, and unconsciously made our way down to the lake. She sat down upon the cool grass and soft mosses sprinkled with flowers, that carpeted the earth about the roots of an old ivy-covered tree, which spread its branches far out over the gleaming waters. It seemed that she never looked so beautiful before, and I realized that without her, life would not be worth living. I told her of my love and asked her to be my wife.

“It never entered my mind that she would refuse, as I had all along been vain enough to deem her feelings of friendship to be love, and when, in trembling and sorrow-laden voice, she told me of her love for your father, my astonishment and wrath knew no bounds. I accused her of having led me to believe that she loved me, only to blight my life. She tried to reason, but I would not listen, and swore that I would have revenge. Finally overcome she fell into tears. Turning I walked away, leaving her beneath the tree weeping bitterly.

“I left college and went home, but I was not satisfied, and longed to go out into the world far away from home and old scenes. You remember, William, how they entreated me not to leave, but I was determined, and so went away. My God, how I now repent that I did not listen to them on that summer morning, and stay in the old home that ought to have been so dear to me!

“After leaving home I fell in with evil companions, and then began my downward career. I participated in all kinds of vices, seeking to blot out entirely the scenes of the past. But it will not interest you to detail my doings of evil. Suffice to say, I went, like many other young men, from bad to worse, until scarcely anything seemed too mean for me to undertake.

“One day, a few years after leaving college, I read of your father’s marriage. I was again filled with the desire for revenge and renewed my oath to blight your mother’s life. I did not exactly know how to proceed, and several

years past by ere I hit upon the diabolical scheme of kidnaping her child and carrying it far away somewhere, where she would not be likely to find it, realizing that no severer blow could be given to the heart of woman, than to separate her forever from her child. Time passed on, and your sister was born. Again and again I attempted to steal her away, but signally failed, and when almost in despair of ever accomplishing my desire, an opportunity was given, and I succeeded. Bringing her South, one cold winter night I left her on the porch of my cousin's home. Leanon Murray, Mr. Lindon, as you know her, is *your sister.*'"

Every one had listened with rapt attention, and their bulging eyes denoted their astonishment as Richard Freeman had slowly and feebly related his story. Warren Lindon staggered under the last words as from a blow. "My sister, Leanon Murray sister?"

"Yes, Mr. Lindon, Leanon Murray is your sister. But let me hasten to conclude. I already feel the hand of death gripping my heart, and I have much yet to tell before I die. I was near the pavillion, Mr. Lindon, on the evening you avowed your love to Leanon, and unperceived overheard your conversation. I recognized you both, and realizing your ignorance of your close relationship, and the enormity of the wrong you were about to perpetrate, I determined to frustrate your marriage. I wrote the note that induced you to come into the park and overhear a conversation between myself and a young woman hired for the occasion. You thought at the time that it was Leanon and Harry Fairfield, but they are both innocent of any wrong, and even now Harry is your staunchest friend."

"My God, what have I done," cried Warren. "I shall seek Harry at once and beg his forgiveness for my haste in doubting his sincerity and the blow I struck him this morning in my room."

"Hold a minute, Mr. Lindon, I have one request to make

before you go. My end is near at hand, and I desire you all to forgive me ere I die."

"We freely forgive and may you find forgiveness there."

The sun was fast sinking behind the western hills, and through the only window in the room his golden beams were gliding. One softly fell across the pallid countenance of the dying man, and as the sun sank lower and lower out of view, the eyes of Richard closed forever upon the scenes of earth, and his soul silently winged its way, as it were, upon the receding beam out into another world—into an eternity.

* * * * *

Two young people are standing beside the parlor window of Mr. Murray's country home, watching the transcending splendor of the ever changing sunset. About her slender waist his arm is tenderly reclining; in their eyes is shining love for each other, and the wondrous beauties of nature. "Darling," he murmurs, pointing across the waving field of golden grain towards the rose-tinted hills and glowing sky, "may God make our lives as splendid and grand as he has the close of this day."

Warren Lindon, who has been sitting at the other side of the room reading, raised his head as Harry began speaking and listened intently. Tears of gladness sprang into his blue eyes as he perceived the termination of a once dark mystery.

E. W. HILL (98).

NATHANIEL MACON.

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Nathaniel Macon was born in Warren county, North Carolina, December 17, 1757. His father was a man of moderate means for his day, and was anxious to give his children an education as far as he was able. Nathaniel was one of a large family and was by far the most precocious for his age. He was anxious to complete his education at some college, but his father hesitated to spend so much money in that way. Finally the neighbors influenced Nathaniel's father to send him to college.

He was sent to Princeton, New Jersey, one of the most illustrious seats of learning in America, then, as now. He was a student there when the War of the Revolution of '76 began. He was forced to leave as the halls of the college were closed during that memorable struggle.

He left Princeton in 1777 and returned to North Carolina.

Nathaniel Macon was not indifferent to the cause of freedom and liberty. This was a time to show patriotism, and he did so by enlisting as a private soldier under his brother, Col. John Macon, who was in command of a company of volunteers. He served in the army until 1782, when the provisional treaty of peace was made. He served under Gen. Nathaniel Green and was with him during that memorable march through the Carolinas.

While Macon was in the army he had been elected to the office of State Senator in North Carolina. "By the advice of Gen. Green he left the service to enter upon his new sphere of duty, refusing any pension and all pay for his military labor."—*National Cyclopaedia of American Biography*, p. 176. He served his State in this capacity

for three years, during which time he did what he conscientiously thought was for her best interest.

This was an exceedingly gloomy period in the history of the States, whose independence England had recently acknowledged. It was a time when the weakness of the Confederation was by degrees reaching the climax of instability and uncertainty. The currency of the State, as well as of all the States, was in a terrible condition. There were many who advocated that the State should not redeem its paper issue, which had depreciated very much. Mr. Macon was one of those that voiced the doctrine that a State should redeem its paper issue. His services to his State were many and important at this time.

Mr. Macon opposed North Carolina's adopting the Federal Constitution in 1787. He firmly believed and advocated that the States were sovereign; that by it too much power would be conferred on the Federal Government, and thus the rights of the State would be impaired. This was a doctrine quite common at this time and almost prevented the adoption of the Constitution. Mr. Macon was but one of the many thousands that believed in State Liberty. There can rest no censure on him for such a belief. His sincerity and integrity have not and cannot be questioned, though it must be granted now that he was mistaken.

In 1791 he was elected to Congress as a member of the House of Representatives. He was a Democrat of the Jeffersonian kind. From 1791 till 1815 he was in the House. He served on some of the most important committees and was, in 1801, elected Speaker of the House. He was also re-elected Speaker. He served in this capacity for five years.

Mr. Jefferson, then President, twice offered him the position of Postmaster-General, which he declined.

As a member of the House Mr. Macon took an active part. There are two bills, well known in history, which

for his name are called "Macon Bill No. 1" and "Macon Bill No. 2."

In 1815 he was elected to the U. S. Senate, which position he held for thirteen years. From 1825 till 1828 he was President *pro tem* of the United States Senate.

In the election of 1824 he received twenty-four electoral votes for the Vice-Presidency of the United States.

Mr. Macon, having become tired of public life, resigned his seat in the Senate and retired to private life at his home in Warren county, North Carolina. He had been in Congress for thirty-seven years, longer than most any man of his day. His political career, however, was over forty years.

He was not left undisturbed at his home, for his services were valued too highly for that. In the Constitutional Convention of 1835, which met at Raleigh, N. C., Mr. Macon was a delegate and was made President of the Convention. His life of long public service and the rich experiences he had gotten were worth a great deal to the men of that body.

His last public service was that as Presidential Elector in 1837, when Martin Van Buren became President.

As I have said, Mr. Macon was a true Democrat of the School of Jefferson. He believed in State's Rights. He thought the danger lay in too strong Federal Government. He believed that a State might secede from the Union, but he did not believe that a State might remain in the Union and at the same time declare null and void a law of the Federal Government, as South Carolina claimed the power to do. In other words, he thought secession was all right, but nullification he did not believe to be sanctioned by the nature of the Federal compact.

Mr. Macon was a man who had many friends. While in Congress he was the close and intimate friend of Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, and John Randolph. The letters of these three men go to corroborate this statement.

Mr. Randolph has said of him: "He is the wisest, the purest, and the best man that I ever knew." Mr. Jefferson has called him "the last of the Romans." Henry Adams, the historian, compares Mr. Macon to Cincinnatus, the famous old Roman. Mr. Thomas H. Benton has said of him that "he spoke more good sense while getting in his chair and getting out of it than many delivered in long and elaborate speeches."

Though he was a prominent man of his day, his sincerity and integrity have never been impeached. All the historians that speak of his character concede him to have been a man of integrity.

His request was that his coffin should be bought and paid for before his death, which was done. He selected the spot for his grave on a barren ridge where no plough might come near.

He died at his home in Warren county, June 29, 1837, at the age of eighty.

The State has done honor to his name by naming a county for him.

F. C. McDOWELL.

HAL'S ENGAGEMENT.

"Oh! hang it anyway, just my luck," and Hal kicked the fire spitefully, notwithstanding it was his best pair of patent leathers with which he was stirring the glowing coals. But he was not thinking of that; that was a small matter. What was occupying his thoughts just then, was a matter of vastly more importance—so Hal thought at any rate. He was not always in this mood, and that scowl on his face was not usually there; indeed it seldom wore anything but a smile. He was easy tempered, slow to anger, and, all in all, a thoroughly good fellow. All the other fellows liked him as a rule, and the feeling was generally reciprocated with all heartiness. But there was one

exception to this rule; there was one man for whom Hal had not a very great portion of love in his heart, and this one as was natural, was in love with Hal's girl. Notwithstanding his usual good nature and his friendliness toward his fellows, Hal could not find it in his heart to hold this one in anywise but an enemy. He could not, in spite of his conscience, speak of him other than maliciously. And yet Alex Clifford was not a bad fellow. He was perhaps as well thought of as was Hal, and his boon companions were among Hal's dearest friends. Often their comrades had tried to bring about a reconciliation, but all attempts were vain; Hal, at least, remained irresolute. He was unable to see those admirable qualities in his rival, of which his friends spoke so often—seemingly for his own personal benefit.

“And suppose others did like Clifford, what was that to him? That did not prevent him from detesting him any the more. He positively could not tolerate him, and was sure if others only had their eyes opened, they could not fail to think as he did. And then the boys said that it was all on account of that girl that he held Alex in this attitude. Nonsense, the absurdity of the idea! of course he would not let a little thing like that influence him. Besides he had no fears on that score. He knew well enough that Catherine was not in love with Clifford; she looked upon him only as a friend—nothing more. And was he not engaged to her, too, and had he not bought the ring and placed it on her finger no later than a month ago? Still Hal was obliged to own that he had rather things were otherwise; it worried him to think that she should care even this much for Clifford. He wished that she had no more use for him than he did, and that she would never mention his name in his presence, as she very often did. Besides he could not see why she should care for him at all; he certainly was a very boring fellow, to say the least.

It was strange; he did not understand it. Why were some people so stupid anyway?"

It was in this manner that Hal was musing. He had scarcely changed his position since flinging himself into the broad arm-chair before the fire. It had now grown dark, and, although he had not thought to light the gas, the light from the glowing embers served to show very plainly that the scowl had not left his face.

There came a sharp rap at the door, but Hal did not answer it. "Some dead-beat after a match or pipe of tobacco," thought he. He wondered why some fellows would always beat; they must have a lot of "cheek." Or perhaps it was some loafer, who, once in, would be sure to sit him out, and he was not in an entertaining mood to-night.

Rap, rap, rap! "Say in there, why don't you open up?"

"What you want?"

"Open up!"

"Well, come in then, blockhead; can't you turn the knob?"

"Yes, occasionally; but thought it might be locked, don't you know. But say, what in the deuce is the matter with you, anyway? You aren't usually quite so snappish. And that frown; my! you look real ugly. Say, what ails you?"

"Aw, come off, will you? let a fellow rest. You're the tenth man that's asked me that same question within the last half hour. Whose business is it, anyway, haven't I as much right to look ugly as any one?"

"Why, certainly; but come, come now, not quite so firey. Here, take one of these cigars, they're genuine Havanas; just bought 'em. The gov. passed through to-day. I happened to be at the station, and he opened his heart and gave me a lift. Luck, wasn't it? Guess I can afford to celebrate, eh? But come now, let me on to it; maybe I can sympathize with you."

Hal had dropped back into his thoughtful mood, and heard nothing of his friend's chatter after the first few words. It was merely a mechanical action by which he took one of the cigars from the box thrust out to him, and lighted it. He seemed not to be aware of anyone's presence, nor of the fact that the cigar he was smoking was a considerably better one than he was accustomed to. It was Clifford again, and Catherine, and the thought of "getting left"—twice in succession, too—and that on account of that same fellow, which made it all the worse. He started when his friend's hand was laid on his shoulder.

"Come, old fellow, you forget yourself; remember your duty as a host. Besides, you have not passed on these cigars yet, and they really are good. I tell you, it's unkind of you to treat a fellow so; you haven't spoken a word these ten minutes. It's not like you."

"Your pardon, Jack; I am somewhat off to-night, I must confess. But then, I'm all wrong, nothing goes right with me. Yes, the cigars are fine, Jack, no doubt of that. Where'd you get them?"

"Well, now, that beats all! Why, I just told you all about it; you certainly are an appreciative listener. I said the governor passed through to-day and gave me a lift. But tell me what the trouble is; I'll keep mum."

"Why, then, here it is: That contemptable ass, Alex Clifford, has already called on Catherine once this week and to-day, when I asked to call this evening, I received this reply. Here, read it for yourself."

Jack took the note and read as follows:

"DEAR HAL:—Your note came just a few minutes too late. I have accepted an engagement with Mr. Clifford. Am awfully sorry, for although Mr. Clifford is a very charming young man, you know only too well that I had much rather have you call than anyone else.

"With regrets, believe me,

Fondly yours,

"CATHERINE."

"Pretty tough, I'll admit, old man; what are you going to do about it?"

"Well, you see from that that *he* holds no hand."

“Yes, it does seem that you are solid enough, but you know these women are terribly slippery. Once in a while you find a true one, but that is pretty seldom. And Catherine has had a lot of beaux, you know. She likes a good time and she is going to have it, too. Better not trust them too far; keep your eyes open is my advice.”

“What! you don’t believe she would try to fool me, do you?”

“Oh! I don’t know; I didn’t exactly say she would. I only said, mind what you do; best policy, you know. But what will you do about this?”

“I’ll tell you what. I shall go down to morrow evening, engagement or no engagement, and I shall have an understanding about this matter. She must break it off with this fellow Clifford. She shall know that she cannot trifle with me,” and Hal brought his fist down on the table with great force, and clenched his teeth with a determined air.

“Well, old boy, I admire your spunk, and wish you much success. Meanwhile I must move on. Have another; they won’t last long, you know. Good-night, and luck to you.”

When Hal said a thing he meant it. He would face her at all hazards, and he would know whether he was being duped or not. If she was still true she must play quits with Clifford. Being engaged to her, he had a certain degree of authority in the choosing of her friends; he would assert this right. Yes, Hal was in earnest now, and he meant to do just what he said he would do. He might be easy-tempered and good-natured, but there was none more determined when he had once decided on a course of action. And yet the next evening as he was walking toward Catherine’s home the question arose in his mind as to whether he was really right after all. Several times, in that short five minutes walk, he was on the point of turning back. He had never yet spoken a harsh word to Catherine, nor had he ever before had cause for doubting her fidelity, and

he began to question whether even now he had sufficient reason for suspecting her. When he rang the door-bell he had almost resolved not to mention the affair at all. He gave his card to the servant and was shown into the parlor. Miss Catherine would be down soon.

The parlor was lighted; there was another there. He entered, wondering who it could be. He had had a vague suspicion, but, nevertheless, it would be putting it mildly to say that he was surprised to find himself, on entering, face to face with Clifford. For three months they had not spoken, and both were somewhat discomfited by this unexpected meeting. For some moments they stood gazing at each other, and neither spoke. Then the angry flush spread over Hal's face as he broke the silence.

"What, again!" said he.

Clifford had quickly regained his composure, and now stood calm and collected before his angry rival. He did not reply to Hal, but bowed coldly and resumed his chair, from which he had arisen at Hal's entrance.

"I say, what do you mean by it anyway?" asked Hal, growing more incensed.

"Mean by what?"

"Oh! you needn't ask me, you know well enough what I mean. By coming here for the last three nights in succession; that's what, if I must tell you."

"If that is the question, then, to which you are so anxious for a reply, I will just say that I don't know that it is any of your business. So long as Miss Catherine does not object, I hold that I am free to come here as often as I choose."

"However, it will profit you not to waste your time in that way. You certainly can make better use of it. You need not hope to accomplish anything here. I am the chosen one."

"Ah! indeed? glad you told me so. First I've heard of it. But I haven't altogether despaired yet. On the con-

trary, I am very well pleased with my prospects. But on what grounds, may I ask, do you make such a statement."

"That is of no consequence; it is enough that it is true."

"Prove it?"

"I can do it!"

"How?"

Well, then, if you must know, *I'm engaged to her.*"

"So am I."

"It's a lie!"

In an instant they were facing each other, with flushed faces and clenched fists. It might have ended seriously but for a timely interference.

"Gentlemen!"

They both turned and looked toward the door, where stood the object of this discussion, looking as beautiful and charming as ever.

"Gentlemen, I am surprised; I would not have thought it of you. Why, I really believe that you would have injured each other but for my appearance. I do not know the exact cause of the trouble, although I have an idea, having caught the last few words of your quarrel. I may not be correct, but in any case I am sure you both ought to be thoroughly ashamed of yourselves. If, perchance, it so happens that I have been in any way connected with this quarrel, I must say that you have each acted very foolishly. And now if you will excuse me a moment, I think I have something for each of you."

She left the room and soon returned with two small, velvet-lined boxes, such as may be seen at any time in a jeweler's show-window. She gave one to Hal and one to Clifford.

"Under the circumstances," said she, "I hardly think I could keep these longer, so I beg leave to return them. You will find them in good condition, not having been worn except in the presence of the respective owners. I trust I have not inconvenienced either of you by accepting

them. You both have been charming beaux, and I am indebted to you for many a pleasant hour, for which I thank you very much. I regret that I cannot entertain you further this evening, but perhaps it is better; so I will bid you a good-night," with which she bowed and left the room.

They remained for a moment motionless, looking after her until she had disappeared, then they gathered up their coats and hats, and passed in silence out the door, down the walk and into the street. They walked on up the street side by side, and for a hundred yards not a word was spoken. Suddenly Hal stopped, thrust out his hand to Clifford, and said:

"Aren't we a couple of big fools, though? Come, let's shake, old man."

"But didn't she do us?" said Clifford, as he gripped Hal's hand in a long and hearty shake. F. P. J.

THE TRUE ASPECTS OF SOUTHERN SLAVERY.

The slave-holding period of our Southern history is, we believe, most sadly misunderstood. Slavery is forever gone and we would not restore it if we could, but this does not prevent us from desiring to see simple justice paid to the excellent administration of it by our revered forefathers. No member of our Union, and especially of the Southland, should ever become so blinded by so-called piety and impartiality, as to condemn the slave period of our history as an era of despotic and barbaric cruelty. As Grady has said, "it is doubtful if the world has ever seen a peasantry so happy and so well-to-do as the negro slaves of the South." "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and works of a similar nature, portray only the exception and not the rule. They contain the views of those who have not lived among the people they seek to represent, and who take the faults of a small part of the people as typical of the whole.

The only fair and reliable source to draw from on this subject is from the people who lived in vital connection with that period—from the Southerner and the slave. The most incredulous could not doubt the testimony of the latter, the one who was the victim of the evils of the institution. He, of all others would be most likely to magnify the cruelty he suffered from his southern master. Yet, we believe, that from him there comes the strongest evidence against the idea aroused by Mrs. Stowe's work. How few of our fast disappearing sable representatives of the slave population are ever heard to condemn their old masters as barbarously cruel. How many are there who delight to recall the good old times "befo de wah" when they worked on the old plantation and helped to fill "Massa's" cribs, barns and cellars with fruits and provisions that they were to share; when, unhampered by the cares of life, they could sing together the glorious old songs of "Uncle Ned" and "De Glory of de Lamb;" when Christmas meant a season of rest and pleasure, brightened by gifts from "Massa" and "Mistis," rather than a season of want, drunkenness, crime and imprisonment; and when they were the "companions of the hunt, frolic, furrow and home, contented in the kindly dependencies that has been a habit of their blood, and never lifting their eyes beyond the narrow horizon that shut them in with neighbors and friends!" There are but few of these representatives of that time of cruelty that do not say that as far as they are individually concerned, they would like to be enjoying again "dem good ole times down on de farm."

Besides this, what clearer proof do we need of the treatment he had received than that unparalleled fidelity the slave exhibited between 1861 and '65. Had he been the victim of the cruelty that imagination has heaped upon him, not all the combined forces of the South could have stayed the murder, rapine, and pillage that would have greeted the

outbreak of the war. In one night he could have destroyed all the hopes of the Southland. Instead of that, we hear of him staying at home during that four years, laboring to keep the very men in the field who were fighting to keep him in slavery; we hear of him faithfully providing for and protecting the lives of our southern wives, daughters, sisters and children; we hear of him following his young master to the war, to wait upon him and care for his wants, tenderly nursing him when wounded, and mournfully treasuring his last words to the old folks at home, always and everywhere jealous of the honor and anxious for the welfare of the family of which he considered himself a member. Could such fidelity have been the return for the treatment he is said to have borne? Reason itself replies to the contrary.

The cold-blooded Northerner will never be able to realize the meaning of that civilization. Only a Southerner can understand it. It was unique in character, imperfect in many respects, but containing much that elicits our admiration and respect. Slavery brought about a sympathy between the whites and blacks that our modern civilization knows not of. The typical southern planter was a Cavalier, jovial and open-hearted, often hasty of speech and temper, but ever ready to apologize and make amends. The slave understood him far better than any one else, and knew that the hand that administered the lash at times, was always ready to reward his faithfulness and to provide for his wants.

Yes, there was much to criticize in Southern slavery, much that we would never defend, but we only ask that justice, simple justice, be done. The negro is free and we are glad of the fact. It is best for us, we hope it is also for him. We accept him as a friend and citizen, enjoying equal rights and privileges with ourselves, and we hope in the process of time to be able to so educate and refine him

as to fit him to be a safer citizen of our Union, a worthy and trusted neighbor and friend—sharing with us the fairest fruits of the Southland.

J. F. B.

MUSICAL CULTURE.

The natural tendency of music is to ennoble and purify the mind; hence the cultivation of musical tastes and desires gives to the mind a refined and intellectual bent or inclination, which certainly, to a very great extent, excludes and precludes the indulgence of either frivolous or vicious amusements, imparting a mental dignity and tone which will rise high above all that is low, groveling or impure.

Montesque says that "music is the only one of the arts which cannot corrupt the mind."

Goethe says, in one place: "A man should hear a little music every day of his life, in order that the worldly cares of life may not blot out the sense of the beautiful implanted by God in the soul."

Hogarth says: "Music increases the pleasures of the rich, and gives the poor a happy relaxation from their toil." And again he says that, "poetry may sometimes become the handmaid of debauchery, but music never can. A man must be profligate beyond conception whose mind can entertain gross propensities with enervating music ringing in his ears."

A gentleman once said to me: "Why is it that in large cities so many saloons, etc., introduce music?" I replied: "What seems to be the real truth of the matter, they drag music into that foul atmosphere, so reeking with vicious impurity, simply to give dignity to their infernal traffic, debasing, as they do, their physical faculties, the pure air, and all of the glorious gifts which man is endowed with, to the propagation of their nefarious work. Yet, while

we may place a diamond of the first water in a vile place, we can take from it none of its purity and brilliancy. If we deposit it among the merest bits of glass or paste, the comparison shrinks the shams into dull insignificance. In like manner, music will retain its purity, even though it be dragged into vile surroundings.’’

We are glad to note that already music is obtaining a deeper, stronger hold upon the American people than ever before. Parents are beginning to reproach themselves (and well they may) if they have neglected to encourage their children to study music. Young persons feel that they are dwarfed in society when they cannot, in some way, contribute musically to the pleasure of others, whose attainments have so pleased them; and this is as it should be, for we must regard a general diffusion of musical taste as a natural blessing—and, looking the musical horizon over, we are firmly impressed with the belief that we are just on the threshold of a new era in music. The time is rapidly approaching when parents will consider it a religious duty ‘which they must not neglect’ to see that children learn something of the principles of the divine art of music.

An objection is sometimes raised that music is only a luxury for the wealthy or rich, and that the poor can hardly afford it. This is worse than nonsense; for if you cultivate the will earnestly, a way will soon present itself. How often it is said that this or that man made his life a great success, notwithstanding that he was born poor. A careful examination will convince one of the sophistry of that remark.

Oliver Goldsmith, who earned much fame as a writer, and, by his own unaided efforts, raised himself to the front rank among English authors, says his ‘father’s entire income was forty pounds per year.’’ He traveled over much of Europe on foot, looking for an opening of some kind,

with only a scant purse and wardrobe, earning his living by playing his flute.

Nozari, the Italian master and singer, when he first accidentally heard Rubina, a poor tailor's apprentice, recognized his latent powers, and said: "Young man, go and fit yourself to become the first tenor of Italy, for you have the voice." And Rubina did fit himself, and became really the very first tenor of Italy, to whom money and honors poured in from every direction.

We have mentioned these few instances of men who have conquered all difficulties, for two reasons—first, to show the young people of our country (and it is these whom we especially aim to reach) that the fact of their not having been born with a silver spoon in their mouths (as it is sometimes termed), instead of being a reason for their sitting down supinely and bemoaning that fortune has not smiled upon them as it has on some others, is, on the contrary, really a reason for the profoundest gratitude, as the very agitation and dissatisfaction they feel is the lever which should, and will, if they have any of the elements of success in them, arouse their slumbering energies, and lash them into developing all of their best faculties to the highest possible degree.

The second reason is, to eradicate the too prevalent idea that any of the excellencies of this life are limited to any class or condition in life. We especially wish all young persons to feel that the race along the banks of the river of life is a perfectly fair one, in which the one who vigorously tries will always win a worthy part. But mark that while persistent application is all of the genius you require, there is no premium offered for laziness; the train of success does not wait one instant if you loiter by the way.

In saying all should study music, we simply wish them to take it as they would a lovely diamond or pearl of great price, and add it to their other acquirements—first, for a

selfish reason, because its influence will constantly throw a stream of beautiful sunshine and a bright halo of pleasure. Its every tendency will be to soften and polish down some of the irregularities which abound, to a certain extent, in all nature.

A still greater reason for the study of music than its influence on self, lies in the wonderful and almost magnetic influence it exerts on others. It radiates a perfect halo of happifying influences on all who come within the reach of its soul-warming rays: truly he who has attained even a moderate proficiency in singing or playing, has not only the enjoyment which he feels individually, but he has the double pleasure of witnessing the enjoyment he is enabled to impart to others.

Society in every part of the civilized world is keenly alive to the sublime and pleasing influences exerted by music; and hence we find that wherever a person has cultivated his musical talent to such a degree that he can use it freely for the enjoyment of others, society always lionizes him, giving him high places, and mourning his absence when he is away from any social gathering where he has been accustomed to attend.

Another reason why the study of music should become universal, is that it furnishes a most excellent drill for the mind. Music has the entire mind taxed during the study in just the right manner to develop its strength to the utmost extent. This is granted by some of our best thinkers, who have looked into the matter with care, and not only does the student derive great mental strength during the study of music, but every time thereafter that he comes in contact with music the same benefit is received. We think no study is better calculated or suited to give the memory the right kind of tenacity and grip, that is so valuable and so much desired by persons in every walk of life, as the study of the details of music.

The wonderful influence of this divinest of all arts on

the human soul is, in our judgment, the sublimest reason that can be adduced as to why the study of music should become universal when that influence is clearly understood by any person. That person is recreant to duty and to his highest convictions if he does not throw his influence in the musical side of the scale, for he must remember that his decision will, of necessity, influence scores of his associates for better or worse.

Martin Luther, the great leader of the Reformation, in speaking of the elevating influence of music on the heart, says: "Music is one of the fairest gifts of God, to which the evil one is a bitter enemy, because it removes from the heart all of the fascinations of evil thoughts." Again he says: "Music is a kind and gentle sort of disciple, which refines the passion and improves the understanding. Those who truly love it are gentle and honest in their tempers."

There is no testimony we would bring to bear that should have more weight than Luther's, for, aside from the great reform work he inaugurated, demolishing Popery and lifting up the standard of truth with his steady, unflinching voice, he was possessed of considerable musical talent. It is related that he passed the whole night after his celebrated trip to the "Diet at Worms" in playing upon his flute, to calm his perturbed spirits and derive the strength that music was wont to give him. In referring to the pleasure derived from it, he said: "I would not, for a very great matter, be without what skill I possess in this art."

We shall close this brief article, hoping that no young man or young woman, with a spark of love for the pure and the beautiful, will fail to give at least some attention to this most beautiful of all arts. Remember that to enter into the portals of music is to open up a newer and better world of pleasure and enjoyment.

W. J. RAMSEY ('98).

Editorial.

SAM W. SPARGER,
JOE F. BIVINS,

CHIEF EDITOR.
ASSISTANT EDITOR.

WE ARE greatly obliged to the faculty for their kindness in granting the request of the class, that Senior examinations be held a week in advance of the regular examinations. We have, for a long time, thought that a change as regards the Senior examinations might not be altogether for the worse, and we think the concession a just one. Every one knows with what the graduating class has to contend as commencement draws near. In addition to the excitement, peculiar to the occasion, examinations, final adjustment of affairs and preparation to quit these parts, there are orations to be prepared by a considerable number, and for these much time and careful work are necessary. The old plan of running the examinations up to the day before commencement was a great inconvenience to such as have these things to contend with. Examinations do not leave one in the best condition imaginable for the final duties, and a week, in which to rest and straighten up, is not, we think, time entirely thrown away.

—...—

IN THE arrangement of commencement exercises the interests of the students should be considered second only to those of the visitors. And when we say the students, we refer more especially to the lower classmen. Commencement should not be to them merely the end of a college term and the beginning of a vacation; an occasion with which they associate little more than sermons, addresses, and tedious orations in which they, themselves, have no part. This is not all that a college commencement

should stand for, and where this idea prevails a pleasant and successful commencement can hardly be expected. For this the presence and co-operation of the students are necessary, and before these can be had, the lower classmen must be made to feel that the exercises are, in a measure, for them and depend on them.

If our conception is the correct one, last year's commencement fell far short of the mark. It was a miserable failure, notwithstanding the opinion to the contrary, of some who were so situated as not to be able to see all sides of it. The banquet, occupying the same position on the program as the concert of former times, and which was claimed to be an alumni banquet, was, however, just enough of a public affair to render any other means of entertainment impossible, and not enough of such for the accommodation of all.

We shall not discuss this concert of former times as to its merits or demerits, further than that, as far as we have been able to ascertain, it was a source of much enjoyment to the students, being, as it was, the only part of the exercises which they could claim as their own. We do think, however, that one night should be set apart for some such entertainment; as to what, it makes little difference, so that it is managed carefully and judiciously. Let the present management profit by the miserable blunders of their predecessors.

THE Sophomore Annual Banquet, held in the College Inn, April 25th, was in every respect a success; it was decidedly the most enjoyable affair of the term. The program was an attractive one, and the toasts were full of enthusiasm and loyalty, for which the Sophomores hardly have their equals in college. They are to be congratulated that so much can be said of them. We especially admire the spirit in which they work together as a class.

These class banquets and celebrations are, without a

doubt, good things. We hope soon to see all the classes holding their annual celebrations, and that this will soon become an established custom. There is nothing like class organization, and these gatherings tend to foster class spirit and to bind men together into closer bonds of friendship. Such will always have our sympathy and hearty good will.

THERE are always a few who will shirk every duty and every responsibility, if the opportunity be given them. This is especially noticeable when the managers begin to move about with their lists. The man who can and will not pay the tax justly levied on him, leaving the whole burden of it to rest on others, is worthy of condemnation.

IF a man has been so unfortunate as to fail on his first examination, we can see no reason why he should not be allowed a second trial, provided the term's work has been done in the proper spirit, and the second examination is in every respect equal to the first. We hardly think it just, however, or even wise, to give him a third, unless there are especially good reasons for doing so.

THE following words we take from an article which appeared in one of the State papers some time ago, entitled "The Best Kind of Vance Monument:"

"The general interest in and the universal effort for the Vance monument fund, is noted with pleasure by every admirer of the great commoner. The Old North State seems determined now to do herself and her illustrious son great honor. * * * How can this best be done? The idea in the minds of some seems to be by a statue of marble or bronze placed in one or more cities of our State. This may be well enough within itself, but let us consider

whether such an expenditure of the money coming from every part of the State, would be worthy of the man and his deeds whom it is proposed to thus commemorate. * * * Could the great statesman be interviewed on the subject would he not say with becoming modesty: 'Rather let my people build and equip some charitable and benevolent institution for the education of the poor, illiterate children of my State, or a reformatory for the unfortunate criminal youths among us?' This would be worthy of the man and worthy of our State, and generations yet unborn would rise up and call him and us blessed. Our public institutions are crowded and our State schools are filled to overflowing. Applicants are being turned away for want of room and equipment. Let's have a Vance School or a Vance Reformatory or a Vance Hall to aid something of a beneficent nature already in existence. * * * Then let this institution of learning for the poor, or a reformatory for the correction of young criminals, be built in North Carolina in honor of Zebulon Baird Vance; and let its doors be opened by its management arranged in accordance with a wise and judicious policy, and in one decade there will be realized in almost every community among us the practical good resulting therefrom."

The kind of monument we would like to see erected to the memory of the great statesman. There are monuments more lasting than bronze and crumbling stone.

Editor's Table.

J. F. BIVINS,

MANAGER.

A large number of our exchanges for April have failed to reach us, and hence cannot receive our attention. We hope they may yet put in their appearance. These balmy days should be fruitful of good literature, and especially of poetry. We watch closely several of our exchanges for the evidence of spring's inspiring effects. During winter's chilling stay, the strains of our would-be lovers have been somewhat sad and forlorn; we hope that the combined efforts of swelling bud and opening flower may at least give them a more cheerful view of life and its meaning, if it does not give them triumph in that which has been so heavily weighing on their hearts for months past. For their comfort, we would say that perhaps spring's softening influence may yet melt the icy hearts of haughty "Katherines" and unyielding "Sophias"—perhaps.

"Book and Cook," in *Yale Lit*, is a humorous relation of a humorous experience of humorous old Sam Johnson and his French Cook, Eugenie Bertin—showing the anti-pessimistic effects of a good square meal. This issue contains a good criticism on the distinguished author, Robert Louis Stevenson.

The *Wake Forest Student*, for April, contains a bit of unfamiliar history and some interesting stories. We hope our contemporary will not give up the idea of developing the hitherto unwritten North Carolina history.

Emory Phoenix for April is an excellent and praiseworthy issue. The article on the "Sphere of Woman," is too limited in its horizon. It states that woman's only sphere is the home. This poetic view will do as far as those who are for-

fortunate enough to have homes are concerned, but it forgets the sad fact that tens of thousands are excluded from the possibility of becoming mistresses of households, and are forced to provide for their own wants. Woman is graciously endowed by the Creator with talents that fit her for filling many of the most important positions of life, and why say she belongs only to the home? She has graced literature, art, medicine, the office, the school, and other vocations from which man's narrowness has for so long excluded her. Prepare her to assume the all-important functions of wife and mother, but do not barbarously exclude her from a possibility of holding her own in any other sphere of life's activity.

The April issue of the *Randolph-Macon Monthly* devotes only twelve pages to the literary department, while the entire remainder of the magazine is devoted to Editorials, Collegiana, Athletica, Locals, Society Notes, etc., much of which is decidedly interesting to the outside reader. We are glad this is the exception, not the rule, with our contemporary.

The March number of *Hampden-Sidney* contains a very humorous and well written piece, entitled the "Confessions of an Anglomaniac;" also a splendid work of imagination, entitled "Nelo," dealing with the fabled isle of Atlantis. The Editorials and Editor's Table are praiseworthy features of this issue.

The *Wofford College Journal* for April contains an article which sets forth, in good style, some of the best arguments for the annexation of Cuba to the United States; also an interesting bit of narrative, entitled "Jeff."

The *Normal Message*, of the Kirksville Normal College, contains several well written and interesting articles on live subjects. One of these, we are glad to note, is an illustrated article on the X-Rays, by Professor J. H. Scar-

boro, who was graduated from Trinity in 1887. Mr. Scarborough is conducting a series of successful experiments in this new and most interesting discovery. We are always glad to hear of the progress our boys are making in their chosen fields.

CLIPPINGS.

A WOODLAND MYSTERY.

Was it the autumn wind kissing my cheek,
 Murmuring softly?
 Was it the brooklet awaking from sleep,
 Whispering coyly?
 Or a leaf from its swaying support in the air,
 Falling beside me?
 But the winds had ceased, and the brook's soft flow
 Was ne'er more peaceful, and still and slow.
 Was there a face, for a moment entrancing,
 Peering in mine?
 Eyes where the gayest of moods were a dancing,
 Features divine,
 Was the branch of the Hazel moved lightly aside
 As it passed away?
 Question in vain, for nymphs are fleet,
 And Pan guards, jealous, their safe retreat.

—*Yale Lit.*

WEARINESS.

Mist-wreathed in cerements,
 Ghost like and eerie;
 Wind swept through pinelands dense,
 Darkling the day goes hence,
 Leaving me weary.
 Dusk-weighed o'er life's rose-tide;
 Night cometh dreary;
 Love's golden light hath died,
 She is gone from my side,
 Leaving me weary.

—*Hampden-Sidney Magazine.*

HOW MUCH DID THEY COST ?

Lips bewitching, red and smiling,
 Sadness from my heart beguiling ;
 How thy pearly teeth so bright,
 Look like tombstones in the night !
 Tell me honest, tell me true,
 How much did them teeth cost you ?

—Ozark.

 ✨FOR ✨SALE! ✨

I have several copies of the North Carolina Literature Number of THE ARCHIVE for sale. This issue contains articles on Walter Clark (with portrait), T. B. Kingsbury (with portrait), Edwin W. Fuller (with portrait), Francis L. Hawks, Christian Reid, Theo. H. Hill (with portrait), "Magdalene" and Its Composer (with portrait), and an article, "Some Aspects of a State's Literature." Send 20 cents in stamps for a copy. I also have April number for 15 cents per copy.

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THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

TRINITY PARK, DURHAM, JUNE, 1896.

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Literary.

H. B. CRAVEN,

MANAGER.

A CLUB OF EIGHT.

[An Unpublished Manuscript by Edwin W. Fuller.]

CHAPTER II.

Thursday night all met again. Our friends seemed to take in more perfectly the idea of the organization, and all appeared to harmonize. There was considerable anxiety manifest to hear the story of the evening, and after very little preliminary conversation, and mutual inquiries after health and indefinite and irrelevant remarks about the weather, Rev. Alfred Woowit took the chair appointed for the speaker. His appearance was even more peculiar and striking. His hair seemed longer and whiter, his face more cadaverous, while his eyes burned with a black fire that almost amounted to physical heat. His thick, clammy hands were folded nervously over his cane, and he was altogether the most perfect picture of the fanatic. He

gave a quick glance round at the interested group of faces and began :

THE SPIRITUALIST'S STORY.

“*Brethren* :—The fool hath said in his heart there are no spirits around us. We are spirits ourselves, and use these contemptible bodies with tyranny supreme. Is the body more than carion? Does not the spirit alone save it from ruin? If the body is crushed, does the body feel it? Does not the mind, the intelligence, the spirit alone receive the hurt? Take the spirit away and grind the frame to atoms and it feels no pain. But you cannot see a spirit, because the body only has the eyes your spirit sees by. You cannot hear a spirit, because the body alone has the ears to hear with. You cannot feel a spirit, because the body alone has the nerves to feel with. The spirit then, brethren, is dependent on matter to use matter. The spirit must have a body to be known to bodies. Then when the body dies, can it speak or make a noise, or move a material object? No, because it has no matter to do these things with. But the spirit can speak to spirit with the tongue of spirit, if they be unison of spirituality. A spirit without the body may impress its presence on the spirit in the body, if the spirit will withdraw its attention from the things of the body and receive the mystic influences. Were any of you to come to my room and beg that I call up a spirit and make it knock or move the table, or any such thing, I would tell you such attempts were utter folly, for no spirit could have material connection with a table. It could not strike, because it would have no material to strike, and spirit might act forever upon the table and there would be nothing to move the waves of air, which would strike your body's ear and give you noise. And I would tell you that no spirit can give visible, audible or sensible evidence of its existence. Only to the intelligence can it speak. And I would teach you to withdraw

from the material world, to think of the spiritual incessantly, to take no food that would please the sense and make you conscious of taste, but take medicinally, once a day, such condensed nutriment as will preserve bodily life without imparting more than bare consciousness of it. I would teach you to hear no sounds that would remind you of your ears, to see no sights that would make you conscious of eyes; but I would pray you in a closet, darkest room, concentrate the mind upon the spiritual, and ere long the spirit of the air would speak to you, would pass with shadowy forms before the mind, and would gradually establish such acquaintance as would repay in pleasure the ordeal of spiritualizing. In me, friends, you behold one who has attained the point of perfect acquaintance, and I can now come back a little to the world of life and light and sound. I have fasted, I have prayed, I have torn my mind from its fleshly loves; but oh, the agony of the trial! The flitting forms that flock my pillow at night, repay the toil and the abstinence; but oh! they all cannot fill one longing! One spirit is wanting, one shadow comes not, save in a golden cloud, and this I cannot pierce. If I come back to the flesh for a day and gaze upon the world, the cloud fades to copper or black, but if I bury myself in thought, and trample the body and its wants under foot, the clouds only brighten to golden distinctly, that only dazzles, but never reveals: no, never, never, never."

He dropped his head upon his hands and trembled in his emotion. When he raised his face, two bright red spots shone in each cheek, scarcely larger than a little wafer and as red. These alone showed that he had any blood in his frame.

"You would think me old, friends," he resumed, "and yet, not thirty-five years has whitened this head. I was the only child of a Croesus, and all that wealth could give, I had. I grew to manhood, passed in triumph through the honors of universities; having no need, I entered life

without an occupation. I was too proud to have associates who labored by hand or head for bread. I believed in an ideal man who might live in his own thoughts and despise a world whose whole machinery was moved by one power, gain; and I became a recluse among the musty volumes of our library. None dare invade its portals, and without the sight of humanity for months, I dwelt with the wild legends of the sages, the stern, the strange mysticism of the middle ages, the bloody superstitions of the Druids and the gorgeous, populous spiritualism of the East; old volume MSS, strange ciphers from crypts, and dusty times of the ancients, gathered by a mystic ancestry, were before me, and I devoured their pages.

“At last, I was rewarded. I felt the presence of a spirit, its indefinable influence; the strange, awful reverence that seizes the mind as it is admitted in the realms of the spiritual was mine, and the consumation of the thought of mental discipline was reached. I had touched the unknown; I had found the hidden and stood beside the grand masters of the ages. But as I entered on my joys, the body fell, and on the verge of death I lay, with the beautiful fields just found, unexplored. Physicians declared I must cease study and seek life for a time. I could not die before I had reached my goal, and I gradually rose from my bed to seek the world. I plunged into gaiety. My wealthy, my learning and my looks (I did not look then as now, *blighted*) made me a lion. The proudest belles courted my attentions, and I had only to offer, and receive the hand of my choice, save one. A queenly form, a radiant face, there was, that did not blush at my flattery, nor smile with forced sycophancy at my lightest word. An exquisite courtesy, the kindest treatment and the interest of true politeness in all I had to say, she gave. And I loved. And with love vanished flattery, adulation and frivolous attentions. The dignity of love sought woman’s heart and won it, and when I saw by the light of

her eye, the flush of her cheek, that she loved me, I was wild.

“Oh, she was too lovely to describe, too radiant for language; and we loved. Not that foolish pride of conquest, but the steady flame of the heart.

“The days glided by on golden wheels. So smooth our love, no ripple on its surface, for our trust was too fond to have a doubt; no reproachful glance, for our eyes never met without the thrilling look that burned the heart.

“And so love became part of my life, and all of it. I thought nor dreamed of aught else save Agnes. When with her, her glorious presence filled my being; when absent from her, her last look or word was my only thought. And, oh! young friends, you may smile, but the love of youth, deep in its ardor, pure in its thought, firm in its confidence and perfect in its trust, is the only Heaven earth knows.

“We were to be married, and each succeeding day seemed to throw its burden of happiness upon me till I neared delirium. One day I entered the library, the first time since my sickness, and upon the table lay my books, untouched and open. A gloom like an avalanche crushed upon my brain and a voice hissed: ‘Recreant! will you yield life’s purposes to love. Will you lie in its rose chains and forsake the grand paths you have entered?’

“My soul almost rent in the struggle. To give up what I had so toiled for, when almost grasped; to turn from the mystic arcana when the key was turning in the lock. I must not! I must not! and yet to leave Agnes for a day, to withdraw from the light of her countenance, to banish thoughts of her from my mind and fill it with weird gloomy spectre of my reverie, I could not! I could not! Yet the stern dictates of destiny lashed me on, and, struggling as no mortal can struggled, I fell and wallowed foaming on the floor. When I rose, fate had conquered. I resolved to go to Agnes and postpone our marriage for six months,

to tell her my longings and toils, to ask her patience with my absence till I should reach my object, which I hoped to do shortly, when I would return to the world and claim my peerless bride.

“I sought and spoke thus. Her face saddened as I spoke, and, gazing down, the long lashes of her eyes seived the trickling tears. I sat silent till she placed her hand in mind and said :

“Oh Alfred, you know your duty best, forgive my remonstration. Before my Maker 'tis no selfish thought, but for your own happiness I pray you to leave those dark secrets. There may or may not be truth in them, but dearest you know their study is a toil and weariness without reward. Stay in the beautiful light God has given us, and live in the sunshine of His smile. Do not seek the gloom of the forbidden.

“I heard her with the agony of conviction, but I would not yield. I felt that I would be unworthy of her to seek ease and fly from labor. I promised that in three months I would see her, and be hers forever, and I bade her farewell. ‘Farewell,’ fell in her holy tearful tones like a knell upon my heart. ‘God help you from sin and doubt my darling, farewell.’

“I rushed from her presence and sought my home. I bade the servants admit no one, and to bring me no communication. I had a box prepared, and placed at the library door in which all letters should be placed. I ordered that my food should be placed once a day noiselessly in at the door, and all sounds should be subdued in the house. And then I shut myself in. Day after day I forced myself to thought and study, but no answer came, no presence was perceptible. I seemed to be surrounded by a hard gray wall over which thought could not reach. I was almost frantic in my despair. I cursed the world that had lured me from my pursuit. I cursed my folly in leaving there, and I cursed the memory of Agnes that would

intrude and hinder thought. Then light broke through the wall, it gradually melted away, and I began again to feel the mystic touches of the unknown. But I could not reach that knowledge of that acquaintance that I longed. The tortures of a hell were mine as I lashed thought into action and bent with a bursting brain to the terrible tasks. A deserved hell was mine as I drove with execration the image of Agnes from my mind, and opened it only to the shadows that now came to torment me with their fleeting uncertainty. And as the three months closed I had attained no further; the shadows were there, the whisperings, the shuddering evidence of a presence, but no reality, nothing defined. The pledge of my honor alone burst my bonds, and weary, haggard, foiled, enraged with myself, but never doubting my system, I rose and passed through the door to light and air. A blackness of remorse for wasted time, for cruelty to Agnes, and a crushing consciousness of failure, added to a misery unequalled.

At the door I found my box full of letters, many from Agnes, bearing no reproach for my silence, but assuring me of her love and her trusting patience, and two—the two last. One to tell me that she was dying, that the physicians had given up hope, and that she was only waiting for the summons; that her only prayer was that she might see my face once more. The other, dated that very day, to tell me farewell till eternity, to pray God's blessing upon me and to point me to the fountain of true wisdom.

I did not faint nor cry out. I crushed the letter in my hands and strode through the streets to her home. Children fled from me as I passed, and people stared at my wild, worn face.

I dashed open the door of her house. A frightened servant met me in the hall. "Where is Agnes?" I started at my own tones, so hollow did they sound. "She is dying, sir." He pointed to a room, and I rushed to the door and entered. Weeping friends were startled from her bedside,

and some sprang towards me to arrest the madman I seemed.

‘But Agnes knew me, and her face—oh, my God! how changed, hollow, wan, but not ghastly. No death could make it ghastly, though stamped with his most pallid seal. Her eyes, once so full of glorious light, were dim and hazy, and her mouth, once so smiling and rosy, now parted the leaden lips in its gasping. The eyes lightened a little as I knelt by the bed, and she made a feeble effort to lift the poor, thin hand that had so often rested in mine. I took it, and burying my face on the pillow over which waved the silken masses of her hair that death could not dim, I wept.

‘Tears from a hardened black heart are scalding, and mine were like trickling lava.

‘I gazed upon her face with an agony, that eternity can never repay, and oh, the love of her eye! Glazing as it was, its last struggling beam of intelligence seemed to break through the glaze and speak to me. One motion of the purple lips, the looking one became meaningless, and like the scene in a camera, the livid hue was passed under the surface of her face and Agnes was dead.

‘Dead without a word of forgiveness, dead without hearing my confession, dead in belief of my coldness, dead! Oh, how far beyond all reparation does the word launch those we have wronged!

‘I craved permission to watch alone by her corpse. And through a long, long night I sat by the bed where lay all that I had loved. I believed that her spirit would come to me then and itself approve my ordeal. I believed that it was a providence that had forced me into retirement that I might be prepared for communion with her soul, and I waited for the house to become still, that I might meet my angel one.

‘All was silent, as hour after hour I sat gazing upon her moveless face. The compressed lips had relaxed into a

smile, like the smile of a statue, as fixed and as chizelled, still, forever still. The eyes, poor sunken eyes, swept their fringe upon her cheek without a quiver. The hands, so white, so cold, held the spotless camelia to her bosom, with no shadow of a tremor.

“Dead, dead, no hope dared paint a sign of life. Then I bent my thought to the spiritual. With an energy superhuman, I drove my mind from my flesh to meet hers. “No, no, no,” seemed to whisper the air. The shadows of old came thronging, the presence was more awful, but naught could I see in the hideous gloom of their surroundings that told me of Agnes. I sank to the floor, pressed my face against the cold rosewood, and closed my eyes, with straining lids, to drive vision to the spirit world around me. Naught, naught save a glimmer from the somewhere that came near my mind, brighter and brighter, till it stood before my eyes, a golden cloud.

“’Twas Agnes, I knew, and could I pierce the dazzling vapor I would see her. But like a will-o-the-wisp it fled from touch; did I press the mind upon it to cognise it, ’twould fade, did I think of aught else ’twould doze with it’s brightness. Frantic, I chased it around the room, blindly striking every object, for if my eyes unclosed I knew it was gone.

“On and on till the very cloud seemed to touch my forehead, and I fell senseless to the floor.

“I only came to life long after the flowers were blooming on Agnes’ grave, and I’ve entered the world to do what I can before I lie beside her. They call me spiritualist at my little church because I cease not to lift my voice against its ruin of soul and body. The spirits may be round us, friends, but it is utterly impossible for them to be sensible to us while we are in the body.

“I can close my eyes, and by intense thought, bring up the strange mysterious feelings I have told, but ’tis my poor disordered brain, and its figments. God alone can

satisfy the mind, and to Him I direct all thought. He will give me Agnes in time, and I wait, but oh! brethren, hear the bitter confession of one wrecked in mind, and almost in soul, as I have given it, and as I close, take this last word :

“All spiritualists are unsound in mind or hypocrites.”

COL. WILLIAM L. SAUNDERS.

The subject of this sketch was born in Raleigh, July 30, 1835. His father, James H. Saunders was an Episcopal clergyman, well educated and refined. He went to Florida in 1836, and died in a few years of typhoid fever.

Young Saunders' mother moved back to Raleigh when he was only four years old. Here he lived until 1850. He was prepared for college at the Lovejoy school. The old school-house stood where the Governor's Mansion now stands, and was one of the earliest and best schools in the State.

When he was fifteen, his mother moved to Chapel Hill to send him to the University. He was a bright boy, and made a fine impression on the college community. During the first and last part of his college career, he was a faithful student; during the intervening period, he did not study much, as his associates belonged to that class who love pleasure more than books. He was graduated in 1854 at the age of nineteen.

Immediately after graduation he studied law under Judge Battle and Hon. S. F. Phillips, Solicitor General under Grant and Hayes. He studied law faithfully and was admitted to the bar in 1856, locating in Salisbury. He was too diffident to become a great orator, and his success in attracting clients was not remarkable, but no one acquainted with him doubts that he would have made a profound jurist, had he remained in the profession. During his residence in Salisbury he was one of the editors of

the *Salisbury Banner*, a Democratic paper published there.

In 1861 he volunteered as a private in the Rowan Rifle Guards. Later he was appointed Lieutenant in the Rowan Artillery. In 1862 he was appointed Captain with instructions to enlist a company of infantry, which he did. In this same year he was made Major; in 1863 he was promoted to the position of Lieut. Colonel; and in Jan., 1864, he was elected Colonel of his regiment.

He was twice wounded during the war; slightly at the battlefield of Fredericksburg, Dec. 1862; more seriously, at the battle of the Wilderness March, 1864. In the latter instance the ball entered his mouth and came out at the back of his neck. He never fully recovered from this wound, the effects of which complicated the afflictions of his later life. He followed the fortunes of the Confederacy all through the war, and was faithful to it until he saw its star set forever at Appomattox. There he, with the remnant of Lee's veterans, laid down his arms April 9, 1865.

In the meantime he was married Feb. 3, 1864, to Miss Florida C. Cotton, daughter of Mr. Jno. W. Cotton, but she died in July 1865.

The wound which Col. Saunders had received incapacitated him for the further practice of law, so he settled down to the occupation of planting, which he pursued for five years.

In 1870, and 1872, he was elected Secretary of the State, a position which he filled very acceptably. The years from 1865-1876 were troublesome ones to the South, and North Carolina was no exception to the rule. An organization known as the Ku Klux Klan arose in North Carolina, ostensibly to prevent crime, but the Klan itself was accused of many outrages. Col. Saunders has been charged with being the chief of the Klan, and many believed it to be true. If so, his high character and his knowledge of law are a sufficient guarantee that he did not countenance the out-

rages committed in some sections. Those were abnormal times, and our best men thought it not improper to countenance such organizations to repress rape, barn-burning, and other outrages committed by negroes and low white men in the confidence that they would not be punished under the law as administered. In 1891 Col. Saunders was summoned to Washington to appear before the Ku Klux Committee. He was asked many questions with intention of getting evidence which would criminate himself, or others. All these questions, except a few formal ones, he positively refused to answer. This was a new and unexpected experience to the committee, all previous witnesses having qualified before them. They proposed to commit Saunders for contempt; he stood firm, and although Congress was then under the control of sectional partisans and the bitterest feelings prevailed, and although the Ku Klux were special objects of hatred, he returned home in triumph, leaving them no wiser than when he came.

In 1892, Col. Saunders took position upon the editorial staff of the *Wilmington Journal*, Maj. J. A. Engelhard being associated with him. At that time the *Journal* was the leading Democratic paper in the State. For some reason or other the *Journal* went out of existence; and in 1876 Saunders and Hale began the publication of the *Observer* in Raleigh. This paper very soon became the leading paper in the State. He remained editor of the *Observer* until his appointment as Secretary of State.

February 5, 1879, Col. Saunders was appointed to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Maj. Engelhard, Secretary of State. This position he continued to hold until his death, having been elected to the office in 1880, and again in 1884 and 1888.

While in this office he did one of the greatest works of his life, the editing of the Colonial Records of North Carolina. It had long been known that the records were very meagre, and efforts had been made as early as 1827 to get

copies from the British Government of such papers as relate to the colonial history of the State. This effort, and other similar ones, had failed for various reasons. Col. Saunders realized the importance of these old records, and succeeded through his friends in getting the General Assembly to appropriate a sufficient sum to have the necessary documents copied. He understood the word of editing the records, as had been agreed upon, and prosecuted it with commendable energy. As he himself said, "I did the very best I could, without reward, or hope of reward, but solely because of the love I bear to North Carolina and her people." From the time of his appointment as Secretary of State until his death, he devoted his time to rescuing from oblivion the names and deeds of the early settlers of the State "so that coming generations might know what manner of men their fathers were." During the whole of this period he was a great sufferer, and a part of the time could not walk a step, but had to be wheeled about in a chair. In spite of these difficulties, he applied himself vigorously to his self-imposed task, and never relaxed his grasp until death laid his icy finger upon him.

On April 2, 1891, he died, surrounded by loving friends, and was interred in the cemetery in Tarboro. One incident connected with his death and burial is worthy of note, as it illustrates a trait of his character. His family was asked to let his body lie "in state" in the capitol until it was removed for burial, but refused on the ground that his earnest request had been that there be no display, and he be given "plain Christian burial."

It is difficult to estimate the character of a man like Saunders. Some one has said that to estimate a man correctly, one must see him try to perform some work just beyond his powers. Saunders cannot be judged in this way, as he always rose equal to the occasion.

In politics, he was a Democrat, even in his boyhood, although the remainder of the family were Whigs, and would

not permit a Democratic paper in the house. He believed in the people; said that they would do right every time if they would only get a fair understanding of the question or issue to be decided. He had no sympathy with the centralizing tendencies of his times; he opposed monopolies and corporations when they undertook to oppress the people. During his lifetime the Democratic party in the State found no abler champion than he. As editor of the *Journal* and of the *Observer*, he struck his political enemies blow after blow, and threw them into confusion and dismay. During the days of Reconstruction he did more, probably, than any other man to rid the State of Carpet-bag rule. After he became Secretary of State he planned every political campaign in the State; and although he never took the stump and canvassed the field, he was the unseen hand that directed the strokes—the mind that indicated on what issues the campaign should be fought. Besides this, he was the author of the Democratic handbooks, which contained the material from which all the campaign speeches were made.

He never held an office higher than Secretary of State, but had his health permitted, undoubtedly, he would have been made Governor. In political matters his judgment was trusted by all who knew him, and their confidence was not misplaced, for the result usually verified his opinion. It is related that a certain editor was at a loss to decide which side of a doubtful political matter to espouse. Unable to make a decision, he went to Raleigh, consulted Saunders, and came back perfectly satisfied. When asked to defend his opinion, in private, he said: ‘Bill Saunders believes this, and I know he is right.’ Col. Saunders’ advice was sought on political matters oftener, perhaps, than any other public man’s in the State.

He was an ideal public officer: in whatever capacity found, he performed the duties of the office with the greatest exactness, punctuality and care. He was scrupulously

honest even to a nicety. Public office with him was a public trust, and as such he accepted it.

He was, perhaps, the ablest editor the State has ever produced. There have been more polished and erudite writers, but everything considered, wisdom, level-headedness, culture, force, correctness, devotion to truth and duty, love for the great mass of the people. William L. Saunders was the peer of any editor ever in the State. Both the *Journal* and the *Observer*, while under his control, stood in the front rank, and were easily the first of North Carolina dailies. His special characteristic as an editor was his good common sense. Although a man of deep prejudices, his judgments were so deliberate and correct that he seldom gave utterance to an opinion when the events which followed did not justify it. The papers that he edited were noted for the brilliancy, force, and prudence of the editorials, for their truth and accuracy, for devotion to principle and the rights of the people. There was no pandering to a vitiated public taste to obtain notoriety or popularity. His greatest work was the editing of the *Colonial Records*. Up to the time he was appointed to this work, he had had no peculiar qualification nor preparation for it; but as soon as he took charge of it, he gave it his best attention, and in a remarkably short time he was enthusiastic over it. In editing the *Records* he became better versed in colonial history than any other man in the State. "His prefatory notes are the best history extant of colonial times in North Carolina, and are of themselves sufficient to give him a reputation and a name." This work of Col. Saunders has been done coolly and carefully in the spirit of the modern historian. He has triumphantly vindicated the good name of North Carolina from the foul aspersions of "would-be" historians; and the task has been done so successfully that it is not probable that anyone will try to injure it again. Only since this work has been completed has it been possible to

write an accurate history of the State. For this work, Col. Saunders never received one cent; he seemed overwhelmed when the Asembly voted him a resolution of thanks. He was a disinterested benefactor of the State, and his name deserves a place among those that can never die.

As a soldier, he was a success, and added renown to his name. He had the qualities of a great military leader; he was quick, spirited, brave, generous, and had that quality necessary in a leader of any kind—magnetism—the power to draw men to him.

As a man, he had many of the finest traits of character; he was affectionate; to those unacquainted with him he might seem cold and distant; but upon those who knew him, he had a wealth of affection to bestow.

Col. Saunders had a very logical mind; he was a fine reasoner; at college, he devoted himself to Mathematics, thus developing his natural powers.

He was very liberal; the poor man knew him as his friend, and was never turned away empty-handed. He often took his last cent from his pocket to assist a needy friend.

He was modest and diffident; in fact two much so, as it stood in the way of promotion. Like Goldsmith's village parson, "His failings leaned to virtue's side."

His backbone and manliness are well illustrated by his conduct before the Ku Klux committee already related.

He was courageous and undaunted; when he had decided upon a course, no power on earth could stop him.

He was devoted to education. Himself a graduate of the University, he did all he could to foster it and promote its prosperity. The faculty of that institution said of him at his death that "from the day of his graduation to the day of his death, he gave the institution the best thoughts of his big brain, and the best affection of his great heart." But his love for education did not exhaust

itself with the University, but extended to every institution of the State. He was especially interested in the public school system of the State, and desired to see it made really effective.

As Tennyson said of the Duke of Wellington, so might it be said of Saunders :

“A good gray head, whom all men knew,
O iron nerve to true occasion true,
Fallen at length, that tower of strength,
That stood four-square to every wind that blew.”

T. C. HOYLE.

EPHRAIM AND THE WITCHES.

The very amusing superstitious ideas so prevalent among the negroes of the South in former days are fast disappearing. No longer is it necessary when “de ole har” crosses the road in front of any one, to turn around and make a cross mark to keep off bad luck. Notwithstanding the absurdity of such notions, the sincerity of those ignorant people cannot be doubted for a moment. And the following, somewhat ridiculous, yet partly true, story is a good illustration of that sincerity, and deals with one of the very few such ideas which some of the negroes still cling to. I shall relate it as nearly as possible in the words of an old slave owner under whose observation the incidents occurred.

“Among some forty or fifty negro men whom I owned before the war was a fellow by the name of Ephraim. He was a very large, strong-built man, and I never owned one in my life who was a better laborer or who could be managed with less trouble. If there was any very particular work to be done, or in fact anything which required especial care, it was always intrusted to Ephraim, and the result was that I became much attached to him. There was one thing, however, which was sometimes a source of great annoyance, and I might say, occasionally of amusement.

He had the most peculiar superstitions a negro ever had; I think about as many of them as was possible for any one man to have.

“For convenience, the cabins in which the negroes lived were built about one hundred and fifty yards from the main dwelling with about twenty or thirty yards between, something on the order of a street. Every married man whose wife I owned—men often belonged to one party while their wives perhaps belonged to another, in those days—had a cabin for himself. But the unmarried men, and those whose wives lived elsewhere, lived four together in one cabin. Old Ephraim was a bachelor, and sternly object to this way of living, saying: ‘Dem niggers don’t suit me no how.’ It happened that there was a cabin on another side of the house, and somewhat nearer. This I let him occupy.

“The inside of that house presented a rare sight. The walls were covered with papers, the pictures in most cases being inverted. Here and there hung a snake skin, an old horse shoe, a white rock, a bunch of hair, the left hind-foot of a grave-yard rabbit, to say nothing of dried roots of herbs. All of these were for the purpose of keeping off bad luck and bringing good fortune. Over the door, in racks made of two forked dogwood sticks, was an old single-barrel gun, very long, and fired by flint and steel. In one corner was a long trough very much like the common feed trough, except that it was wider and deeper. In this he slept, and no amount of persuasion could induce him to sleep upon a bed. In short, the whole looked more like a conjurer’s den than anything else. All this he kept secure with lock and key.

“On one very busy occasion I noticed that Ephraim did not take his usual place among the laborers, but appeared careless and slow. Thinking perhaps he was a little ‘ailing,’ I said nothing to him. Several days passed and he was still in the same condition, so I decided to investi-

gate the matter, and sent for him to come to see me. As he stepped up with hat in hand he seemed very much confused, and it was evident that he dreaded the questions which he felt sure were coming.

“‘Well, Ephraim,’ said I, ‘you seem to be sick, or something of the kind; you don’t lead the boys like you generally do. What is the trouble?’

‘It’s all agin me Marster, but taint nuthin’ I bin doin’. I never has been disaffected like dis befo’, but I’s hearn a powerful heap about it.’

“‘Well, now, what is it?’

‘I’m rid Marster, rid nigh about all de time.’

“‘Who has been riding you? Where did they ride you to, and when?’

“‘Witches! Marster, witches rides me every night, all over dis land. I’s done gone over every hill in ten mile o’ dis place, and I jus’ knows dey’s gwine to ride de life outer me jus’ like dey did outer ole man Mose Patterson. I done hear’n em talk about it. Dey’s jus’ had me gwine at sich a run dat I haint bin so’s I felt lack wuk.’

“I felt sorry for the old man for I knew his confession came from an honest, though superstitious mind, and tried to persuade him that it was all imagination, but in vain. I knew nothing that I could do for him, so I gave him that day in which to rest, thinking that he would perhaps pass the night without any experience with the witches.

“During the day I noticed him going about as if looking for something or making some kind of preparation. When night came I thought of going down to his cabin and talking with him for a while, but for some reason failed to do so, and retired without another thought of Ephraim and his witches.

“Sometime after midnight I was awakened by some one yelling, ‘Murder! Help! Lawd I’m done dead!’ Hastily dressing, I rushed out to find the cries coming from Ephraim’s cabin. Going down there as quickly as I could

I found him dancing about over the room almost wild with fright. He was covered with blood, and in the dim light, which flickered from a pine knot, he presented a ghastly spectacle. In a short time quite a crowd, awakened also by the noise, had come up, and with considerable difficulty we managed to get him quieted, and learned the trouble.

“After he had left me the morning before, he had secured an old carving knife, and ground it as sharp as possible for the purpose of defending himself against the witches. With this in hand he had gone to sleep, and under the impression that the witches were after him, had struck a blow, which, instead of killing the witch, had taken off a full half inch of his nose. This was short and flat enough before, and now scarcely any was left. We succeeded in stopping the blood, and in a short time a doctor was on hand and the wound dressed.

“For several weeks the old fellow was obliged to stay indoors, and as he consented to have one of the men stay with him at night, the witches ceased visiting him. The wound healed well, but left an ugly scar, and the other negroes, whom I had strictly forbidden to mention the matter in Ephraim’s presence, were now teasing him and laughing at his stub nose on all occasions. This made him very angry, and he was becoming almost worthless, except when working alone. As time passed he grew worse and worse, and I was about to despair of ever doing anything with him. I hated to sell him for he would not bring half what he was really worth, and besides, I really liked him.

“One night I heard a noise as if some one were preaching, and asked some of the negroes about it. They told me that it was Ephraim, and that he prayed every night that he might die, declaring that he was tired of this life. The poor man had been laughed at until he had about given up all hope, and it was impossible to keep the negroes from teasing him when they were ought of my sight. I carried him fishing and hunting with me, and tried in every way

possible to divert his mind, but to no purpose. He prayed every night to die.

“I knew he did not realize what he was doing, and every effort having failed, I determined to try an experiment. So one dark night I dressed up in as ghostly an attire as possible, taking great care that none of the other negroes should see me, and started for Ephraim’s cabin. When in about fifty yards of the house I stopped to wait until he should begin his prayer. It seemed as if he was not going to start at all, and I had begun to think he had decided to quit, when he broke forth with unusual fervor:

“‘Oh, Lord! Come down and take dis nigger to Heaven. Sen’ down an angel arter him for he done ready to leave dis low-groun’ er sorrow.’

I had now moved up to the door as quietly as possible, and through a crack could see the old man on his knees, with clasped hands and up lifted face. Just as he finished the last sentence I knocked upon the door.

“‘Who’s dat,’ came quickly from within.

“‘I am the Angel Gabriel come from Heaven to take poor Ephraim out of this trouble.’

“‘In an instant he was on his feet, with the fire-stick in his hand.

“‘Lawd, Mars Gabel, dat nigger done been dead twenty years, and dis am de wrong nigger.’”

“‘Gabriel must carry a nigger back, and thy nose is waiting for thee, so prepare to leave this world.’

“‘Oh! Lord hab mussy on dis nigger! What is ole Mars and ole Missus gwine do without ole Ephraim?’

“‘Your Master wants no niggers that do not work.’

“‘Oh! Mars Gabel it’s de witches! It’s de witches! Dey’s done spiled me, but I’m gwine do everything you tells me, ef you jes’ leave me here.’

“‘Then I shall take the witches, and by my cross mark they shall never return. But to church thou must go, no lie shalt thou tell, no more charnus shall thou keep, and

three times a day must thou pray. Do these things and thou shalt live, do them not and thou shalt die.'

'Oh Lawd God Mars Gabel, yas sir, I does.'

“ ‘Then remember, and farewell.’

‘I got away as quickly, and as quietly as possible, and was soon in bed and sound asleep.

“The next morning Ephraim was at the house bright and early, and the whole story of the angel’s visit was told. He declared himself ready to do more work ‘dan de bes nigger on the place,’ but wanted time to clean out ‘dat ole house of his’n.’ I gave him the morning to get ready to live according to orders. In a short while I noticed him piling up his furniture in front of his cabin. After all was out, he deliberately set fire to the pile and burned it. I gave him a bed and a new chair, and he was ready for work by noon. Regularly on Sunday he went to church, and so far as I could tell, carried out every order to the letter. The other negroes had great faith in him ever afterwards, and he became again the best man on the plantation.”

J. P. G.

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A KU KLUX RAID, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

It was the summer of 1870, a year memorable in the political and social history of North Carolina. Among the notable events of the year may be mentioned the culmination and decline of the Ku Klux organization, the grave blunders of Governor Holden in the matter of the Kirk war, and the election of a Democratic legislature.

The original incident, the germ of those now to be related, occurred in a section of the State from twenty to thirty miles southwest of Raleigh known as Buckhorn, a name borne by three adjacent townships in three adjacent counties, viz: Chatham, Wake and Harnett.

From Raleigh a great turnpike road leads southwest for fifteen miles to the village of Holly Springs; thence west-

ward through Buckhorn in Wake into Buckhorn in Chatham to Avent's Ferry on the Cape Fear river, leaving Buckhorn in Harnett to the South. This road is of great historic interest as being the scene of the last war movement of Gen. Sherman's Army. Along this road from Raleigh to Avent's Ferry Gen. Sherman threw out the left wing of his army for the purpose of reaching Charlotte ahead of Gen. Johnston's army, which was following in its retreat the line of the North Carolina Railroad. When the van of the army had reached Avent's Ferry, and a pontoon bridge was being thrown across the river, the whole moving mass of army corps along the entire length of the road came to a halt, went into camp, and remained two weeks as guests of this usually quiet section of the State. The devastation wrought was all that could be expected from a hostile army.

I hail from Buckhorn in Harnett. At the time above mentioned (the summer of 1870) I had returned home from Trinity College to spend the vacation at the close of my Freshman year. On Friday night, July 1st, about eleven o'clock, a squad of mounted men in rapid movement passed along the road to the northwest. In the faint moonlight the men seemed to be in disguise, and we suspected that some of the Ku Klux were on a raid. The next day the tidings swiftly spread that Wyatt Prince, a negro living just over the Chatham line, had been attacked by the Ku Klux and had been seriously if not mortally wounded by pistol shots. A more detailed account was that at about midnight a squad of disguised men had surrounded Prince's log cabin, had demanded entrance, and, having been denied, they were proceeding to batter down the door, when Prince leaped out through an unguarded window. His retreat was discovered in time for the attacking party to give him several farewell shots, three of which took effect, making serious wounds. No further pursuit being offered,

Prince escaped to the spring branch, in the cool waters of which he bathed his wounds till morning.

THE ARREST.

Out from the negro circles the rumor spread that some of the attacking party had been recognized, and in this connection were mentioned the names of several young men of the aforesaid townships, among them the name of my brother, John D. Pegram. This gave us little or no concern, for the whole family knew that he spent the night at home, and that we could easily prove for him an *alibi*. But the incident was not to be closed up in mere rumor. Busy hands were at work, the outrage machine was in full operation, and the demon of prejudice was for a season unchained. We did not know what was going on at the time, but subsequent events revealed to us what had been done. One or more of Prince's friends had gone to Raleigh, and had made affidavit before the U. S. Commissioner, A. W. Shaffer, who issued warrants for the arrest of twelve men of the aforesaid Buckhorn townships. The execution of the warrants was intrusted to a Deputy Marshal Boshier, who called to his aid a squad of Federal soldiers. They came down upon us Saturday, June 9th, piloted by Joe Dennis, a young negro of unsavory reputation. Leaving Holly Springs early in the morning they reached Chalk Level, my father's home, in Harnett, about nine o'clock, where they apprehended brother John and myself. We found that they had already taken up John Stevens and David Stevens, of Wake county, and Dickson Stevens, a near neighbor, of Harnett county. Out upon the highway near home the posse paused for two or three hours, while the officer went to arrest Jas. H. Prince, whom he did not find at home. Passing thence to the northwest they arrested William Truelove, of Harnett, Norman Johnson and Buck Sloan, of Chatham. Marion Cross and George Sloan were in demand, but were not at home, both having gone to Haywood on business for the day.

Towards sunset we had reached the aforesaid Avent's Ferry road, and had set our faces towards Raleigh. Reaching the residence of W. C. Norris, Esq., in Wake, our captors added his son, W. Carey Norris, to the number of prisoners. After dark we reached Collins' Cross Roads, where we paused an hour for refreshments; then continuing our journey till a late hour, we camped for the remainder of the night about twelve miles from Raleigh.

IN JAIL.

Sunday morning we decamped, reached Raleigh about eleven o'clock, passed through the city, and halted in the old fair grounds, which had been converted into a military post for resident Federal troops during those reconstruction times. Here we were kept under guard in the open porch of a long, low building for some hours during mid-day. The arrival of nine captured Ku Klux was a notable event. The tidings spread through the city, and vast crowds of negroes gathered about the enclosure of the barracks to see how we looked and to express their joy at the prospect of seeing speedy justice meted out to the "negro killers." About three o'clock we were placed under a strong guard, and, attended by the howling, hooting, jeering mob, composed seemingly of the entire black population of Raleigh, we were escorted to the court house. After a short pause here, in the vain effort to be allowed to remain under military guard, or to give security for our appearance, we were taken out of the court house by the west door, into the jail enclosure, into the jail, up the stairway to the second floor, and safely lodged in the room on the northwest corner. It was a foul den, occupied by a youthful jail-bird, with his straw bed and blankets upon the floor. At last we were in jail—a solid fact and no fancy about it. The thick walls, the small grated windows, the strong iron door, ourselves on the inside, and the turnkey, armed with the proper implements of his office, on the outside—all

this was evidence indisputable that we were in jail. Up to this time we had regarded our arrest as a huge joke, and had departed ourselves much as a lot of young fellows out on a picnic. But this was carrying the joke a little too far, and the flood of emotion that was experienced by our little company was too great for utterance. We stood by the windows, or sat on the floor, and silence reigned for half an hour. Then one of our number recovered his equilibrium and wonted good humor, and said, "Boys this will never do; it's no use to sulk and pout; let's have a good time, even in jail." And we did. Soon friends arrived, and were admitted to see us; among them I recall my father, George W. Pegram and his faithful old friend and neighbor, A. H. Dewar; W. C. Norris, of Wake; and Maj. R. S. Tucker and Geo. T. Stronach, of Raleigh. Their presence gave us good cheer, and a box of provisions sent from our homes served for our refreshment. About night-fall we were transferred to an adjacent room, where with an abundance of blankets sent in from other parts of the jail we spent the night in refreshing sleep. In the morning our host supplied us with an elaborate breakfast, which, for each one, consisted of a piece of boiled beef and a large chunk of coarse corn bread, made from unsifted meal, with seemingly a due proportion of baser material commonly known as dirt. We politely received the tin platters with the above named contents, placed them on the floor, and with a twirl of the foot sent them gliding to the remotest corner of the room. From Cook's Hotel, with compliments of our friend, George T. Stronach, was sent to us an elegant breakfast for three or four men, which, with the remaining contents of our box, furnished us all an ample repast.

THE TRIAL.

At ten o'clock, Monday, July 11th, we were taken into the court house for trial before Commissioner A. W. Shaffer. F. H. Busbee, Esq., was counsel for the prosecution,

and Ex-Gov. Bragg and R. H. Battle, Esq., were counsel for the defense. The court room was crowded to its utmost capacity. The three men who were absent from home when called for on the previous Saturday were now on hand of their own accord and responded in the trial. The defense put in the plea of no jurisdiction, but the plea did not satisfy the court, and so the trial proceeded. The witnesses introduced by the prosecution were the wife of Prince and her mother, who was residing at the home of Prince at the time the raid was made upon him. The testimony of the mother was naught, so far as connecting any one of the prisoners with the crime. The wife testified that she recognized in the raiding party at least four of the men, Johnson, Truelove,, George Sloan and Buck Sloan; that she knew these men well and could identify them; that she knew Johnson very well, and would recognize him anywhere. On being asked to identify Johnson she pointed out myself. That there might be no mistake as to whom she intended to point out, I was asked to stand up. "Yes," said the woman, "that is Norman Johnson." I was then asked to state to the court my name. "My name is William H. Pegram," said I. The effect of the witness's mistake was like an electric shock; it broke the force of her evidence, relaxed the high tension to which all minds had been wrought, and brought the evidence on the part of the prosecution to an end. The defense offered no testimony, feeling that there was no evidence to rebut and that no case had been made out against us. The court soon rendered its decision. Eight of the prisoners were discharged, and four were bound over to court in a bond of \$2,000 each. The latter part of the decision was regarded as utterly unjust, and the bail as excessive. The bonds were promptly given, and we dispersed to our homes. The men appeared at the next Federal Court, but the case was not called; and upon inquiry it was found that no true bill against them was found by the grand jury. And thus the "Ku Klux Raid and What Came of It" came to a close.

"A KENTUCKY CARDINAL" AND "AFTERMATH."

James Lane Allen is one of the most promising of American authors. His "Flute and the Violin" had caused him to be known favorably in many parts of the country, as a writer of short stories in which the predominant touch was not realism, but idealism. In striking contrast with many of his contemporary authors in the South, he has found the best material for his art in the studies of nature and ideal characters. His reputation as an author has been greatly increased within the past few months by the publication of "A Kentucky Cardinal," and the sequel "Aftermath." He has revealed an ability which takes him out of the ranks of mere sectional writers, and puts him among those men who strike a universal chord in the heart of humanity. Kentucky can no longer claim him; he belongs to the whole country.

On the outskirts of a town in an old, but romantic looking house, surrounded by trees and flowers, lived Adam Moss. He was a bachelor, caring for nothing that related to human beings, but an intensely interested and devoted student of nature. A day spent in wandering through the fields and forest, where everything to him was poetry, was far more pleasant than spending the day in town, where everything and everybody suggested prose to him.

He was especially fond of birds. The yard to his house had many trees, among which were some cedars that furnished shelter to the birds from the cold winter winds. Often just at twilight on one of these cold winter's evenings, he would go out among the trees and scatter food for the birds. Then walking under the cedars, he would listen to their twittering as they perched among the branches. The red-bird, the cardinal, was his favorite among the birds. Often after spending some time thus under the trees, he would return to his room and, seating himself by the fire,

would watch the frost gathering on the window-panes, or the fading shadows cast by the trees on the long avenue leading up to his house, until, forgetful of all else, he would give himself up to reverie.

Thus he lived without friends and almost without neighbors. Among his neighbors were Mrs. Walters, a village gossip, whom he called his “mocking-bird,” because she reproduced so well the voices of all the town; Jacob Mariner, owner of the adjoining estate, whom he called his “rain-crow,” owing to the fact that he was always croaking; a number of town people who made visits only when their favorite kind of fruit was ripe.

When Jacob died his estate was sold to a family in the western part of the State by the name of Cobb. The family was composed of Mrs. Cobb, whose husband had been killed in the Mexican war; a son, who then was at West Point; two daughters, the younger Sylvia, the older Georgiana. After much preparation the new owners moved into the house.

One morning shortly after their arrival. Adam was picking strawberries in his garden, when he heard a voice at the window above say: “Are you the gardener?” It was the voice of Georgiana Cobb. This was the first time he had seen her. Her character is best shown in what Adam says about her: “She is rather elusive. The more I see of her, the less I understand her. If your nature draws near hers, it retreats. If you pursue, it flies—a little frightened, perhaps. If you then keep still and look perfectly safe, she will return, but remain at a fixed distance, like a bird that will stay in your yard, but not enter your house. It is hardly shyness, for she is not shy, but more like some strain of wild nature in her that refuses to be domesticated.” Again he says: “There is something beautiful and steadfast in the girl’s soul. In our hemisphere vines climb round from left to right; if Georgiana loved you she would, if bidden, reverse every law of her nature for you

as completely as a vine that you had caused to twine from right to left.”

After this first conversation, Georgiana and Adam see each other often, and he becomes very much impressed, but tries to make himself think he cares nothing for her. The summer following Georgiana spends in New York with her cousin and brother. She returns the latter part of the summer, but Adam about this time takes the fever, and is confined to his room for several months. Shortly after his recovery he is made aware of the fact, by Mrs. Walters, that Georgiana is engaged to her cousin, and is to be married soon. More than ever now he tries to convince himself that he is not in love with Georgiana. For some reason Georgiana breaks the engagement with her New York cousin, which Adam hears with much pleasure, for he finds that he does love her.

During the next few months, owing to Georgiana's eccentric nature and Adam's peculiar character, they have several disagreements. However, Adam, thinking he can live more happily with Georgiana, asks her several times to be his wife, but is refused every time. Adam swears he will never ask her again, but cannot keep his purpose.

A good illustration of one of these disagreements, and also one of the leading scenes of the book, is the scene in which Georgiana asks Adam to catch and cage for her the cardinal, which he has been trying to tame, and which has so much confidence in him. Georgiana, hearing Adam whistling one morning, comes to the window. Adam remarks to her, that he was only calling the cardinal. She answered: “‘I knew it: whenever you speak to *him* your voice is full of confidence and love. I believe in it and like to hear it. * * * * Ah, Adam! you have asked me many times to *marry* you! Make me feel I could trust myself to you for life!’”

“‘What more can I do?’” Adam asks.

“‘Would you put the red-bird in a cage for me? Would you be willing to do that for me, Adam?’”

To this cold whimsical and seemingly foolish request, he replies reproachfully, “‘I—will—not.’” But in a few days he catches it and sends it to her. She, not being at home to care for it, the bird killed itself against the cage. Soon after she meets Adam and censures him for catching the cardinal, saying, she only asked him would he cage it. They have a fuss, and part misunderstanding each other.

Meeting Adam returning from a walk the next day Georgiana asks him to forgive her. He does and she agrees to become his wife. This ends the first book, “A Kentucky Cardinal.”

“Aftermath” is the story of their life after the engagement and their married life. The engagement is kept a secret. By numerous conversations, and more numerous notes, each manages to keep up with what the other is doing. In the interval between their engagement and marriage, Georgiana persuades Adam to give up his nature study and learn more about society. He tries but makes a miserable failure.

Adam and Georgiana are now married and have commenced life together in Adam’s old house, which he has had fixed up. One chilly Autumn evening, they light their first fire together, then seated on opposite sides of the fireplace, they silently watch the wood as it kindles, and bursts into flame. There was no need of speech, each understood. Two years have now passed since they first met. Adam is in the room when Georgiana is lying sick, talking to her about their little son.

“‘What if he supplants me some day?’ she, suddenly serious, asked Adam.”

“‘Oh, Georgiana,’ I cried, kneeling by the bedside and putting my arm around her, ‘you know that as long as we are in this world I am your lover.’”

“‘No longer?’ she whispered, drawing me closer.”

“‘Through eternity.’”

“By and by I went out to the strawberry bed. The season was too backward. None were turning. With bitter disappointment I searched the cold, wet leaves, bending them apart for the sight of as much as one scarlet lobe, that I might take it to her if only for the remembrance of the day. At last I gathered a few perfect leaves and blossoms, and presented them to her in silence on a plate with a waiter and napkins.”

“She rewarded me with a laugh, and lifted from the plate a spray of blossom.”

“‘They will be ripe by the time I am well,’ she said, the sunlight of memory coming out upon her face. Then having touched the wet blossoms with her finger tips, she dropped them quickly back into the plate.”

“‘How cold they are!’ she said, as a shiver ran through her. At the same time she looked quickly at me, her eyes grown dark with dread.”

“I sat the plate hastily down, and she put her hands in mine to warm them.”

After Georgiana’s death, Adam goes back to nature. The old tree in the forest, the flowers, all the birds seem to sympathize with him. They help him to look through the gloom and darkness caused by Georgiana’s death to the happiness of the life beyond. He says of her, “‘Oh, Georgiana! I do not think of death as ever having come to you. I think of you as some strangely beautiful white being that one day rose out of these earthly marshes where hunts the dark Fowler, and uttering your note of divine farewell, spread your wings toward the open sea of eternity, there to await my coming.’” Then, “‘If God wills, when I fall asleep for good I shall lay my head beside hers on the bosom of the life everlasting.’”

The remainder of the Cobb family return to their old home. Once and a while they visit Adam and his little son, and spend the time with him thinking of days that have passed.

The death scene is the best example of the author's pathos. Few of our modern authors have the ability to draw scenes so pathetically as he does in these two books. The sadness of his picture of Georgiana's death, may be compared to the closing scene of "Beside the Bonny Brier Bush," and the Death or Little Nell, in "Old Curiosity Shop." The manner in which he has described it, leaving you to imagine what happened, makes it all the more sad. Another example of his pathos is the death of the Cardinal. He does not often introduce a pathetic scene, but when he does, it is in a manner so natural and so true to life, that the reader feels the scenes described are real instead of being fancies of imagination.

Mr. Allen has introduced into his works here and there touches of humor which make them delightful. It is not the humor that makes one burst into hearty laughter, but the kind that causes the smile to play upon one's face. This pleasing humor in the books tends to lighten up the more serious parts, and gives to them a fascination they otherwise would not have. Mrs. Walters, Jacob, the love disappointments of Adam, the ideas, imaginations and pranks of Sylvia, and the eccentric nature of Georgiana, all afford material for the display of his humor. His most humorous characters are Mrs. Walters and Jacob. He says of Mrs. Walters: "Mrs. Walters does not get into our best society; so the town to her is like a pond to a crane; she wades around it, going as far in as she can, and snatching up such small fry as come shoreward from the middle. In this way lately I have gotten hints of what is stirring in the vasty deeps of the village opinion." This; the scene in which he catches the young goslin kissing Sylvia, whom he, in a gentle manner, conducts, by the seat of his trousers, to the gate, and then goes back to give Sylvia a lecture, which to impress upon the mind, he concludes by kissing her himself; the scare-crow made like Mrs. Walters, placed in the cherry tree, and what effect it had on

the birds; Adam's first and only attempt to learn the ways of society; are examples of his humor.

Just as many other authors, Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, Tennyson and Browning of this century, Mr. Allen has made nature serve him in his writings. There is scarcely a chapter in these two books, which does not in some way or other contain something about nature. For birds, especially the Cardinal; the forests, whether in winter or summer, the flowers, harvest fields, and all nature, he has the deepest love. He has a very happy manner of describing the different months by scenes from nature. Of February he says, "The depths of winter reached. Thoughtful, thoughtless words—the depths of winter. Everything gone inward and downward from surface and summit. Nature at low tide. In its time will come the height of summer, when the tides of life will rise to the tree-tops, or be dashed again as silvery insect spray all but to the clouds." "In August the pale and delicate poetry of the Kentucky land makes itself felt as silence and repose. The skies, still woods, still sheets of forest water, still flocks and herds, long lanes wandering without the sound of a traveller through fields of universal brooding stillness. The sun no longer blazing, but muffled in a veil of palest blue. No more black cloudy rumbling and rushing up from the horizon, but a single white one brushing slowly against the zenith, like the lost wing of a swan. Far beneath it the silver-breasted hawk, using the cloud as his lordly parasol. * * * * All nature is a vast sacred goblet, filling drop by drop to the brim, and not to be shaken." So much is nature used throughout the books, that one must necessarily read them to appreciate the fine touches.

The books are written in such a style, that it seems as if you are reading the pages from some one's diary, or the reveries that have occurred to the author, and which he has written down from time to time. In this way he has

introduced into them many fine expressions, and touches. Speaking of his old room and the music made by the crickets on the hearth, he says about his books; “But the finest music in the room is that which streams out to the ear of the spirit, in many an exquisite strain from the hanging shelf of books on the opposite walls. Every volume there, is an instrument which some melodist of the mind created and set vibrating with music, as a flower shakes out its perfume or a star shakes out its light. Only listen, and they soothe all care, as though the silken-soft leaves of poppies had been made vocal and poured into the ear.”

Perhaps the most beautiful scene is the one when, after Adam and Georgiana have had a disagreement, Georgiana meets him at twilight in his yard and asks him to forgive her, which he does. He tells of their engagement in the following manner: “When we separated, we lighted fresh candles and set them in our windows, to burn a pathway of flame across the intervening void. Henceforth we are like poor little foolish children, so sick and lonesome in the night without one another. Happy, happy night to come when one short candle will do for us both.”

It is needless to say that, now after the appearance of “A Kentucky Cardinal” and “Aftermath,” the public will anxiously look forward to the publication of Mr. Allen’s future works.

R. A. MAYER.

A MATTER OF BELIEF.

“Yes I does believe in ’em honey, sho’s you bawn I does.”

The rubbing stopped, and the half-washed garment fell back into the foaming tub, and disappeared in the motley and tangled mass. One fat black hand, all dripping with the white suds, rested on the edge of the tub, while with the sleeve of the other arm Aunt Easter wiped a great drop of the soapy foam from her sleek black face.

“Yes, I does believe in signs,” she continued. “Dey’s some folks says dey doan believe in ’em an’ tu’ns up dey noses an’ makes fun of us niggers what does. Dey thinks dey’s pow’ful smart, but day ain’. Dey jes’ doan know what dey talkin’ ’bout.”

She tossed her head defiantly, and the two rolls of kinky black hair, peeping from beneath the white turban and tightly bound with cotton cord, shook stiffly.

“Doan’ tell *me* dey ain’ no bad signs an’ no good signs, I knows better’n dat. I ain’ been in dis world gwine on fifty yeahs wid my eyes shet. I’s seed folks tu’n a cheer ’roun on one leg, an’ bring de hoe in de house, an’ tu’n a chunk ’roun in de fier-place, an’ all dem things; an’ I’s seed de bad luck follow ever’ time, jes’ as sho’ as de sun riz. You need’n laugh an’ git smart nuther, caze I knows what I’s talkin’ ’bout.”

The sinking sun shot his last rays across the fields and awoke in the floating bubbles many a picture of rainbow hues; and from the neighboring slope came the quick, sharp and plaintive notes of the whippoorwill. As the notes reached her ear, a mournful expression spread over her countenance; and there was a mistiness about her eyes, as she shook her head sadly.

“No, no, ’tain’ no use; ’tain’ no use tell me dey ain’ no sign. You hear dat thing hollerin’ over yonder? Its a sign of bad luck, an’ some body’s gwine have bad luck

too, sho's de worl'. I 'members same as 'twuz yistidy, how one hollered jes' b'fo' my boy died. He never wuz ailin' 'fo' dat thing come foolin' 'roun'. It jes' hollered over on de hill 'cross de road. Then it come an' got on de fence, an' fin'ly it flew up to de house and lit in de lof' window. We flung white rags at it, an' het de poker in de fier, an' done everything we could to skeer it off, but it always come back. Pap said it wuz de devil, an' he tu'k his gun an' shot it. We never heard it no mo' but de boy died; de bad luck come, an' de whipperrwill fotch it."

The sun had sunk. The twilight was falling, and only a few faint streaks of purple light lingered along the lower edges of the ribbon-like clouds lying low in the horizon. The whippoorwills' song had ceased, and overhead the sparrows were going to roost among the branches of the apple trees. In the barn-yard could be heard the streaming of the milk against the bottom of the pail, and the cows lazily munching their food.

"Ten yeahs ago! He'd 'a been grown now, he'd 'a been a man," she muttered as she rinsed and wrung the water from the garment.

F. P. J.

SONNET TO MILTON.

Great Milton! How majestic and strong
 The bursting volume of thy mighty lay,
 As thou attun'st thy harp to higher key
 Than ever yet on mortal ear hath rung.
 The lyre, when sweeps thy lightest hand along
 Its scale with skillful touch, replies to thee,
 And peals a myriad chord of harmony
 Which quicks the soul into responsive song.
 But when with mighty tread thy hand takes hold,
 The thunders bound along the pleth'ric wire,
 And as thy great poetic will is roll'd
 Resistlessly, the lightnings leap their fire
 Athwart the burning strings, and with their sheen
 Reveal the awful vision by thee seen.

WILL W. BAYS.

THE ORIGINAL LANGUAGE.

The shadow of Dionysios Thrax has not grown perceptibly less with the passing of the centuries. With the riper thought and broader view of study the science of language has quietly asserted itself in a way that is not to be gainsaid. A little Latin and less Greek has only produced one Shakspeare. The role of the mere linguist is already extravagantly filled by salaried clerks at so much a month. The facile use of four or five languages is a mechanical necessity to him who would advance the world's thought or learning along any line.

The question may then well be asked, What is the highest aim or object which the student of language can have? The answer once formulated is a reply to the same question about any subject: to add something from that particular field to the present supply in the world's storehouse of knowledge. To put it more tritely, the advancement, not the acquirement, of learning is the student's business of to-day.

The problem which has done more than any other to set the study of language in its present course, is the reconstruction of the original language used by the Indo-Germanic tribes before their separation. Workers in all fields in the study of language are slowly disengaging from the ruins the bricks wherewith shall be built again the tower of Babel as it was before the confusion of tongues.

A general survey of the field will, I trust, be of interest to the general reader, and this, accordingly, it is the purpose of this paper to give.

The following is the ground covered by that prince of comparative philologists, Karl Brugmann, and is abridged from the *Einleitung* to his *Vergleichende Grammatik*:

The question of the original home of the Indo-Germans is not yet settled. Only this much is clear, that the home

occupied by them at the beginning of historical time, is not original, and that they had migrated to their historical homes from a common and comparatively small portion of the earth's surface. Formerly this "original home" was supposed to be in Asia, but the present inclination is to think that the Asiatic members of the family migrated thither from Europe.

That the language of a widespread and numerous people should remain constant through a long period of evolution is unthinkable. We must think of the Indo-Germanic speech as being broken up into many varying dialects long before any extensive migrations took place. These dialects cannot at present be distinguished by any definite lines of demarcation. In historical times there is quite a noticeable abundance of more or less strongly differentiated groups of languages, and we may suppose that as early as 2000 B. C. the dialectic differences had gone so far that there were a large number of related languages either not understood at all, or with great difficulty, by any except the immediate users.

Of the different developments which rest on an Indo-Germanic basis, one has utterly disappeared. Of another we have only the scantiest fragments left, and these furnish a very insufficient groundwork on which to construct a grammar. Examples are the Phrygian, Macedonian, Gallic, Burgundian. The third part is ready at hand, a rich inheritance.

The dialects belonging to the third class just mentioned arrange themselves naturally in eight groups or branches of language: 1. Aryan; 2. Armenian; 3. Greek; 4. Albanian; 5. Italian; 6. Celtic; 7. Germanic; 8. Baltic-Slavic. Each of these groups is characterized by this, that its different members exhibit grammatical and lexicographical additions in large numbers peculiar to the group to which it belongs. That some of these eight groups are more closely related than others is possible. The mistake

should not be made, however, of supposing that one is descended from another, a better conception would be that they are sisters of varying ages in the same family.

The Aryan branch is composed of the Indian and Iranian. The oldest and most antique dialect of the Indian part is the language of the Veda. Next to the Veda is pure Sanscrit, and next to Sanscrit is the common language known as Præcrit when spoken or Pali when written. Præcrit comprises such dialects as are spoken to-day in Hindostan, Bengal and Penjab. The Veda dates from somewhere about 1500 B. C.

The oldest remaining dialect of the Iranian branch is the old Persian, from about 520 B. C. to about 350 B. C., and also Zend or the language of Zoroaster. Neither the old Persian or Zend have any direct modern descendants, the nearest approach being the language of the Kurds, of the inhabitants of the Caucasus, and of Afghanistan.

Whether Armenian should be classed as a language by itself or as a branch of the Iranian, is still a disputed question, with the probability of its eventually being called a distinct language.

Long before Homer's time, Greek had been divided into more than twenty strongly-marked and well-defined dialects, many of them known to us only through inscriptions. About the end of the fifth century before Christ the Attic dialect became predominant, and through this the earlier dialects became lost to us, except in inscriptions.

The Albanian is the language of old Illyria; so far it has been studied very little. Some of the greatest difficulties in the study of Albanian are the admixtures of other languages.

The Italian branch is composed of Latin on one side, and the Umbrian-Samnite on the other.

The Latin dialect is known to us from about 300 B. C. So long as the language was confined to Latium there were no great dialectic divisions. The difference between the

literary language and the language of the common people had already begun in the archaic period of the literature, and was intensified in the classic period, and the changes wrought in the language of the common people disappear from view until the time of the middle ages, when the people's language used in the various provinces of the old Roman empire appears again with more or less change of form, as Portuguese, Spanish, Katalanian, Provençal, French, Italian, Rætoromanian and Rumanian.

The Celtic dialects arrange themselves in three groups, the Gallic, the Brittanic, the Gaelic.

Of the Gallic we know very little, and that from the names and words cited by Greek and Latin Authors, from inscriptions and from coins.

The Brittanic consists principally of the Welsh and Cornish dialects.

The Gaelic comprises the Irish, the Scotch, and the language spoken on the Isle of Man. These are known chiefly through the Runic inscriptions for the earlier history, also each of these three languages is still spoken to-day.

The Germanic branch is divided into Gothic, Scandinavian and West Germanic.

The Gothic is the oldest member of the Germanic group, and is known to us chiefly through the Bible translation of Bishop Wulfila in the fourth century after Christ. The Gothic tongue became extinct with the destruction of that nation.

The Scandinavian preserved its unity to the time of the Vikings, 800 to 1000 A. D., and then was divided into four languages, Icelandic, Danish, Swedish and Norwegian. The oldest monuments are the Runic inscriptions, and these appear to be not earlier than the fifth century.

The West Germanic has as its oldest representatives the Anglo-Saxon (from which comes the modern English), the old Friesian, the old Saxon (now low German), the old low

French (present representatives Hollandish and Flemish), and old high German (from which has descended the present high German).

The Baltic-Slavic comprises the Prussian language, which became obsolete in the seventeenth century, and of which we have very few and imperfect monuments left, and the Lithuanian and Livonian, which are still spoken.

This is the general field as mapped by Brugmann, to the different parts of which hundreds of specialists are devoting their lives to-day. The comparison of these languages in all their details constitutes the science of Philology, Philosophy's other self.

To give a slight hint of the work done, let us take the word "father." The English word is "father," Irish "ather," high German "fater," low German "fadder," Italian "padre," Latin "pater," Greek "pater," Sanscrit "pitaras." Now if we accept "pateres" as the original word, in accordance with laws already established, all the others can be derived from it.

The comparative study of language is yet in its infancy, but already it has established Grammar on a scientific basis and given a mathematical rigor to Lexicography. It has stimulated thought and opened up the buried treasures of the past beyond the expectations of the most sanguine. From this source alone must come the fullest interpretation of the thought-life since the world began.

A. H. MERITT.

OF THEE, SWEETHEART.

The swallow's returned to the lilac tree
 The lapwing's received its other crest
 The season of sadness has flown
 And the time of rejoicing come.
 The air is infused with a fragrance rare,
 And I with thoughts of thee, sweetheart of thee.

F. B.

THE "PASHOFA DANCE."

It may be interesting to the readers of THE ARCHIVE to know something about the "pashofa dance," the last one of the primitive customs of the Choctaw and Chickasaw Indians. It is a custom which has long since been abandoned by the enlightened classes, and is practiced only to a very limited extent among the most ignorant, backwoods classes.

Just how far back this custom dates its origin, I have been unable to find out. But, many years ago, the Choctaws and Chickasaws lived in a malarial district, and they believed the fever which is prevalent in such districts at certain seasons of the year, to be the workings of an evil spirit. And it was by means of the "pashofa dance" that his evil spirit was driven away.

When a member of the tribe is taken with the fever, a doctor is called in to see him. The doctor, when he enters the chamber, orders the nurses to leave him alone with the patient. When he is alone with the patient, he proceeds to make a diagnosis of the case. His method is short and simple. He passes his hand slowly and gently over the body of the patient, not touching the body, but keeping his hand just a little above. He does this several times, and then opens the door and announces to the nurses the nature of the disease. If he pronounces it *pula abeaka*, which in the English language is malarial fever, three young men, friends or relatives of the patient, are selected to act as servants of the doctor while he is executing his treatment. These young men, while serving the doctor, are called *tishos*. Their position is a very responsible one, for the recovery, generally the death, of the patient depends equally as much upon their faithfulness as it does upon the services of the doctor. Their first duty is to go to the nearest town or country store, and purchase several

yards of striped or figured calico and white domestic, with which to decorate the sick chamber. They then buy several different kinds of ribbons, and procure the feathers of a crane or an eagle. They erect a pole about ten or twelve feet in length, in front of the door; and to this pole they attach the ribbons and feathers as streamers.

After having completed the decoration of the place, the *tishos* set to work and supply enough wood to keep up a continual fire for three days and nights. A large fire is built about sixty feet directly in front of the door of the sick chamber, which door always faces the sun rise. In the meantime the doctor is decocting his medicine and preparing for the treatment which continues through three days and nights. The doctor fasts, keeping himself well secluded during the whole time of treatment.

Everything is prepared; the doctor takes a small basin full of the decoction which he has prepared, and walking around the bed of the patient, he sprinkles it all over the bed and the patient, and at times taking some of it into his own mouth, he walks about the chamber, blowing and spurning it into all of the corners, cracks and crevices. In the meantime the *tishos* sit just outside the door, beating a drum and humming at some hideous song, which has no special significance, but is supposed to entertain the patient and drive away the evil spirit.

No living thing is allowed to pass between the fire and the door while this process of treatment is being carried on. And in case one does cross this forbidden ground, he is immediately caught and bound, and something, usually a feather, rammed down his throat until he vomits freely; it being believed that if he is not thus treated, he or the patient will surely die.

On the evening of the third day the neighbors are all invited to come and take part in the dance, which is the final "dose." During the day large kettles of hominy and beef are cooked up together, making a dish called *tash-*

pashofa. It is from this dish that the dance takes its name.

Two long benches are arranged on each side of the door, extending to near the fire. And as the neighbors arrive they are conducted to these seats, where they are served with *tashpashofa* in large bowls. All who partake of this dish are supposed to take upon themselves a part of the disease, or the evil spirit, which the patient is possessed of.

After all of the guests have been served, everything is cleared away, preparatory to the dance. The benches are moved away from the door, and the kettles are removed from the fire. Now one of the *tishos* takes a seat on a stool, about midway between the door and the fire, and begins to beat a drum. And the other two take a bowl of the *tashpashofa*, and the pole bearing the ribbons and feathers, and run and jump over the fire and disappear in the darkness. This indicates the passing away of the evil spirit. And about the time that the *tishos* disappear, the doctor throws the door open and appears on the scene for the first time during the three days. He runs out into the yard whooping and shouting to everybody to come and help him in dancing away the evil spirit. He starts up a song something like this: "*Wo-he-ya, wo-he-ya, yo-ho, yo-ho, yo-hat, in no wa ho, eho sopota, eho chuckma sa hicka,*" etc. And while he is singing thus, a woman comes forth with tortoise shells attached to her ankles, and falls in behind him, and they dance around the *tisha* who is beating the drum. As they dance around, others join them until as many as wish have formed in single file around the drum. The dance begun, they keep up a hideous howl all night, and often far into the next day.

J. S. M.

SOME FAMOUS LITERARY CLUBS.

The lives of literary men are interesting from whatever standpoint we may study them. There is a charm about their characters that makes all details interesting—every incident is eagerly awaited by the biographer searching for a true interpretation of character. I am inclined to think that the modern biographers have carried this tendency too far; there should be some secret places even for authors, where they may be free from the intrusion of the world. To come in contact with that deeply conscious soul of Milton, to know the long years of preparation through which he passed before he could write his *Paradise Lost*; to know of the devotion of Wordsworth and Byron and Lamb to their sisters; to read of the love existing between Hallam and Tennyson—a love passing the love of woman—all these give us deeper insight into the characters of authors. In these various relations we come in touch with the author's personality—we feel his kinship with humanity. Not the least interesting of all facts connected with the lives of authors, is their association with their fellow-authors, the friendship of genius with genius. Some of them stand apart in their solitary natures. Dante and Milton were by no means "clubbable" men. Such men as Wordsworth and Coleridge had no regular club life, but they lived in delightful companionship with each other.

The association of early English authors was generally brought about at the taverns. We know very few things about Shakespeare, but we have an account of his being at the Mermaid Tavern with Ben Jonson and others. "Numerous were the wit-combats," says Fuller, "betwixt him (Shakespeare) and Ben Jonson, which two I behold like a great Spanish galleon and an English man-of-war. Master Jonson was built far higher in learning; solid, but slow in his performance. Shakespeare with the English man-of-

war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention." Shakespeare, in the popular mind, is no personality at all—just some strange, unaccountable being who lived and worked without love. In fact, he must have been the most amiable and lovable of associates, and this passage from a contemporary gives us an insight into this side of his nature. What rare talk that must have been!

In the 17th and 18th centuries the coffee-houses were the center of social, as well as of literary life. Dryden was at the head of Will's Coffee House and dispensed the laws of poetic and dramatic art to his obsequious devotees. Out of these coffee-houses grew the modern newspaper. "The Tatler" and "Spectator," edited by Sir Richard Steele and Joseph Addison, sprang directly from the literary coteries of the coffee-houses. "I have brought philosophy out of closets, and libraries, schools and colleges to dwell in clubs and assemblies, at tea-tables and in coffee-houses." So Addison expressed the characteristic feature of these papers. Around the coffee-houses the life of London was gathered, and Steele could find material for the various departments of his paper in these coffee-houses, where men of genius met to talk on all subjects, from a woman's hat to questions of philosophy and religion. These papers, published twice a week, became the exponents of popular taste as well as reforms. In those days the coffee-houses were often at war with each other. Pope and his friends were at enmity with Addison and his coterie of admirers—hence ensued a bitter conflict.

The first literary club that we know of in English history is the famous literary club to which belonged Dr. Johnson, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Topham Beauclere, Langton, Edmund Burke, Dr. Nugent, Sir John Hawkins, Mr. Antony Chamier and Oliver Goldsmith, and afterwards Sheridan, Boswell, Garrick and others. Rarely has there been such

an association of rare spirits. They met every Monday evening on Turk's Head on Gerard street. The club grew out of the informal meetings at the home of Sir Joshua Reynolds, by whom the suggestion was made that a regular club be organized. Fortunately for the world, James Boswell, the biographer of Dr. Jonson, has left full accounts of the meetings of this club, of the conversations on such widely differing subjects, of the concerts in wit and knowledge, and of the generous sympathy existing between the members. Let us take a look at these men. The acknowledged head of the club was Dr. Samuel Johnson. His wonderful powers of conversation were due to his extensive reading, his careful work in connection with his dictionary, his wonderful flow of language, and above all, his innate ability to grapple with problems presented to him. He has not left us much that will have a lasting place in English literature; indeed we may doubt if he will live as a great author; but he will be considered as one of the most imposing personalities that England has produced. He had come from the humble ranks of life; he had all his life been afflicted with nervous diseases that would have overwhelmed any other man. When he first came to London, he was a poor literary hack, too poor to get suitable lodgings. Despite all these obstacles, he had become the literary dictator of England; he had written the famous letter to Chesterfield, that Lowell called the Declaration of Independence for authors.

Edmund Burke was, at the formation of the club, not so famous as he was afterwards to become, but there was in him all that richness of nature that is the charm of Burke's character. Dr. Jonson said of him: "Burke is such a man that, if you met him for the first time in the street, where you were stopped by a drove of oxen, and you and he stepped aside to take shelter but for five minutes, he'd talk to you in such a manner, that when you parted, you would say, 'this is an extraordinary man;' and again, 'that

fellow called forth all my powers.'” What a rich flow of words his must have been, as the sweep of his great thought had full sway.

Sir Joshua Reynolds was the most accomplished artist of his time, and with this, was a man of great prominence in the social world. A brilliant talker and genial friend he was always a welcome member of the club. Sir John Hawkins was the only disagreeable member of the club, although he was a dabbler in literature and music, and was actually engaged on a history of music. He afterwards wrote a biography of Jonson. His littleness of spirit is revealed by the fact that he forbore to partake of the suppers at the club, and begged therefore to be excused from paying his share of the reckoning. It speaks well for the club that he did not remain as a member of the club over two or three years, being in a manner forced out in consequence of his rudeness to Burke. I shall let Washington Irving speak of Beauclere and Langton: “They were doubtless induced to join the club thro’ their devotion to Jonson, and the intimacy of these two very young and aristocratic young men with the stern and somewhat stern moralist, is among the curiosities of literature.” Langton had come to England especially to obtain an introduction to the author of the “Rambler.” Langton was a wild, enthusiastic scholar, steeped to the lips in Greek, with fine conversational powers, and an invaluable talent for listening. Beauclere was more a man about town, a loungeur in St. James’ street, a man of fashion at court, and alternated in the easiest and happiest manner the scholar and man of letters, lounged into the club with the most perfect self-possession, bringing with him the careless grace and polished wit of high bred society, but making himself at home among his learned fellow members.”

What shall I say of Oliver Goldsmith? The members of the club were at first rather opposed to letting him join, for he was at that time not very well known, except as a lit-

erary hack. "Poor Goldsmith" has become a proverbial expression, yet I doubt if any author is more beloved than he. Always making mistakes, and yet always generous, he had many friends in his own day. The members of the club learned to love him. They would make fun of him, laugh at his mistakes, be chagrined sometimes at his words, but they loved him as few men were ever loved.

I would that I had time to give you an account of their meetings. Without any studied papers or any regulated plans, their discussions were often of the most serious nature, or again wit was to be heard in abundance. Goldsmith said that Jonson made a monarchy out of what should have been a republic. Jonson would often talk for an hour at a time; Burke, being satisfied, if he could merely ring the bell for the great doctor. Goldsmith said that if Dr. J— couldn't fire his pistol, he would throw the butt at you. Around the great chain, however, played the wit of the others. Goldsmith especially was fond of talking, and invariably made mistakes, when he did. Boswell's "Life of Jonson" will always remain an interesting biography, because of its record of these "golden moments" in the lives of the great men of that generation. We seem to be living in that very day and to be listening to their memorable conversations.

London has at the present time a large number of clubs. The literary club of which we have spoken still exists, and in 1864 celebrated its centenary. The Athanaeum club is one of the most popular. There Thackeray had a favorite book in which he wrote some of his verses, and there Macaulay wrote parts of his History of England. There are the Garrick, Savage, Soule, Rabelais, attended by the authors of England in varying proportions. One of the most interesting of all the societies of authors, is the Royal Literary Society, formed to help indigent authors. £100,000 have been spent for this purpose.

When Tennyson first came to London, he became a mem-

ber of the Sterling Club, to which Carlyle Thackeray, Fitzgerald and others belonged. Mrs. Ritchie has given us in Harpers' Magazine, an interesting account of their meetings, how they talked together of life and art and all the great questions that might suggest themselves to a group of rising authors.

There is nothing that shows more clearly that New York is becoming the literary centre of America than the Authors Club, which has attained such marked success in the few years of its existence. Attention has been recently called to it by its brilliant reception given in honor of Hall Caine.

Leaving out of consideration many other clubs that might command attention, I shall speak finally of the Saturday Club of Boston, to which Longfellow, Emerson, Lowell, Holmes, Hawthorne and others belonged. The influence of this club on American literature can not be too highly estimated. It was organized in 1857, almost simultaneously with the formation of the *Atlantic Monthly*, of which the members of this club were to be the principal supporters. The club grew, as Dr. Holmes tells us, out of meetings that Emerson used to have with two or three friends at dinner at Parker's. This little group gathered to itself, and grew into a club as Rome grew into a city, almost without knowing how. I give the words of one of its members. "At one end of the table sat Longfellow, florid, quiet, benignant, soft-voiced, a most agreeable rather than a brilliant talker, but a man upon whom it was always pleasant to look—whose silence was better than many another's conversation, At the other end of the table sat Ogassiz, robust, sanguine, animated, full of talk, boy-like in his laughter. The stranger who should have asked who were the men ranged along the sides of the table, would have heard in answer the names of Hawthorne, Motley, Dane, Lowell, Whipple, Judge Hoar, Dwight, the leading musical critic of Boston, Sumner, Dr. Howe, the philan-

thropist; and among these, generally near the Longfellow end of the table, sat Emerson, talking in low tones and carefully measured utterances to his neighbor, or listening and recording on his mental phonograph any stray words worth remembering." Unfortunately this club had no Boswell, and its golden hours passed unrecorded. Lowell afterwards wrote to Longfellow: "I hope the club still persists. I have never found such good society and don't expect to." Do you ask me what is one of the chief causes of the development of American literature? I should answer this club and what it represented. This was but the capstone of that glorious structure of New England culture and character. Back of it were the public libraries, reading circles, schools and churches of the east. When Holmes died a few months ago, he was, indeed, the last of this immortal company. I know not whether the Saturday Club still meets or not, but we do know that the sceptre hath departed from Boston.

EVERETT. *(H. W. H. W.)*

—•••—
"THE YEARS THAT HASTEN BY."

No force can check thy rapid speed,
 Which wafts us to the vast unknown,
 No hand can gather up the seed
 That in the past was blindly sown.

Thou bearest all the self-same way,
 Both rich and poor and high and low
 Must keep the step through night and day,
 For God commands, it must be so.

On swiftest wings let genius flee
 Across the bourn to that fair land,
 And see the wonders that shall be,
 And bring sublimest news to man.

Bring back the aged man his youth,
 His once clear eye, his manly frame;
 Then he will search for light and truth,
 And live a life of nobler aim.

Alas! his race of life is run,
 And frail he stands upon the shore;
 Mistakes once made can't be undone,
 What's done is done forevermore.

It is not death we fear—'tis life.
 While we are young we would know how
 To sow and reap and spend aright
 The all-important moment—*now*.

—E. K. McL.

Editorial.

SAM W. SPARGER,
JOE F. BIVINS,

CHIEF EDITOR.
ASSISTANT EDITOR.

IN ADDRESSING the students a few mornings ago, Dr. Kilgo said: "We are drawing near to the close of the best year of college work I have ever known." We believe that he spoke the truth.

NO BETTER illustration can be given of what the college is doing and what she stands for than the way in which the students responded to the call for aid in the Durham library movement. At a meeting of the student body on the morning of April 30th, contributions to the library fund were solicited. The sum of \$100 was asked, but in a very few minutes much over that amount had been subscribed. This was increased by the contributions of the Faculty to quite a handsome sum.

THE ARCHIVE was especially glad to see the great interest manifested by the students. It showed that the college is with the people of Durham in this movement, and has the interest of her people at heart. The spirit of the gift cannot be doubted. The students cannot expect to receive the slightest benefit from the library, except in the thought that they have helped in a great work.

We are also glad to learn that the efforts of the leaders of the movement have met with even greater success in the city. The poor people as well as the rich are interested. The workingman, as well as the millionaire, the mechanic and the factory laborer, as well as the banker and the lawyer, are clamoring for the library, and contribute willingly and freely to the cause. Where such interest as this is shown by the masses no movement can fail, and a public

library for Durham is no longer a question. May she extend her influence, and may other towns of the State become aroused to an interest on this great question—the question of the public library.

FEW of God's creatures are more contemptible than the scheming politician—the fraudulent, deceptive, maliciously lying, wire-pulling man of policy. The man who seeks office for purely selfish motives; who would turn all to his personal advantage; he who stirs up animosity and ill-feeling among men, that he may be the gainer thereby—such a man is worthy of no one's respect. Give him, rather, what he deserves, your contempt and your scorn. And he is no fanciful creature. He exists indeed and in truth, in college as well as elsewhere.

TRINITY COLLEGE is the only college belonging to the Southern Association of Colleges and Universities, the object and aims of which were given in the issue of THE ARCHIVE for December '95, with an account of its organization. The Association includes many of the best Universities of the South, such as Vanderbilt, Sewanee, Tulane, etc., but only one college, Trinity, others being excluded by the clause prohibiting preparatory work in colleges, and that fixing a uniform minimum requirement for admission. This speaks in unmistakable terms as to the rank of Trinity among Southern institutions. A further insight and a careful study of catalogues will bring out many other points in her favor.

WHILE we are glad that Prof. Mims is to have an opportunity of further preparing himself in his chosen line of work, still it is with considerable regret that we hear of the leave of absence granted him. We regret that the college is to be deprived even for the short period of a

year of his services. His work has been of inestimable value both to the college and to the community. Only his classes and those to whom he has given new inspiration and a wider vision can fully realize the value of it.

We have a letter from a man of prominence in North Carolina, in which, speaking of Prof. Mims, he says: “* * * he has succeeded in arousing a pronounced literary spirit at your noble institution which will be felt abroad, I believe, after a while.”



IN THE choosing of a man for any position, however small or great the responsibility, what is the first thing to be considered? The prejudices and jealousies of the voter or the individual ability of the candidate? What matters it whether he clothe himself in rags and tags or in velvet gown? What difference does it make whether his creed or his political faith agree with yours, so that he is competent? “It is not from men excellent in any kind that disparagement of any other is to be looked for,” says Emerson. “With such, Tallyrand’s question is ever the main one; not is he rich? is he committed? is he well meaning? has he this or that faculty? is he of the movement? is he of the establishment?—but *is he anybody?* does he stand for something. He must be good of his kind. That is all that Tallyrand, all that State street, all that the common sense of mankind asks.”



THE team’s record for the season has been good enough—much better than any expected. Baseball has always occupied a secondary place at Trinity, and this may practically be called our first year in this department of athletics. We certainly claim no other team since the removal of the college to Durham. Beginning, then, the development of a team we did not expect many victories; we looked forward rather to many defeats. And where we

have been surprised it has been agreeably so. The team has acquitted itself with credit, and beyond a few words of rebuke for occasional carelessness, deserves only praise.

The second team men are also to be thanked for their good work and the many close games they have given their superiors. In this respect the students have improved wonderfully; no longer is it necessary to chase through the buildings for a second team. Men, and more than enough, have been on hand promptly for many weeks past, and have given the first team something more than amusement.

WE HAD hoped to be able to publish a cut of the new gate-way in this issue, but were disappointed. The gate-way as finished is a thing of beauty. The gold covered letters present a striking effect against the dark green back-ground, and the whole shows up to great advantage. Much has been added by the neat iron fence which reaches around the campus, to the athletic track. The cost of the gate alone was over \$1,000, and with the probable exception of Biltmore at Asheville, there is no finer entrance to any grounds in North Carolina. The approach to the Main Building is a magnificent one, and when fully completed will have few equals. All these improvements have been made possible only by the kindness and generosity of Mr. B. N. Duke, who is making our campus one of the most beautiful in the South, regardless of cost. The gratitude of the students and all connected with the college, was only partially expressed in the resolutions presented some time ago.

WE CHANCED upon a paragraph a short while ago which attracted our attention, and as it concerned us directly, we feel like saying something on the subject.

In a recent issue of the *Wake Forest Student* the athletic editor, speaking of the first Trinity-Wake Forest

game, says: "The game was lost * * * through unfortunate errors. Wake Forest was much stronger both at the bat and in the field." Now this may be true, or it may not be true. We are not going to discuss the point. We willingly leave it to those who witnessed both games, and who are prepared to judge impartially to decide the matter. We regret that the third game was not arranged, and the matter fully decided. But as it is, granting it largely a matter of opinion as to the truth of the statement—which however we hardly agree—we also have an opinion decidedly our own, and we do not believe we stand alone in holding it either, judging from various things that have come to our ears. At any rate we advise the athletic editor not to wager recklessly on his statement. He might find the number disagreeing with him not so inconsiderable erable after all.

See you again Wake Forest!

PERHAPS we *are* somewhat too hasty of speech, and perhaps it would be better if we did not possess that strong tendency towards the free expression of our thoughts. But thus it is; and that is how we came to thank the Faculty for the unusual privileges they so magnanimously granted concerning those exams. we have been tussling with. And it turned out after all that there was not much in it! Too bad! you agree. Well, we take it back; we didn't mean it that way. We do not see that our condition was much improved by crowding the exams. up in that manner. Personally we voted for no such thing, and if the petition was worded that way there was some mistake and they "did us." We *hope* it was not intended so and that they thought they were giving us something, however seriously we may be disposed to doubt it.

All of which is out of season and uncalled for some one says. True, but then these scribblings are generally writ-

ten sometime before they appear in print. And besides we should always be willing to do our utmost toward the correction of our little errors, especially those growing out of ignorance and misinformation.

WE HAVE heard very few objections to the plan of holding the Commencement exercises on the Park. We have no doubt that the matter was carefully considered from every point of view before the change was made. And while it may seem to some not to be the best arrangement possible, yet it is certainly the best that can be done under the circumstances.

Of course the plan is not without its disadvantages, but neither was that of holding the exercises down town. While it may seem inconvenient for the visitors, owing to the situation of the college and the kind of weather we usually have at that particular season, still we would like to remind our friends who kindly intend to favor us with their presence, that they will have to contend with no more than has befallen the students for the past three years. A June sun is no respecter of persons—if we may make use of the phrase—and carriage fare is the “same all ’round.”

It might be argued that we have no place for the exercises, no suitable auditorium, no hall of sufficient capacity to accommodate the crowd. Largely true, we admit; we haven’t exactly what we wish in that line. We would much prefer to throw open the doors of a Braxton Craven Memorial Hall to our relatives and many friends. This is what we wished to do, and what we hoped to do. But notwithstanding our need for such a structure; notwithstanding the many promises made year after year; notwithstanding the great tribute due the founder of Trinity by her alumni and by North Carolina Methodism, the class of ’96 will come to the day of graduation with the Craven

Hall no nearer completion than when, as Freshmen, they timidly took their first step on the campus.

As we have said, we would prefer it otherwise. We can furnish no splendid hall, we can only offer the best we have—a hall as large and as well ventilated as any the town affords, which, after all, is not saying very much. May it not be thus alway.

IT HAS been decided best not to award the prize we offered at the beginning of the year, for the best contribution. We are sorry that circumstances have rendered such a decision necessary. There have been very few contestants, and none of the articles submitted are deemed worthy of this prize. While by far the greater number of the articles have come from the students, the editors have been obliged to furnish the greater number of these. Those coming from the other students represent almost as much labor and persistence on the part of the editors as their own productions. We have not had unlimited resources from which to draw our matter for publication. Our waste-basket has hardly had its due, and many a tempting morsel has been snatched from it unjustly to satisfy an appetite equally insatiable but deserving of better food. We have published what we have had with little power of choice. We are not responsible for the defects of such articles, nor for the fact that better ones have not occupied the space thus filled. Let the blame in the one case rest on the authors of the respective articles, and in the other on those students who have not yet learned that the success of a college magazine depends on the students themselves, and not on a few men who may happen to be at its head. We do not speak of financial success, we have mentioned that elsewhere.

THIS issue brings us to the finish. As we look back over the year's work, we are by no means pleased with what we have accomplished. We may have aimed too high, and

that may account for our falling so far short of the mark—the solution most satisfactory to us. But we have finished, and we are glad of it. We have done our best. And now were we to uphold the ancient and time-honored custom of “ye out-going editors,” we might ask our readers to bear with us yet a little longer, while we utter fond adieus with intermingled sighs of regret for failures and mistakes irremediable. And we have made them—many of them. But we have no excuses to make. We can only say that no one is more painfully aware of our shortcomings than are we, and that the majority of them would not occur a second time. And while we have worked for THE ARCHIVE to the neglect of our other work, a just portion of the blame for such failures we willingly take upon our self. Others may know on whom the rest should lie. Our successes are due however not to any individual, but to the support and sympathy of Faculty and students, and above all, to the manner in which the class has worked together in all that concerned the welfare of the magazine.

Just a word about the criticism we have bestowed from time to time. Such may often have seemed hard and uncalled for. We can only say that where we have criticized we have done so because we thought it for the common good; and that friends and enemies have shared equally throughout.

EXTENSION OF COLLEGE WORK.

It is only the last few years that colleges have come to recognize their relation to the world. The idea of a monastery has made them seclusive places of study, and not vital factors in the progress of society. They are seeking by various methods to extend their influences into the life of the people. This is being accomplished by university extension, lectures and publications. This new idea is full of promise, and will make the college the centre of intellectual and moral power. It will bring to them larger

sympathies and support. It will deepen the life of the colleges, and make their work more serious. A large field of usefulness is thus opened, and every progressive college must enter it.

It is the aim of Trinity College to use every opportunity to carry its influence into society. During the present collegiate year the following list of lectures and articles show the amount of work of this nature done by the faculty.

Dr. Kilgo Lectures—Trinity High School, Thomasville, N. C., Burlington Academy, Wake Forest College, West Durham; Missionary Meeting at Gibson Station, N. C., Mt. Airy, Oxford Female College, State Sunday School Convention at Goldsboro, N. C., Elizabeth City, Wilmington Y. M. C. A., Wofford College, S. C., Greensboro Female Collage, Missionary Conference of Durham District, Trinity College Chapel, Goldsboro Y. M. C. A., Mt. Pleasant, Trenton, Buie's Academy, Washington, D. C., Siler City, Baltimore, Md., and Graduate Club of Vanderbilt.

Papers—Education and Pauperism, (Southern Christian Advocate.) Luxury, (Southern Christian Advocate.) Christras a Patriot, (Biblical Recorder and North Carolina Advocate) and a number of shorter articles for various papers.

Prof. Pegram Lectures—West Durham; Epworth League Hall, Durham; Trinity College Chapel; and at Durham Graded School.

Paper—Before the Historical Society on "A Ku Klux Raid and What Became of It." published in *Archive*.

Prof. Mims Lectures—Burlington, N. C., Jonesboro Academy, State Y. M. C. A. Convention, Tryon Street Church, Charlotte, N. C.; Graded School of Durham, Trinity Epworth League, 8; Trinity College Chapel, 6; Sunday School and Epworth League Conference at Goldsboro, and has engagement at Leasburg Academy.

Papers—John Keats, (Nashville Advocate) Literary Work of Epworth League, (Nashville Christian Advocate.)

Chatauqua, (North Carolina Christian Advocate.) Emerson's Idea of Teaching Literature, (Chicago Dial.) Some Leaves from a Traveler's Note Book, (Trinity Archive.) Some Aspects of a State's Literature, (Trinity Archive.) A Notable Book, (Vanderbilt Observer.) Some Famous Literary Clubs; Alexander Pope; In Memoriam; Keats, (Canterbury Club.)

Prof. Flowers Lectures—Before Epworth League of Trinity Church and North Carolina Sunday School, and Epworth League Conference at Goldsboro; the Historical Society of Trinity College. He has engagements to lecture before the Western North Carolina League Conference at Statesville, and at Weldon.

Papers—James J. Sylvester, (Trinity Archive.) Fort Hamby (Trinity Archive and Charlotte Observer.) Edwin W. Fuller, (Trinity Archive.) Odes of Keats; Odes of Shelley; Cowper's Task, (Canterbury Club.) Assistant editor of Christian Educator. Editor Epworth League Department in North Carolina Christian Advocate.

Prof. Meritt Lectures—Trinity High School; Winston Epworth League; West Durham, 3; White Chapel, North Durham, Trinity College Chapel, Main Street Church, 2; Epworth League Hall, 6; Graded School of Durham.

Prof. Cranford Lectures—Main Street Epworth League, Missionary Society.

Papers—Abolition of Slavery by the Quakers of North Carolina, (Historical Association.) Criticism from the Pew (North Carolina Christian Advocate.) Editor of Christian Educator.

Dr. Bassett Lectures—Washington, D. C.; Elizabeth City, Trinity Church League; Graded School, Durham; and is engaged to lecture at Littleton Female College.

Papers—Slavery and Servitude in the Colony of North Carolina, (Johns' Hopkins Studies, series XIV, Nos. IV-V, pp. 86) History of Suffrage in North Carolina,

(Publication of American Historical Association, pp. 30.) Frederick W. Robertson (Methodist Review) The Regulators in North Carolina, pp. 77, (Publication of American Historical Association.) Joseph H. Gillespie, (Trinity Archive.) Edward G. Daves, (Trinity Archive.) Criticism of Weston's Historic Doubts, (Charlotte.)

Prof. Dowd Lectures—Burlington Academy; Main Street Epworth League.

Papers—Mecklenburg Declaration (Charlotte Observer) History and Future of Agriculture (New York World) Compulsory Arbitration (Gunton's Magazine) Doctrine of Non-interference (Boston Advocate of Peace.) Rev. Moses Hester, (Trinity Archive.) Byron-Scott, (Canterbury Club.) Sanitation, (Social Science Club.) Christianity and Social Science, (Christian Educator.)—*Christian Educator*.

THE HAYDEN CENTURY CLOCK.

BY M. H. LOCKWOOD.

Mr. J. F. Hayden, class of '96, Trinity College, Durham, N. C., has designed and constructed a novel clock which may now be seen running in the Physical Laboratory.

The clock is run entirely by electromagnets which are actuated by the current from an earth battery.

The pendulum is constructed after the usual pattern, with wooden shaft and heavy cylindrical weights for the bob, and is suspended from the bracket attached to the back-boards, as seen in Figs. 1 and 2. It is the pendulum that runs the clock.

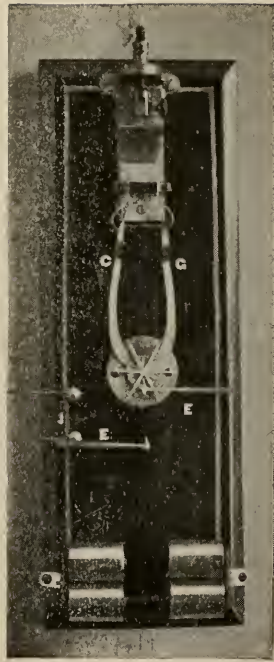
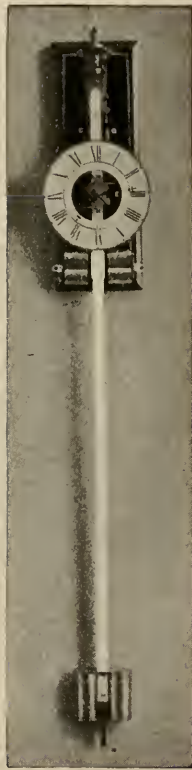
By means of the automatic switch, C G, the current from the battery is sent around first one and then the other of the electromagnets D and H. The screw, A, at the upper end of the pendulum is electrically connected to the upper binding post, J, and also to two contact points, one on each side of the shaft at L. The arms, C and G, of the automatic switch are insulated from each other. The upper

arm, G, is in metallic connection, through the central screw, with a wire in the rear of the back-boards, leading to the coils about the pair of magnets, H. The lower arm, C, rests on the brass plate, F, the latter being connected with the coils about the magnets, D.

As the pendulum swings, it is readily seen that the current will alternately pass around the two pairs of electromagnets, D and H, and the two soft-iron armatures at I will be alternately attracted.

The working of the clock can best be understood by following the current through a complete cycle. Starting from the upper of the binding posts, J, the current passes to A, then through the piece of sheet steel, B, attached to the upper end of the pendulum shaft, to the contact points, L. When the pendulum starts from the magnets H towards the magnets D, the contact is made from L, through C, and the currents will pass around magnets D, and from there to the lower binding post, completing the circuit through the battery. It will be seen that this aids the force of gravity in carrying the pendulum towards D. When the pendulum starts back from D, the contact is made with G, and the currents passes around the magnets H, giving the pendulum a pull in that direction. If these pulls at each stroke of the pendulum are sufficient to overcome the loss by friction of the moving parts, it will continue to vibrate.

To regulate the amount of current passing to the electromagnets, two brass tips are affixed to the shaft at K, their distance apart being readily adjusted by screws. Shortly after the contact is made with C, as the pendulum swings towards D, the connection is broken by the arm, C, coming in contact with the strip, K, on that side, and if the current is very strong, the strip will push the switch far enough to throw G into contact, and the current will pass around the magnets H. The latter acting will tend to retard the motion of the pendulum toward D. By adjusting the dis-



THE HAYDEN CENTURY CLOCK.

tance between these strips, almost any current may be used to run the clock.

As a novelty in the construction, the works and dial are placed upon the pendulum and swing with it. The seconds hand is attached to a ratchet wheel having sixty teeth, and is actuated at each stroke of the pendulum by the pawls, E E, which are attached to the back-board. The motion is communicated to the minute and hour hands by the usual intermediate wheels. The movement is jeweled and the pawls have steel tips. The tips of the pawls work in semicircular grooves in such a manner as to make it impossible for them to catch more than one tooth at each stroke of the pendulum. The length of the pendulum is adjustable both at the upper and at the lower end by means of suitable screws.

The lower end of the pendulum is provided with two needle points fixed in the nut, n. These pass simultaneously through two drops of mercury, each of which is in metallic connection with one of the binding posts at the right hand lower side of the case. Thus we have a clock that may be used in many laboratory experiments where a seconds pendulum is required. A local circuit will be closed through an electric bell or telegraph sounder at each stroke of the pendulum. All the electrical contact points in the clock are platinum, and the working parts of the switch are adjustable for wear.

The earth battery is built in the ground near the building and consists of several old boiler grate bars as one electrode and several bushels of coke as the other. The battery will last for an indefinite period and should run the clock for 50 or 100 years.—*The Electrical Engineer.*

Editor's Table.

J. F. BIVINS,

MANAGER.

This is the last time we will have to sharpen our pencil to poke sugar plums and booby balls at our various friends in various parts of the union. A few farewell remarks are perhaps not inappropriate. Many favorable criticisms have been passed upon our efforts this year by our various contemporaries. For all these we desire to return our sincere thanks. Nothing so encourages one who has made an honest effort like a few words of sincere praise. It is almost the only reward we get, indeed, all that we expect. We fear that many of us fail to express our appreciation of the merit we see, as often as we should. An honest effort always deserves encouragement. Then too we have received notices that told us of our faults. For this, also, we are thankful. It often does us more good to be told of our faults than our success. We take all that has been said of us, believing it to have been said in a spirit of friendly correction. While at all times we did not agree with some of our contemporary reviewers, still we did not object to the expression of opinion. We have taken the liberty to criticise when we saw error, and to praise when we saw merit. All that we have said has been said in a spirit of sincerity and of friendliness, and we hope it has been received as such.

It has given us pleasure to note that there seems to have been a general effort in all our colleges to make this year's issue the best that has ever been sent out. Remarkable success has attended these efforts. A great improvement has been made in college journalism, which we hope will continue.

With a hearty hand-shake all 'round, and a few words

about the friends now on our table, we bid all our brother editors and friends, farewell.

Yale Lit. for May, contains some splendid verse. We notice especially, the "Scotch Bucholic," an interesting composition, written in Scotch dialect. Among the prose articles, "Matthew Arnold's Verse," deserves special mention as a thoughtful and just piece of criticism. "A Business Transaction," and the "Race that was not Won," are fairly good stories.

The *Davidson Monthly* for May, is about half as large as usual. It contains some good reading matter, however. The article on "Co-education at a University," is an excellent and well prepared treatise of that subject, full of facts that are in favor of co-education. The article on "Cherished Arts"—poetry and music—is well written. The Exchange Department of this magazine is interesting. The new editor makes his *debut* in a short announcement, setting forth his honest intentions and dwelling upon the importance of the exchange department. His honest intentions lead him to tell our various magazines the neglect of poetry, and of the local and exchange departments. We did not escape. He rubbed us for our lack of a local department. We explained once before, but will do again, that our college newspaper, the "*Christian Educator*," which has a larger circulation than the ARCHIVE, gives all the local news. We do not agree with our friend's statement that the "local department is generally the most interesting department of a journal, and the one most read." The local department is generally one of the most uninteresting departments to one who is not entirely acquainted with the college, about which it is written. The local department is of local interest only. The other departments should be of general interest. We are not swept off our feet by reading the local news of our contemporary, which contains a great deal like the following: "Miss A. has gone

off on a visit. Mr. C. is home with his parents. Messrs. X. Y. and Z. have purchase new wheels," etc., etc. If this is the most interesting matter we can obtain for college magazines, they might as well return to the proportions of local newspapers.

The College Message for May, is worthy of the highest praise. It contains a splendid delineation of the life and character of Mrs. Frances M. Bumpass, better known in this State as "Aunt Bumpass." "Aunt Bumpass" is a pure, gentle, lofty character, whose life has been filled with good deeds. Other articles deserving mention are, the "Revival of Olympia Games," and the "Commencement of the Future."

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